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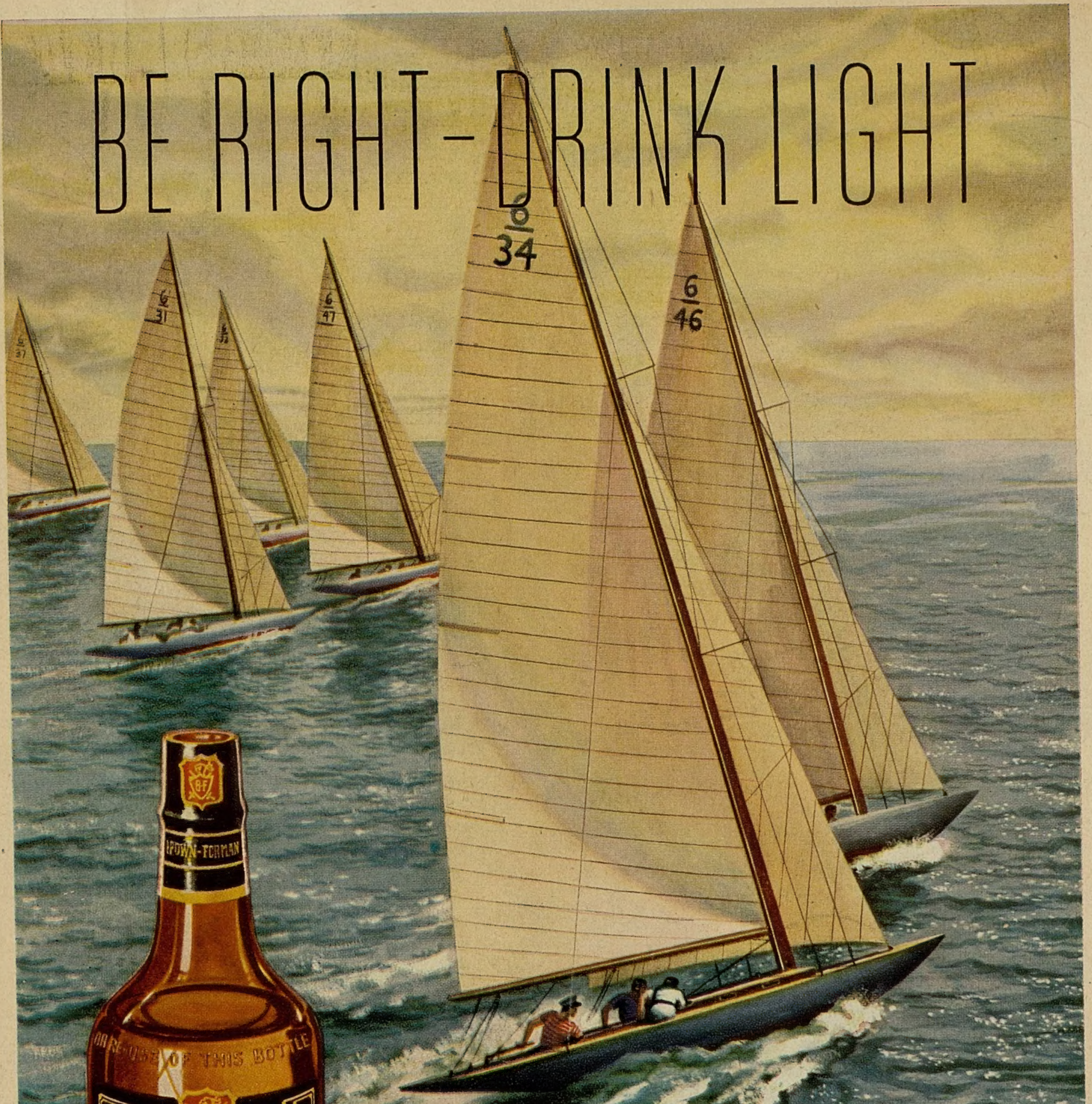
By Vice-Admiral Aubrey W. Fitch

WHAT THE G. O. P. NEEDS
By John D. M. Hamilton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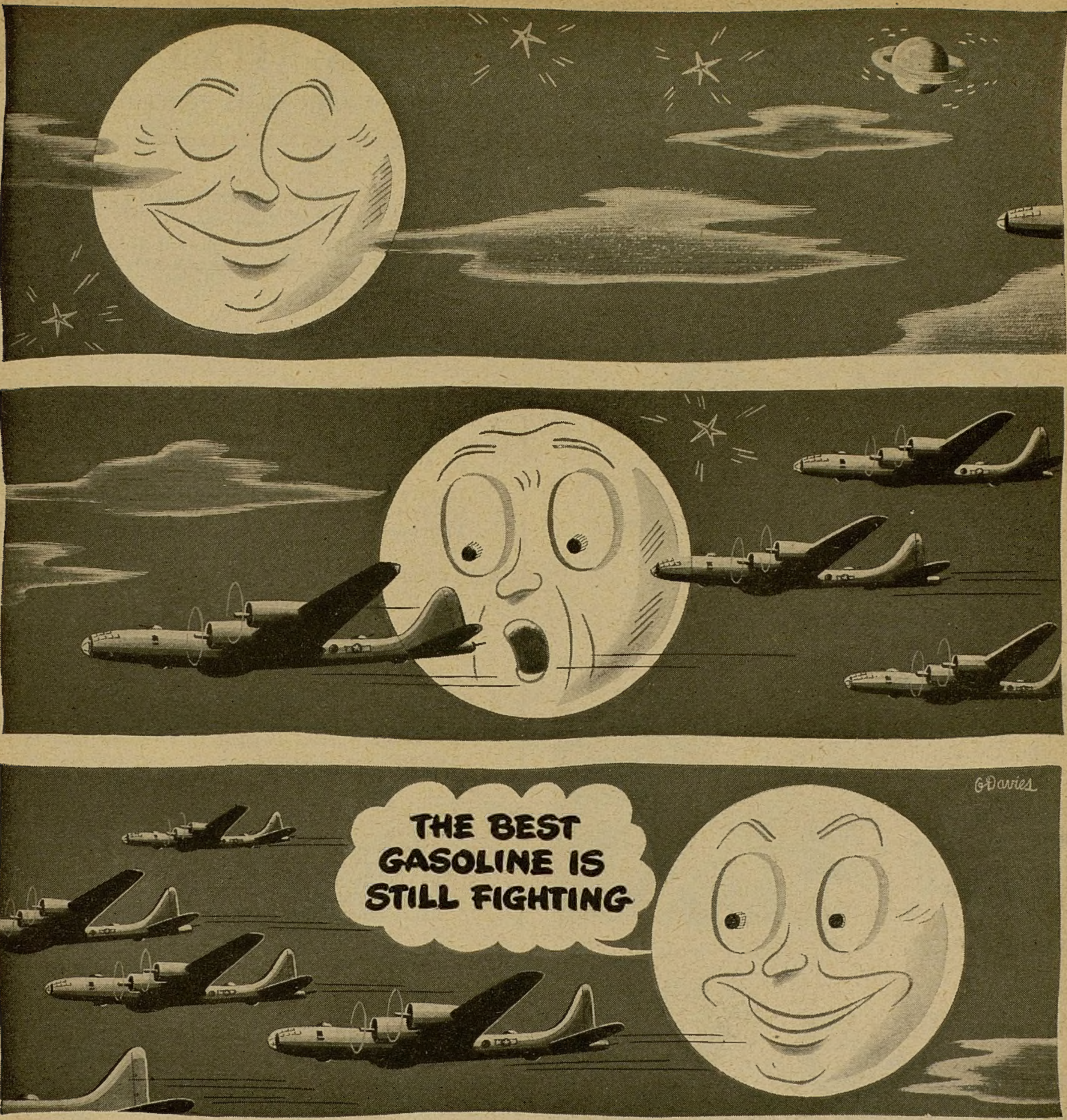
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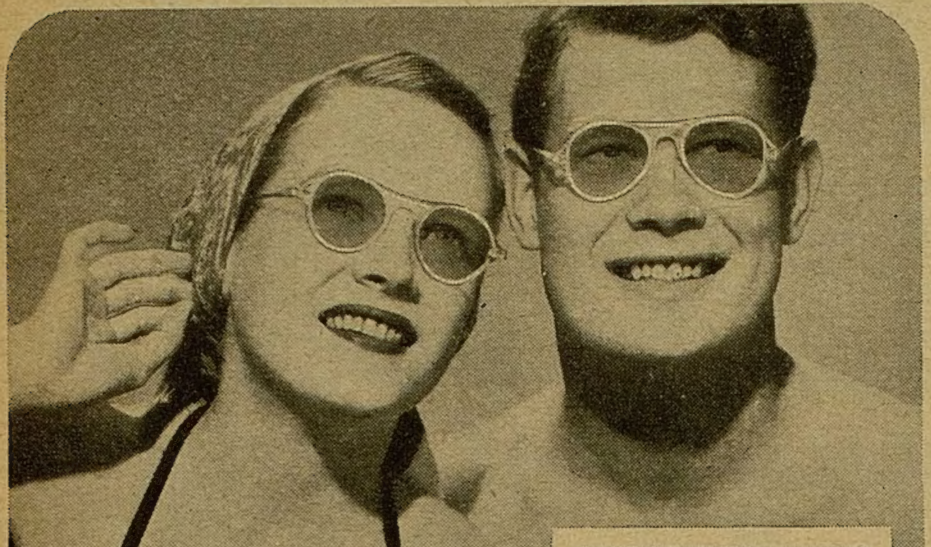

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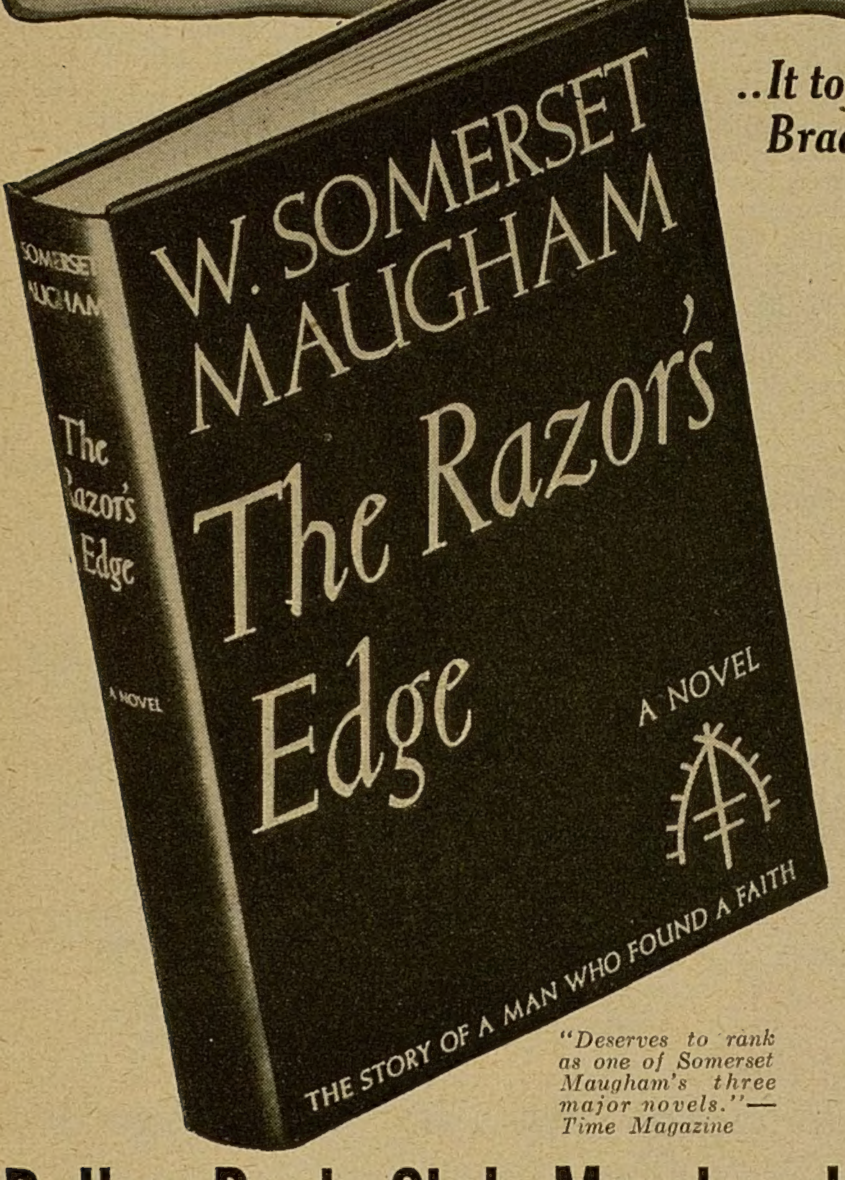

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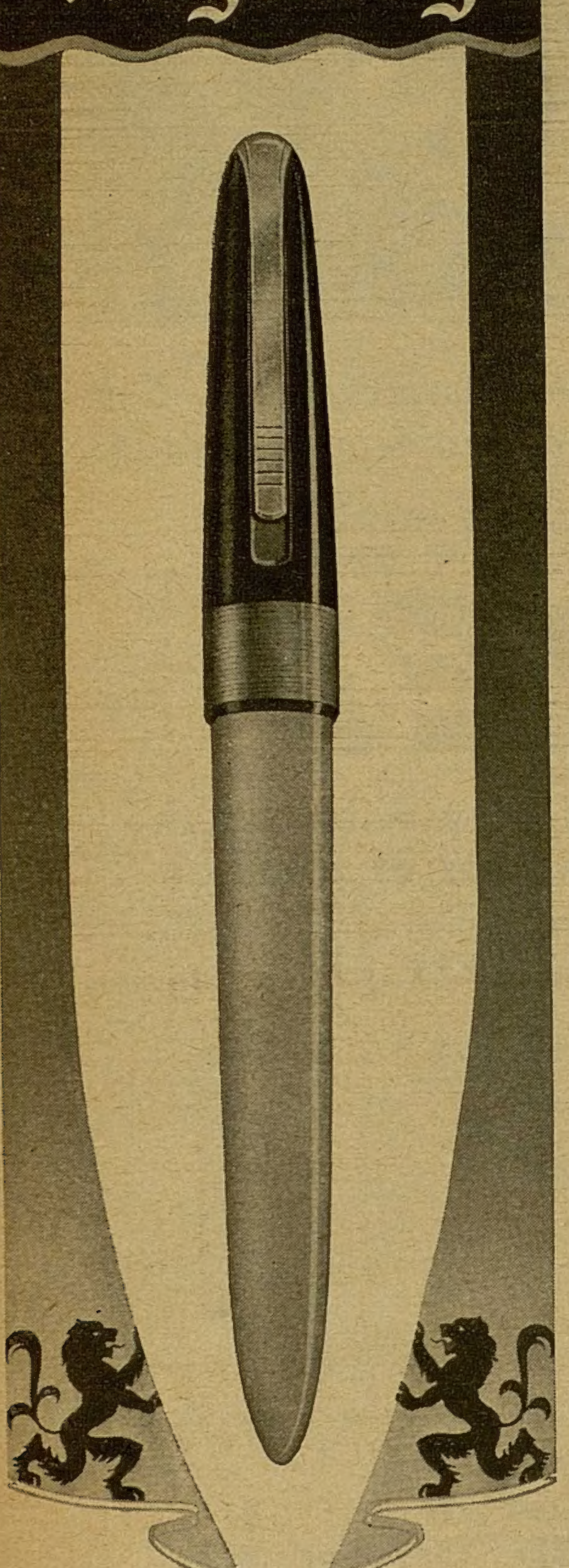

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VOX POP

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ILLOGICAL CAPITALISM

Ness City, Kans.—I have just read They Make Jobs Happen, by Millard C. Faught (June 23). To make jobs is the easiest thing in the world. Farmers could make a million jobs, and the labor is needed, too. But the problem in the farm is how to pay for more help and still end up with decent incomes for all the farmers. The trouble is with the competitive system, which is largely under individual enterprises. It is not a logical set-up but a set-up for stupid people, not for intelligent people. The competitive system is illogical capitalism.

The most important thing the people have to do is to get away from the illogical price system of labor service and commodity. The unequal and unjust incomes of the people are because of stupidity, not because of intelligence. Prices have been adjusted and frozen, but the price system is as illogical as it ever was, because it was adjusted and fixed without real judgment. And for a long time the industrial income has never been as much as the industrial outgo. The people carried on by gambling-house methods instead of by business methods. They never had an industrial business system, but they had industrial gambling.

Individual enterprise is called turning to the right. Collective enterprise is called turning to the left. The people now are in between the two. If they turn to the left, they can have a sane system and prosperity; but if they turn to the right, they will have a catastrophe, or worse. Under collective enterprise the people have control of the industrial system and can make the industrial income as much as, or more than, the industrial outgo. Under individual enterprise the people have control of nothing, not even of their own enterprises. —*W. E. Ruff.*

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CAPITALISM
JOB
FC

FREAK STYLE

University, Ala.—I notice in the illustration by Jay Nourbel for the short story, Buffalo Gals, by Edwin Rutt (June 30), that the new style of dancing in New York is for the men to put their left arms around the girls' waists. When did this style come in and why was I not informed of it sooner? —*Oscar Dahlene.*

SUMMER PARADISE

Richmond, Va.—I am a Puerto Rican who has lived in this country for about twenty-five years, due to the fact that my husband has given twenty-nine years of his life to the good old U. S. Army. We have one son, serving now in the Southwest Pacific with the Seabees. He was born and raised in this country. We admire the United States (it's the best place in which to live), but we bitterly resent the way most writers try to humiliate and ridicule our beautiful island. America's Island Hell Hole, by Wenzell Brown (June 16), is no exception. Yes, we have slums and poor people. Can you or anyone name one city or place in the U. S. A. without them? I am glad that this present war has given the chance to thousands of men and their families to see Puerto Rico and to live there —understand our way of living and see that Puerto Rico (besides slums and poor people) has civilization, beautiful residential sections, and, above all, kindness and good will. They can spread the word when they return back home and help American citizens to find out that they have a summer paradise on the shores of the Caribbean.—*Mrs. F. K. Acosta.*

LOST AND FOUND— A BLACK BLOCK

Los Angeles, Calif.—I smoked at least an extra pack of cigarettes in trying to solve the dangerous curve (43 vertical) and the metaphysician (52 horizontal) in Ted Shane's Quizz-ical Crossword (June 9). I have just received the solution in the next week's issue of Liberty, and in the lower right corner is a black block which was not there in the one I labored over.

Tell Ted any standard brand will do —*Roger Hanson.*

Sorry, our printer must have been seeing the wrong spots before his eyes.—Vox Pop Editor.

WHO KEPT THE ARMY ROLLING?

APO, New York—It's not often that I manage to see a copy of Liberty over here, but I did read They Kept the Army Rolling by Pvt. Irwin Ross (May 19), and I would like very much to make a correction in this article.

Private Ross states: "Conditions at Folligny were typical of the general devastation. Allied planes, in an effort to hamper German supply movements, had bombed the town regularly for two years. By the time the Americans arrived, few buildings were standing and the railroad yard was a mass of wreckage. The 744th Railway Operating Battalion, which was to operate the run from Folligny to Le Mans, established headquarters in two hollow hulks of buildings and set to work helping the engineers rebuild the yard."

First I would like to state that the first outfit to set up in Folligny was the 720th Railway Operating Battalion. The 718th Railway Operating Battalion relieved the 720th very shortly thereafter. About a month later, the 718th was so pressed for crews to run trains that twelve crews were sent from the 712th to assist the 718th. After using these crews on trains going toward the front, and after finding that none were returning, the 744th was sent to Folligny to help the situation.

All G. I. railroaders have done a wonderful job, but I hate to see some other outfit get the credit for what another has done, which has happened so many times.

Also, for the information of Private Ross, at the time of the shelling at Conflans, that was one of the 718th's forward railheads, and men running this yard were members of this battalion.—*S/Sgt. David S. Pugh, Co. C, 718th Ry. Opn. Bn.*

INFLATION AND DEFLATION

SACRAMENTO, CALIF.—Your cover picture for June 30 shows a sailor outside a barbershop in the window of which appears the sign, "Shave 25¢."

Now the price of a shave in Sacramento, California, is seventy-five cents, so this sailor must have been returning from service in World War No. 1. Or possibly the Civil War.—*G. S. Whitman.*

PUNXSUTAWNEY, PA.—The sign, "Shave 25¢," in your cover picture of the sailor and the barber caused some confusion when my sister-in-law's nurse went to purchase that issue of your magazine at our local drugstore. She gave the clerk a dime, and, pointing to the sign on the cover, he asked her for a quarter. "No, I want the magazine, not a shave," she told him. Your magazine is well worth twenty-five cents, I admit. However, she finally got it for a dime.—*I. D. O'Brien.*

HEIL DIPLOMACY

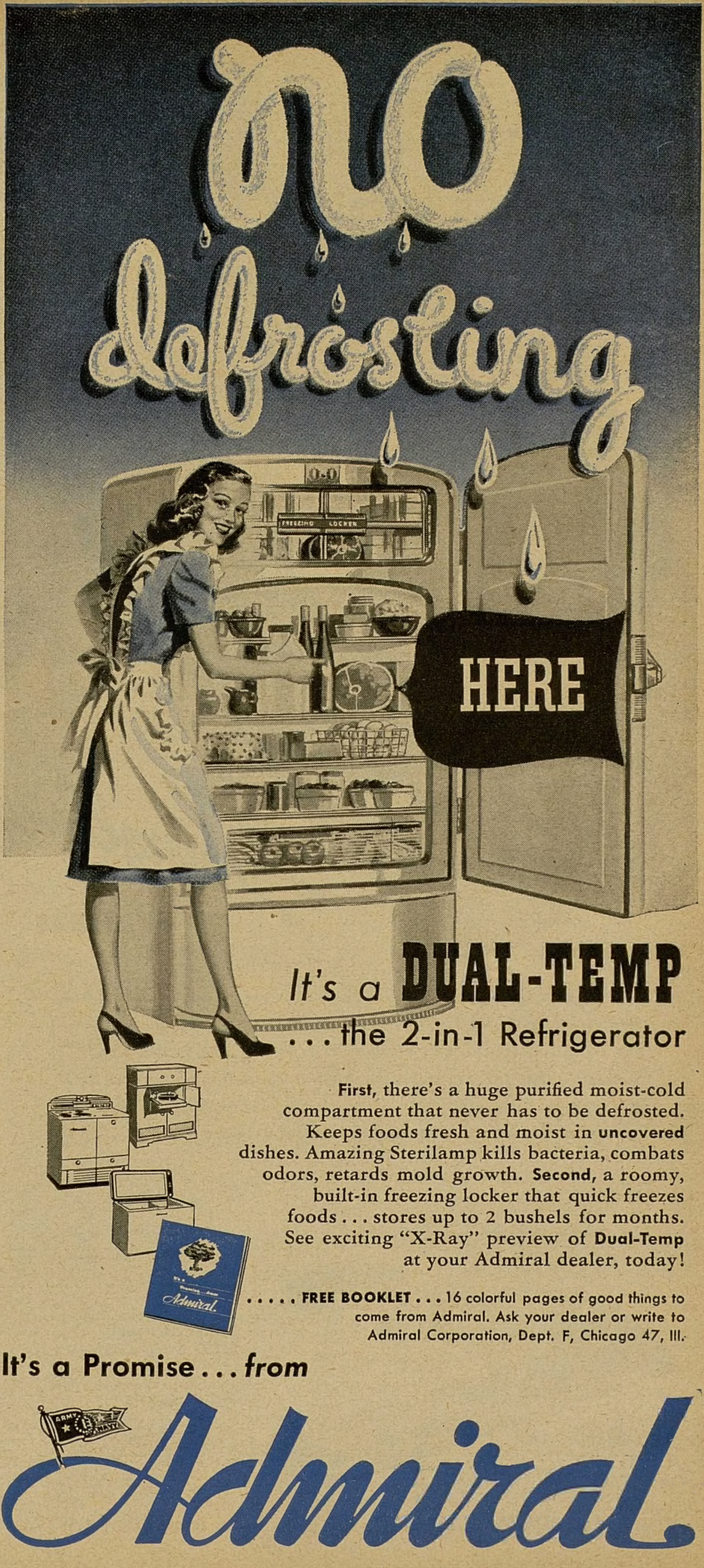
GENEVA, NEB.—Paul Hunter's editorial, Are We Losing the Peace? is, I think, a fine crystallizing of the world's greatest miscalculation. Perhaps if, in conceiving international policy, we permitted that essay to serve as our major premise, our political, social, and economic entities would clear as, per definition, organs and objectives of all people, and not as merely hammer and anvil of those who heil diplomacy.

Perhaps if we had less ambition and more philanthropy in that sacred circle of diplomatic thinkers, an establishing of the stock ideals would become but the simple problem of organizing a world *mutual* living insurance.—*S/Sgt. Harold S. Liebling.*

WHICH IS THE RIGHT MOOD?

CHICAGO, ILL.—I have just read the letter by Sgt. C. A. S. S. in Vox Pop (June 30) about the tendency of the American press to play down the British contribution to the war. The sergeant is absolutely right, and it's not only the fault of the American

(*Continued on page 8*)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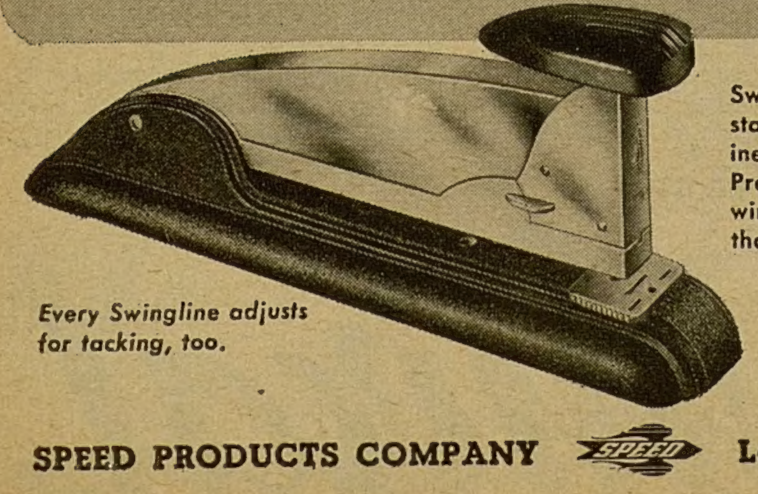

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(*Continued from page 7*)

press, but the fault of the American people, too. We seem to have an inflated idea of our own importance. We acted as if we alone won the last war, and now we're acting as if we alone have won and are winning this one. We seem to forget that the Battle of Britain, for example, took place before we got into the war.

And the same goes for Russia. Sure, there was lend-lease aid, but anybody who knows any statistics knows, too, that lend-lease to Russia was a drop in the bucket, particularly at first.

The sooner we learn to give credit where credit is due, the sooner we learn to respect other nations as well as ourselves, the sooner we learn that America cannot exist alone in an alien world, the sooner we'll be in the psychological mood to enforce the peace by co-operation.—*John Carl.*

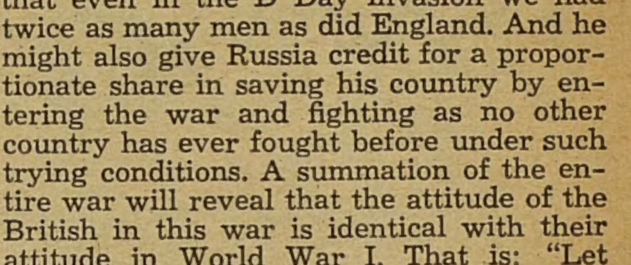
KNOXVILLE, TENN.—In the June 30 Vox Pop an Englishman (Sgt. C. A. S. S.) seems to be obsessed with the same ideas about the present war that average Britishers were obsessed with after World War I—that is that the United States waited until the British had won the war and then came in to claim most of the glory.

In refutation of this moronic notion, I quote from two of the sergeant's most esteemed countrymen. Field Marshal Sir Bernard L. Montgomery recently said that America's entry into the war was "the only thing that saved Britain." And Prime Minister Winston Churchill said in an election speech, "We are living very largely on the bounty of the United States, who are lending us an enormous sum of money without interest and in the shape of goods and food we need."

The sergeant should also be reminded that even in the D Day invasion we had twice as many men as did England. And he might also give Russia credit for a proportionate share in saving his country by entering the war and fighting as no other country has ever fought before under such trying conditions. A summation of the entire war will reveal that the attitude of the British in this war is identical with their attitude in World War I. That is: "Let George do it." And then let the British claim the victory.—*D. E. James.*

THE TRUTH ABOUT HISTORY

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Your magazine rates congratulations on the broad-minded and sensible way you are tackling the various knotty problems of the day. But I do feel like registering a protest against the kind of fiction of which your book condensation, A Moment of Time, by Sydney R. McLean (July 7), is a current example. It is all very well to tell facts, but don't be so darned one-sided about it. Any one would suppose (and I imagine a large majority of the people of this country do suppose) that



New England is and has always been inhabited by bigots, witch burners, old maids, men who wore out three or four wives, and advocates of "blue laws." In plain words, New England is the goat for whatever political propagandists want to hold up to obloquy.

(*Continued on page 10*)

Are you in the know?

You're *sure* the bonnet is becoming, if—

☐ *It's a love at first sight*
☐ *It passes the long-mirror test*
☐ *Your best friend tells you*

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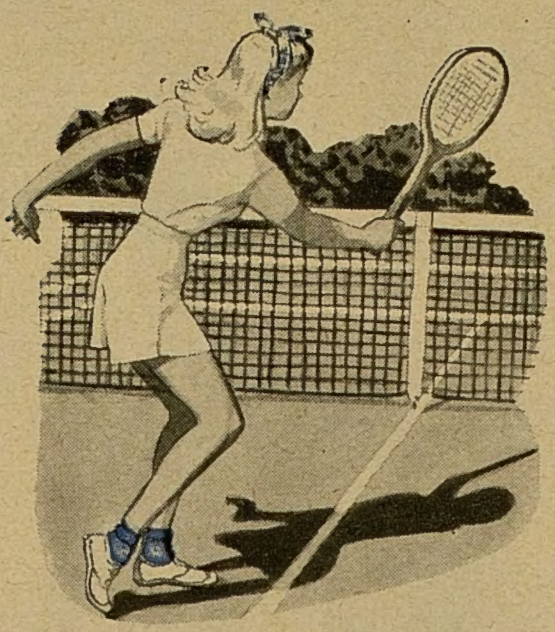

What tennis shot calls for speediest action?

☐ *Volley*
☐ *Forehand Drive*
☐ *Chop*

You make it near the net, before the ball bounces. You've got to be faster of foot and eye, quicker with the racket, to master the volley. And you're quick to triumph over difficult days—when you learn the trick of keeping comfortable with Kotex. Actually, Kotex is different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch, because Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing.* Built for *lasting* comfort, this napkin doesn't rope, doesn't wad up. So, naturally, chafing just hasn't a chance when you choose Kotex sanitary napkins.

How should she sign her name?

☐ *Sally Subdeb*
☐ *Miss Sally Subdeb*

Tuck this under your flat-top, to remember from now on. A gal should never sign herself as Miss or Mrs.—*except* in a hotel register. Why the exception? So your name will check with the way your mail will be addressed. Avoiding mixups makes sense. Sidestep them at "those" times, too—by never confusing Kotex with ordinary napkins. One important difference is the *plus* protection you get from the special, patented *safety center* of Kotex. And it's one reason why you can count on Kotex to help safeguard your secret.

Could be she aims to—

☐ *Snare-o a caballero*
☐ *Be a brain box*
☐ *Win friends and interest people*

When the midsummer heat's on, beat off the doldrums with a hobby—like learning a language the phonograph way. It's easy, and fun. And profitable—for a worthwhile hobby helps you win friends and interest people. Don't let problem days interfere. Defy them with the confidence that Kotex gives. You see, Kotex is the napkin with the patented, *flat tapered ends* so unlike thick, stubby pads. And because those flat pressed ends of Kotex don't show, you can say "scram" to revealing outlines!

"COMO ESTA USTED?"
SPANISH AT A GLANCE

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More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins put together

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

AND THE DESERT BLOSSOMED WITH Beefsteak

Seventy years ago a Harvey House menu was never complete without a "Harvey" steak . . . *even at breakfast.* Early western travelers said, "Fred Harvey has made the desert blossom with beefsteak." Today, of course, the war has made steak, along with many other things, a very scarce delicacy.

But, in spite of food rationing, as well as shortages of help and equipment, Fred Harvey's job today is serving millions more meals than ever before . . . especially to our fighting men. As they travel to and from the battlefronts, servicemen eat tens of thousands of meals daily in Fred Harvey hotels, restaurants, dining cars. Harvey facilities all along main travel routes and in rail terminals are devoted primarily to this task.

So, if occasionally you should not find Harvey hospitality up to the old standards, we know you understand. After our war job is done we promise you only the famous Fred Harvey service three generations of American travelers have known.

Judy Garland as a "Harvey Girl"

We're happy to note that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's newest screen treat, "THE HARVEY GIRLS," is a Technicolor musical romance that brings to life Fred Harvey's winsome waitresses who braved the wild west in the 1890's. The film stars Judy Garland with John Hodiak and an exceptional cast.

Fred Harvey

RESTAURANTS • SHOPS • HOTELS • DINING CARS

3000 MILES OF HOSPITALITY—FROM CLEVELAND TO THE PACIFIC COAST

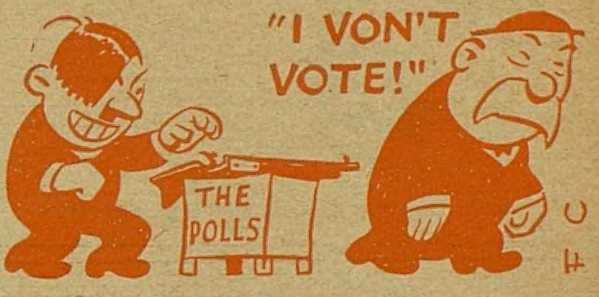
Copyright, Fred Harvey, Chicago, 1945

(Continued from page 8)

I should think we had had enough propaganda to give us an idea that it would be well to tell the truth about history for a change. It would certainly save a lot of confusion.—*L. Lamprey.*

THE PEN IS MIGHTIER

Los Angeles, Calif.—My answer to Paul Hunter's June 30 editorial, Are We Losing the Peace? is this: Sure we are. Have we lost the Four Freedoms? Practically. The biggest question of all is how to make the people's representatives reflect the people's will. There is one solution to all those problems, and that is the ballot. Few will use it, however. We have our bellyful of war and plenty of other things, but not full enough to drive us to the polls or even mark and mail a ballot if one is put in our hands and the postage paid. What good will your one ballot do? people ask. A lot, brother, a whole lot. In 1933, twelve million Germans voted for Hitler. Sixty million refused to vote. They are the ones who put Hitler in power. A lot of them squawked afterward, and got shot, or worse, so watch your step. Vote every chance you get.



Do you think the pen is mightier than the sword? It sure is, brother, it sure is. The only trouble with a pen is that you have to think when you use one. Ballots are somewhat similar to a pen, but easier to use.—*I. M. Matson.*

MOVIE MATERIAL

Boston, Mass.—Ever since you stopped printing serial stories in your magazine, I've missed the feeling of continuity I used to get from one week to the next. But now I see you've come up with something much better than a long serial—the two-part story.

I have just finished reading the first installment of The Cameo Mermaid, by Armin Shaftel (July 7), and I can't wait to find out what happens in the next issue of Liberty. The author managed to build up a lot of suspense in the first half. I should think the story would be a good bet for Hollywood. I wouldn't be at all surprised to walk into a theater some day and see Shaftel's characters portrayed on the screen.—*Charlotte Washburn.*

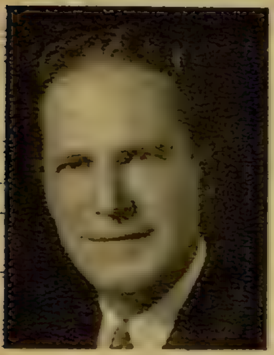
CORRECTION HEREWITH

FPO, New York—We, the crew of the DE-338, greatly admire the photo of our ship in the Camera Eye (June 30). However, a great mistake was made in the caption below the picture. We are a Navy crew, not Coast Guard. Many DEs are manned by the "Coasties," but the 338 is not among them.

We are quite proud of our rugged little ship and trust you will publish a correction in some future issue of your magazine.—*Crew of Destroyer Escort 338.*

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

INSIDE THE REPUBLICAN PARTY



IN 1916, John D. M. Hamilton's legal and political career began—he received his law degree from Northwestern University and he was a poll watcher. After serving in the war, he returned to his native Kansas and was elected judge of the Probate Court in 1920. Five years later he was sent to the state legislature and ultimately became Speaker of the House. He has held almost every position known in the Republican Party—precinct captain, ward leader, county and state chairman, general counsel for the National Committee. Chairman of the Landon campaign and executive director when Willkie ran, too, he knows WHAT THE G. O. P. NEEDS and tells about it in this week's issue.

CHINA—FIRST AND LAST

JAMES BURKE, author of DON'T WRITE OFF THE CHINESE ARMIES YET, was born at a mission in China some twenty-nine years ago. Educated in the United States, he took time out for voyages to Europe and Asia, first as a work-a-way, then as a full-fledged seaman. But his sailor's career ended when he deserted ship to go sight-seeing in Italy. After his return home, he entered Princeton. Newspaper work followed; then a trip to China to write a book, My Father in China. Two days before the freezing order on American currency in the Far East, his publishers wired him money to come home. After a stint with the OWI, he's now Liberty's correspondent in China.

NEXT WEEK

THERE'S been a lot of muddled discussion lately about United States-Soviet amity. John Gunther analyzes the prospects of postwar teamwork and answers the big question—WILL PEACE BE WITH US? . . . THE LAW PROTECTS THE MISSING, and Jacques W. Bacal gives you some helpful advice on what to do when a serviceman in your family is reported missing. . . . HOW WELL DO YOU READ? Ruth McCoy Harris shows you how to test your own reading ability and how to improve it. . . . In Liberty's Book Condensation, I TOOK THE SKY ROAD, Hugh B. Cave tells you the unforgettable story of Commander Norman M. Miller, U.S.N., and his breath-taking exploits through flak-studded skies in the Pacific.

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TOUGH PLANES

AND TOUGH PILOTS NEED TOUGH SPARK PLUGS!

The Navy's great pilots loudly praise the tough fighting qualities of Grumman planes. Outstanding among them is the famous "Hellcat" more familiarly known as the "F6F." Needless to add the tough fighting qualities of the pilots themselves are the primary factor in the superb combat records they have compiled.

The traditional dependability of Champion Spark Plugs has been put to every conceivable test in their unnumbered war assignments, bringing new prestige to their world-wide reputation. Today the Champions you buy for your present war-weary car are products of the same research and engineering, the same basic materials and manufacturing skill as those used in our most powerful aircraft engines. Naturally they insure an extra measure of performance, economy and dependability in your engine.

Buy More and More
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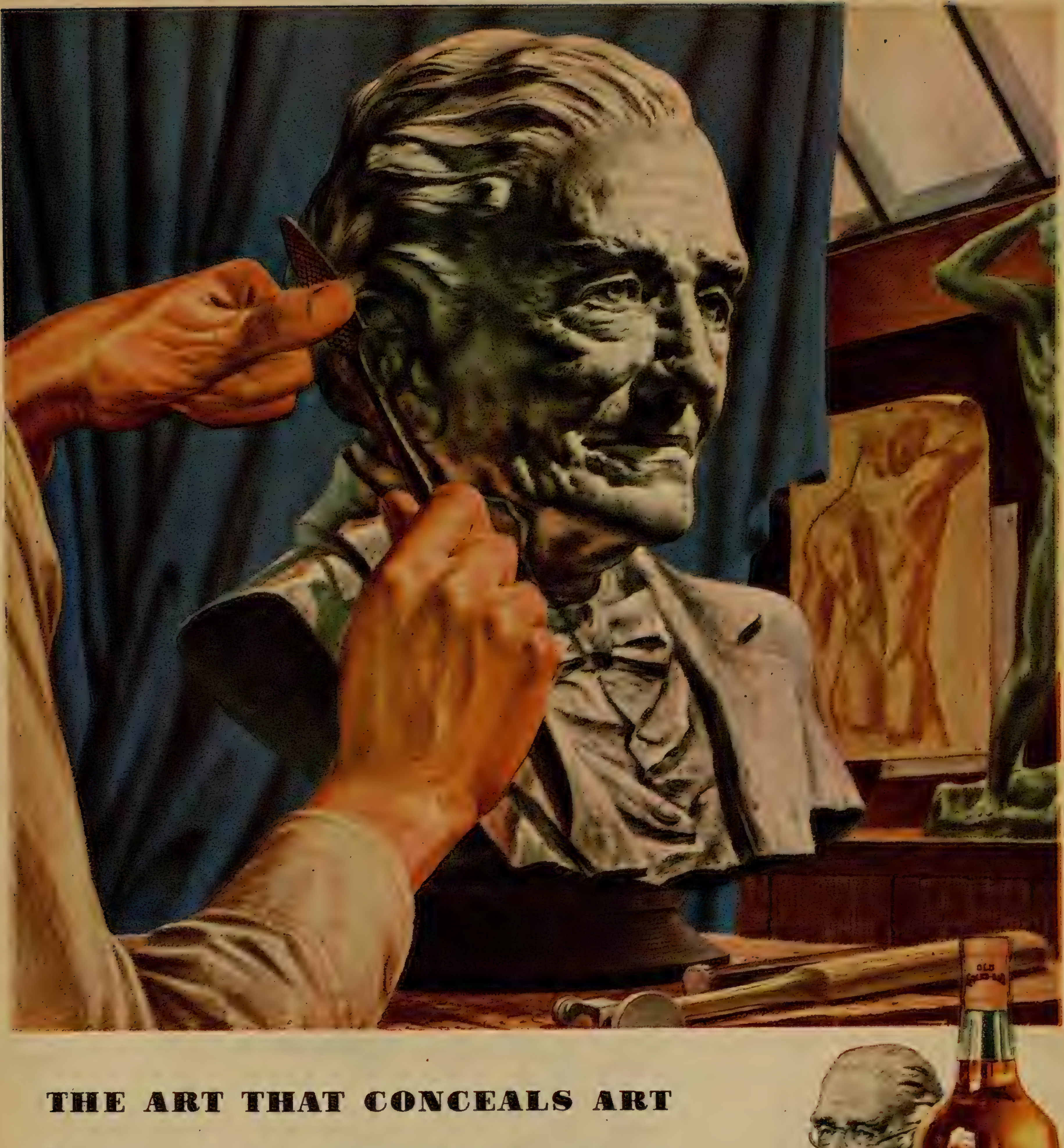
OLD GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY
THE OLD GRAND DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY
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THE ART THAT CONCEALS ART

When you drink a glass of Old Grand-Dad, the sum total of your impressions is a wonderful mellowness coupled to a rich Kentucky flavor. As with any work of art, you have no awareness of the effort that has gone into this fine bourbon—anything so smooth seems a long way away from effort. Which is as it should be, for Old Grand-Dad has but one mission on this earth—to bring an unmixed pleasure to all who make his acquaintance. Why not get together with the Head of the Bourbon Family for a pleasant hour now and then?

OLD GRAND-DAD

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey

Head of the Bourbon Family

BOTTLED IN BOND—100 PROOF—NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK

ON THE BEAM

How a skyway supply line the Japs couldn't cut won victory in Burma and made history . . . Three telltale trends in Jap aircraft production

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Four drop fuel tanks, 165-gallon or 310-gallon, now installed on Northrop Black Widow P-61 night fighters, give a longer range wallop at the enemy.

HERE is one of the first front-line reports of a military campaign that has made history both for the conduct of war and for aviation. It is the story of an entire military campaign made possible by the transport airplane, the first campaign of the kind ever undertaken.

The campaign was in Burma. More spectacular news from other war fronts, plus a security blackout until just recently, have contributed to the lack of news from the Burma front. But our war correspondent colleague, Eric Bramley, has just sent out one of the first authorized stories of what has happened in that far corner of the world.

If it had not been for the daring use of Douglas C-47 and Curtiss C-46 transports and cargo aircraft, the Japs could never have been defeated. In fact, the campaign probably could never have been undertaken at this stage of the World War.

The outfits which have performed remarkably in this area are the Eastern Air Command's Combat Cargo Task Force (known as CCTF), and the U. S. Tenth Air Force. Unfortunately the exploits of the airmen in these outfits have passed almost unnoticed.

Burma is a country little known to the United States. It has been described as a valley running north and south, bordered on both sides by wide ranges of mountains, and with a rugged mountain range cutting it off from the north.

With the Japanese occupying the whole country, it was necessary for the Allies to drive from the north—but they were cut off by mountains that are overshadowed only by the Hump. The few dirt roads over these mountains were practically impassable, especially in wet weather.

The Japs themselves had no such supply problem. They held the port of Rangoon, in the extreme south, and fed their matériel northward via river and rail.

An Allied campaign supplied overland by mountain trails and through jungles, and handicapped by monsoons, would be impossible—or, at least, would take years. Thus it was clear to the military strategists that if a Burma campaign was to be conducted, it would have to be supplied almost entirely by air.

The first (and a very small) start was made in late 1943, when two air transport squadrons consisting of twenty-six C-47s supported General Joseph W. Stilwell in a campaign which eventually drove through Ledo down the Hukawny Valley through various towns in northern Burma. Still later in 1943 more squadrons were formed, and these were incorporated into the Troop Carrier Command under Brigadier General William D. Old. Some of these squadrons went into action immediately to assist beleaguered West African divisions trapped in the Arakan, and to drop food and ammunition to the British south of Imphal.

The next phase came on March 5, 1944. The late Major General Orde C. Wingate's Third Indian Division was flown into the interior of Burma and supplied by air. Gliders went in to prepare air strips and twelve hours later transport aircraft were landing with troops and supplies. The troops were chiefly Chindits (British Indian and West African troops) and were supplied by air for two months and then evacuated by air. All this took place 150 miles behind the Japanese lines.

What the action proved was that operations could be conducted in enemy territory through air supply.

Again when Imphal, in India, was surrounded by the Japanese, cutting U. S. supply lines to Assam (the jumping-off point for the Hump flights into China), 200,000 British troops and 65,000 civilians were supplied by air for two months and saved from defeat.

In the first six months of operations in this area, one combat cargo group moved 79,760 tactical tons of supplies.

It wasn't until late 1944 that the big show started, however. The Combat Cargo

(*Continued on page 15*)

For Cigarettes Cigars Pipes
USCG
For
PRESS... IT'S LIT
RELEASE... IT'S OUT

RONSON
WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

ALWAYS READY for INSTANT ACTION

RONSON Wartime Lighters—so vitally needed by servicemen for lighting flares, fires, etc., as well as 'smokes'—are supplied today to the Armed Forces, exclusively thru government agencies. When these military needs are met, there'll be RONSONS for all. Meantime, individual orders can't be filled. Ronson, Newark 2, N. J.

RONSON REDSKIN ACCESSORIES
Best for ALL Lighters
RONSON REDSKIN 'FLINTS', WICKS AND RONSONOL FUEL.
Demands from all fighting fronts limit civilian supplies, so please be patient.

MAKE YOUR DOLLARS FIGHT—BUY WAR BONDS!

It's always fair weather — to Koroseal

Even if you have a Koroseal raincoat, shower curtain, garment bag — you haven't seen anything yet!

MAYBE it's true that "into each life some rain must fall" but you won't care so much when you have clothing, upholstery, wall coverings and a dozen other things made of Koroseal that just shrugs off water and almost everything else.

Koroseal articles are made in many ways: some of them from thin, transparent sheets of clear or colored Koroseal; some from fabric or paper with a thin permanent coating of Koroseal; others from material woven of Koroseal strands. All have the same advantages of this B. F. Goodrich material which cannot absorb water and is resistant to grease, paint, acids, dirt; can be cleaned by using a damp cloth; resists sun and air and hard wear; does not grow sticky in hot weather nor crack in cold weather.

Koroseal shoe soles for men, women and children will wear 3 to 4 times longer than other materials. Koroseal raincoats, umbrellas, bathing suits won't stick even if rolled up and put away wet. Koroseal wall coverings, tablecloths, baby pants can be washed as easily as you wash glass. In industry, Koroseal hose, tank linings, gaskets will withstand oil and stand up under acids that eat through most anything else.

Before the war Koroseal was made into articles such as those across the top of this page. Then war needs took all the Koroseal. But every day brings us closer to the time when these and many new Koroseal articles will be back in the stores. It won't be long now! *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

Koroseal—Reg. T. M.

Koroseal MADE ONLY BY

B. F. Goodrich

(Continued from page 13)

Task Force was then formed for the all-out drive by the British Fourteenth Army and the Fifteenth Indian Corps to drive the Japs out of Burma.

CCTF was just what the name implied—a task force to deliver cargo to the combat zones. It was something new in warfare, the first organization of its kind. It also represented a complete reversal in the planning of a campaign. As Brigadier General F. W. Evans, CCTF's commanding general, said in explaining the move, the usual procedure in a military campaign is for the ground-force generals to plan the campaign and then order supply agencies and carriers to deliver a certain amount of matériel by a certain time. But so dependent was the Burma war on aviation that the generals first asked CCTF how much it could supply, and then planned their campaign accordingly.

General Evans believes that once air superiority is attained, as it was in Burma, air transport is an ideal way to supply an army. "It's a supply line that can't be cut; it isn't dependent on surface conditions," he pointed out.

The flying itself is tough. As General Stilwell once said, "Troop Carrier—they fly when the birds walk." Pilots have taken off when the ceiling was zero and they couldn't see the control tower from the end of the runway. Operations have gone into rough shell-pocked fields still under fire.

Pilots arise before daybreak and finish work around 10 P. M., doing this for two days and resting one. Some of them fly as much as 140 hours a month. Most efficient of all is the loading and unloading of the cargo planes, now averaging one hour and fifteen minutes, a remarkable achievement considering the bulky material handled.

But perhaps nothing demonstrates the volume of cargo hauled by air so well as the single fact that during a twelve-month period ending March 31, 1945, these planes of the Eastern Air Command flew 550,000 tons into Burma, as much as could be carried in fifty-five Liberty ships. In January, February, and March of this year the planes uplifted 250,000 tons. Average trip was 500 miles.

A supply line through the sky has won the war in Burma—and made history, too.

Tokyo Has Learned—but Too Late

Here are the latest trends in Japanese aircraft as reported by military authorities:

Production of fighters has been speeded up above everything else, thus following the pattern of the Germans. When the homeland is threatened, the fighter aircraft is the essential aerial weapon and emphasis on bombers is reduced. During the last year of the European war, the Germans went all-out on fighter production. The Japs have now begun to do likewise.

Thus the Japs have been making a radical change from offensive air power to defensive. Quite an admission of how the war is going!

There is a trend toward more armor on Jap aircraft, indicating that the Japs have finally begun to realize the importance of protecting plane crews. In the early days they stressed maneuverability above everything else and the pilots had little safety protection. Not so today. Perhaps the loss of so many good pilots has prompted this alteration.

Greater attention is also being given to streamlining and the use of larger and more powerful engines. Light leakproofing for fuel tanks is appearing on some of the new Jap aircraft—another sign of belated recognition that crews need protection.

There's a new coast-to-coast highway in the sky!

Northwest Airlines now flies all the way from New York to Portland-Seattle. Flying time: 17½ hours.

It took Lewis and Clark, heads of the famed 1804-6 expedition to the Northwest, one and a half years . . .

But in a comfortable Northwest Airlines cabin you can now fly from New York to the Pacific Northwest in a matter of hours!

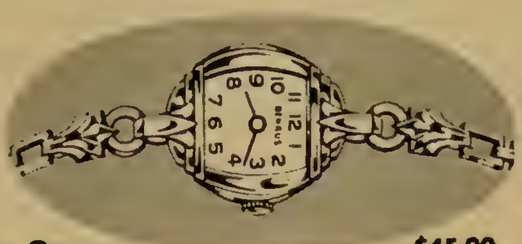
Imagine yourself aboard right now!

Your plane is riding a highway in the sky as solid and well-marked as any on earth. You are never more than minutes away from an established lighted landing field.

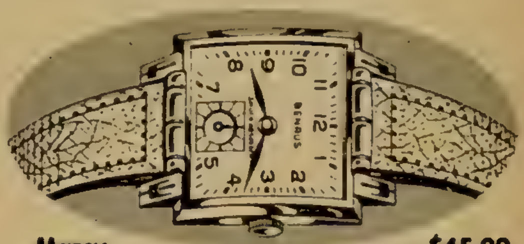
And "up front" are two highly skilled, thoroughly experienced, expertly trained men—your Captain and 1st Officer.

On the left arm of each of these technical men is a Benrus Chronograph. For Benrus is the official watch chosen by Northwest for all flight personnel. *Benrus is the watch of guaranteed accuracy!*

Benrus Watches are available now to *you*, too. Ask your jeweler today to show you these beautiful Benrus Watches containing the famous Benrus movement that means *accurate* timekeeping.



Sky Queen $45.00



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PACIFIC TELEPHONE BOOTH . . . U. S. MARINE, BURROWED IN HIS FOXHOLE, TELEPHONES FOR ARTILLERY SUPPORT TO WIPE OUT JAPANESE MORTARS.

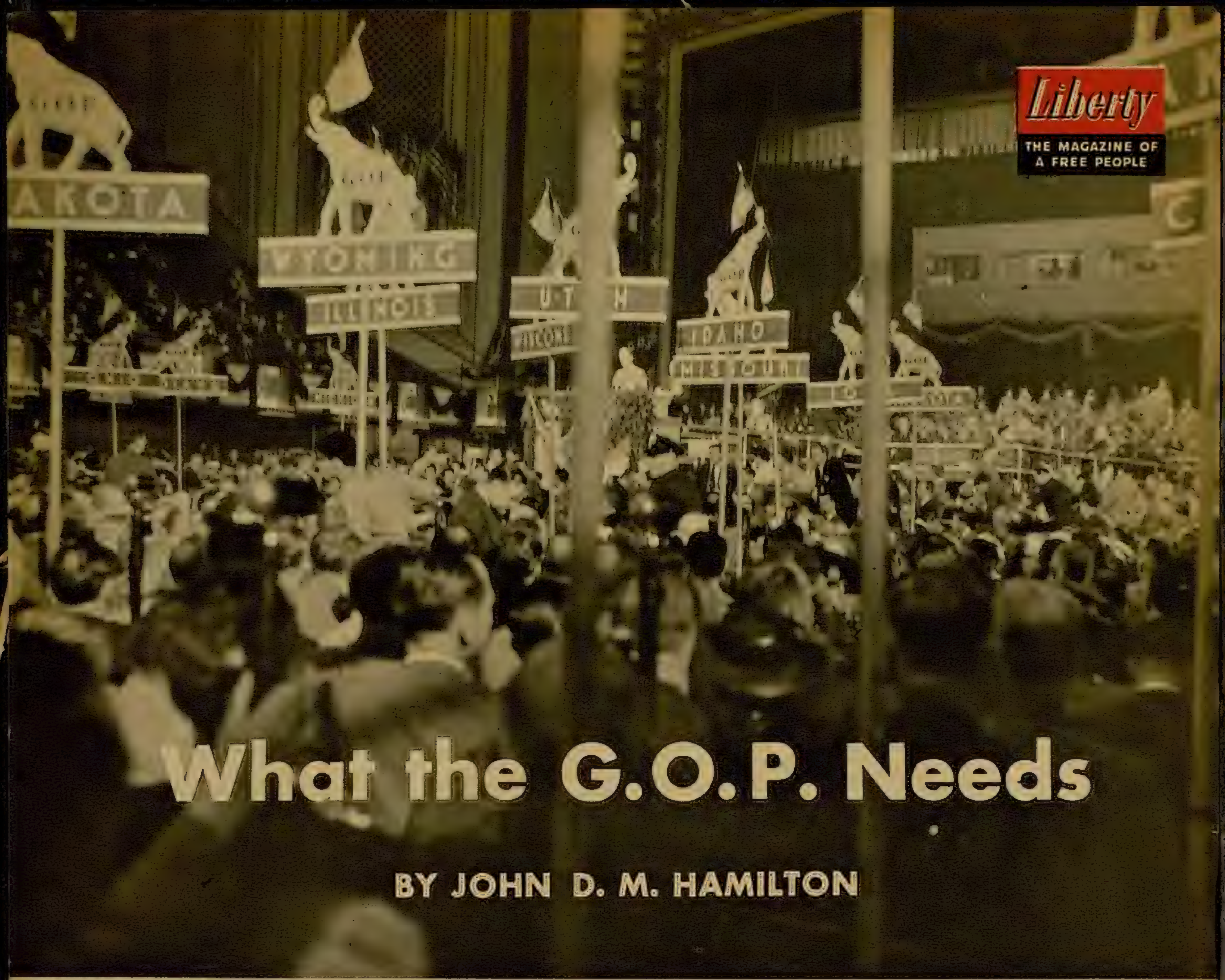
From factory to foxhole it's a telephone war

In just one landing operation against the Japs, our Navy used more than seven hundred ships equipped with 48,000 telephones. With their switchboards and associated equipment, that's enough to serve a city of 160,000 people. These shipboard telephones were equipped with 5,000,000 feet of wire.

Add to these figures the needs of other naval units and the millions of men in the Army's ground and air forces and you get some idea of the tremendous amount of communications equipment required by war. It helps to answer the question of why telephone equipment is scarce on the home front.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE



What the G.O.P. Needs

BY JOHN D. M. HAMILTON

"The Republican Party has failed because it has given too much to the election of men, and too little to the fight for principles."

ONCE again the Republican leaders are telling the country—and particularly the contributors—that "there's a trend on." This is the usual bi-election talk, and to some degree it is justified, for in "off" years the Republicans have done better with their state and Congressional candidates than in years of general elections.

But some of us who have been on the practical side of politics for many years seriously doubt that there is a trend, or that it will continue into 1946. We wish there were a trend, for true Republicanism is a faith with us, as with millions of other Americans, and the Republican Party is the only political agency through which we can express it.

We are apprehensive as to future results for many reasons. We doubt that Mr. Roosevelt's death will boost Republican stock. Instead, we believe that a fair percentage of the "off-year" vote which has sent Republicans to Congress has come from conservative Democrats who wanted an anchor against the tide of Rooseveltian New Dealism. These Democrats will not have the same apprehension with President Truman at the helm, and they will naturally tend to return to their initial political loyalty. We believe that no matter how far the present Democratic administration may shift to the right, it will still be to the left of the Republican Party, and the liberals, while not wholly pleased, will still vote Democratic ballots. We know that in 1942, forty-nine Republicans won their seats in the House by margins of 5 per cent, or less, of the vote cast—in 1944 it was fifty seats; and we know that even now the P. A. C. is working day and night in these marginal districts to put a Democrat in a Republican seat. Finally, we know that if success is to come in 1946 and 1948, the party must, above all, hold its own membership in line. It is this last which gives us the greatest concern.

Let's face it—Even its members don't know what the Republican Party stands for today. In this frank article a prominent Republican points out the course his party must follow if it is to survive

Over the last few years there has been a growing restlessness within the rank and file of the Republican Party which does not bode well for its future. Too many Republicans, after years of loyalty, find themselves wondering where their party is going and, worse, whether they will be obliged to go along with it as a matter of party regularity, rather than through conviction. Also, the party's lack of appeal to the younger generation is recognized by every politician who has done organizational work in the last fifteen years.

This lack and the dissatisfaction within the ranks of Republican oldsters, many feel, stem from the Republican Party's failure to carry out its obligations as one of two parties under a two-party system.

Admittedly our government and our politics mesh particularly well under a two-party system. No student of applied politics can envision anything but chaos and confusion should we develop a multiple-party system. The people themselves have frustrated every third-party attempt,

"Landon, Willkie, and Dewey were defeated because they had no program for the people. They agreed to the individual ingredients of the New Deal prescription while denying the efficacy of the compound as a whole."

and none has retained popular strength through as many as two general elections.

But if we are to comprehend the plague that has descended on the House of Republicanism, we should consider the duties of a party under this system we have adopted. When two teams enter a political contest, one has to lose. There may be tie games in sports, but not in politics. Does that mean the losing team has performed no useful function? Not at all.

If, in politics, the losing party has so campaigned that the voters have been fully advised on the issues and thus enabled to make an intelligent choice as between men and issues, it has performed its primary obligation. But it has another task to perform. Its representatives in our legislative bodies, although in the minority, must continue to fight for the principles to which their party is pledged, and must force the majority to place its legislative program on the cold, hard anvil of public debate. The legislative opposition best does its duty when it is able to stem the executive policy or legislative program of the majority long enough to permit public understanding and reaction.

BUT the minority cannot fulfill its duties in these particulars merely with blind, thoughtless, and stubborn opposition. It must stand by the fundamental political philosophies which justify its existence. When it does, it will have no difficulty in finding constructive substitutes for, or logical reasons to oppose, the specific proposals of the majority. Only when a party loses sight of fundamentals or prostitutes itself to expediency does it have trouble maintaining its usefulness under our system of politics. To put it in still another way, when a party, forsaking its own policies, succumbs to popular tides and adopts a "me, too" attitude, it had better join up with the majority in name, for it has already done so in fact.

It is here the Republican Party has failed. It has given too much to the election of men, and too little to the fight for principles.

Dealing in terminologies is dangerous, for it leads to fine distinctions often without meaning. But the words "Conservatives" and "Liberals" will, if used in a broad sense, take in all of us who are interested in government. Today, a modern definition of those terms is possible. A Conservative is one who believes the New Deal has few merits and many faults, while the Liberal is convinced that the New Deal has few faults and many merits. It is only the intolerant—the reactionary and the radical—who would deny both groups not only their viewpoints, but a free and open exposition of them as well.

Now for twelve years the Republican Party has had a side to present; but it has lacked appeal and provoked dissatisfaction because it has too often failed to accept the challenge of New Deal state socialism. Failing thus, it has not only let down those sixteen to seventeen million voters who went to defeat in 1932 and 1936 and who must form the nucleus of any future Republican successes, but has also failed to take a stand which would stimulate the imagination of the young voters.

If basically there are only conservatives and liberals under a two-party system, obviously the Republican Party must be destined to be the mouthpiece—the political agency—of the conservatives. Not only is it historically the conservative party, but the Democratic Party has for twelve years pre-empted the liberal field, and will continue to do so. To assume any other role finds the Republican Party out of character. Yet, unfortunately, the last twelve years have revealed it as a hybrid which has commanded the loyalty of few. The sixteen million conservatives have found themselves without a champion, and the halfhearted appeal to the liberals has been so lacking in conviction that it has failed to attract a winning vote. In short, the three Presidential campaigns of the last twelve years, when coupled with a Congressional program of indecision and lack of unity, have discouraged the stalwart and failed to rally enough independents and dissident Democrats to provide the margin for victory.

In the main, political viewpoints are derived from Presidential campaigns and a party's record in the Congress. Let us turn first to the Congressional facet. As a whole, the record of the Republicans in Congress during the past twelve years has only increased the doubt of party members as to what their party stands for and the course to which it is committed. Party votes exhibit such a consistent failure of solidarity as to reflect a lack of unified policy. A certain amount of defection is to be expected on nearly every measure. But when a party loses from 25 to 40 per cent of its votes on measures involving fundamental issues, there is something wrong. The representatives of a party with a definite program find themselves at no such odds.

Nothing indicates the indecision and lack of initiative among Republicans in Congress quite so forcibly as the frequency with which they follow Democratic leadership. Let us review two examples admittedly extreme but to the point. Reaching ebb tide in the election of 1936, the Republicans had only sixteen members in the Senate in 1937. Thus when the President threw the Supreme Court Bill into the hopper, it looked like good strategy to let the leadership of the opposition come from the Democratic side. Republicans in the Congress reasoned that if they took the lead it would tend to give their opposition a partisan aspect which might drive away some sorely needed Democratic votes. So they sat mute. The Republican National Committee, following this lead, turned its head and pretended all was quiet along the Potomac.

Yet its headquarters furnished practically all the research that was done. The contents of studies given over to Senator McNary, Republican leader in the Senate, turned up in Democratic speeches. Nearly $200,000 was diverted to nonpartisan organizations for use in arousing the electorate, and a large number of respectable and forceful witnesses were furnished who testified effectively before the Senate Judiciary Committee. But the party got no credit, for that was all hush-hush. On the surface, the Republican Party neither knew nor cared that the greatest assault ever made on an independent judiciary was in progress.

The party was carrying an umbrella of appeasement on a tightrope of political expediency for fear it might land where it belonged—leading the fight of a conservative opposition against a vicious piece of legislation aimed at the vitals of the American judiciary. The Republicans lost caste in that fight, and plenty of it. The proof was in the demand for a coalition with conservative Democrats that followed immediately the bill was beaten. That movement was 90 per cent Republican, and its reverberations can still be felt today.

WAS the revival of the Dies Committee a good thing? It may or may not have been, but apparently a large majority of the Republicans in the House thought it was, since they furnished the votes for the continuation. Well, then, why didn't a Republican make the motion to that end? It was left to a reactionary Democrat, with the net political result that proponents credit the Southern Democrats, while those who opposed the committee's resurrection well remember where the votes came from and vent their spleen against the Republican Party as a whole. By far the worst angle to the entire affair is that this Democrat whom the Republicans saw fit to follow has a nation-wide reputation as a racial bigot. The fact that our party's representatives were willing to follow such leadership has not been helpful, and the next campaign will prove it, particularly in the marginal city districts. Having Mr. Rankin vote for a Republican proposal is a lot different from having Republicans vote for a Rankin proposal. The Republican Party's political box score for that inning reads, "No runs — no hits — one error." Time after time Republican votes have weighted the scales of Congressional action with the conservative Democrats tailing along in votes but heading the pack in leadership.

Of course it's difficult for a Congressional minority to assume leadership and force the adoption of measures introduced by its members. But it's not impossible. The first attempt to pound some sense into the loosely drawn Social Security Act was made by two Republican senators—John Townsend of Delaware and Arthur Vandenberg of Michigan. That, too, was when we only had sixteen senators and eighty-nine representatives. But the Townsend-Vandenberg resolution was adopted, and stands today as a constructive addition to a workable system of social security, as well as a credit to its sponsors and their party.

It is nonsense to assume that responsible Democratic members of Congress will not vote for Republican measures or follow Republican leadership when directed to worth-while objectives. Men like George and Byrd won't shy away from sound principles simply because the measures embodying those principles originate with Republicans. But even should their partisanship cause them to do so, it's still the party's duty to lead the opposition.

NO one should think for one moment that all Republican congressmen have failed in their duty to the party. Scores have hewn to the line, even when to do so has seemingly invited defeat. And, interestingly, most of the Republican congressmen who throughout the past twelve years have kept the faith of conservatism without fear of personal consequences are still in their seats today, while many of the hybrids and "me-tooers" are both gone and forgotten. The answer is easy—the American voter respects sincerity and conviction.

It's time for Republicans in Congress to abandon a strategy based upon such thoughts as "We can coast along and win," "The Democrats are hopelessly split," or "Give them enough rope and they will hang themselves." We have been coasting—but generally downhill. The Democrats are always split—until election day. And their political suicide has been carefully concealed, although for twelve long years "they" have been taking rope off the political capstan by the mile. The time has come when Republican congressmen should find their place as the party of opposition and fill it with honest and courageous action. Such a course, though it may bring defeat to some, will help unite our party as it abolishes much of the present Republican discontent and restlessness.

Now let's look at the Presidential campaigns. Every political observer will agree that Landon, Willkie, and Dewey were stronger at the time of their nominations than at election. If we can find the answer to their declining strength, we may also learn why so many Republicans feel discouraged with the course their party has taken.

At Des Moines in 1936, Landon made his bid for the farm vote. When the speech was over, there was one high point in the minds of the voting public—he had promised more cash benefits to the American farmer than had the New Deal.

In 1940 Wendell Willkie crusaded across the country speaking on the fundamentals which have made America great. His "We, the People" sounded an appeal which thousands of Americans wanted to hear. The Republican organization responded to a man who talked their language. It accepted him and his views at face value, even though it knew him to be a Democrat. He became the Republican candidate for President. Then came speech after speech in which Willkie either approved the policies of the administration or tried to outdo it. He had taken on the Des Moines pattern. He was agreeing to the individual ingredients of the New Deal prescription while trying to deny the efficacy of the compound as a whole. Time after time he said at Elwood: "I am a liberal." But the Democrats had already nominated the champion of the "liberals." Except for the third-term issue, the campaign was over before it started.

Let's move on four years. Dewey is speaking in Los Angeles. The committee which arranged his meeting, raised his funds, and packed 100,000 people in to hear him was made up mostly of men and women who for ten years had been fighting Townsendism tooth and nail. The workers and the audience came to welcome and to cheer a champion. But they heard a speech that promised to spread social security all over the lot, and came dangerously close to out-Townsending Townsend.

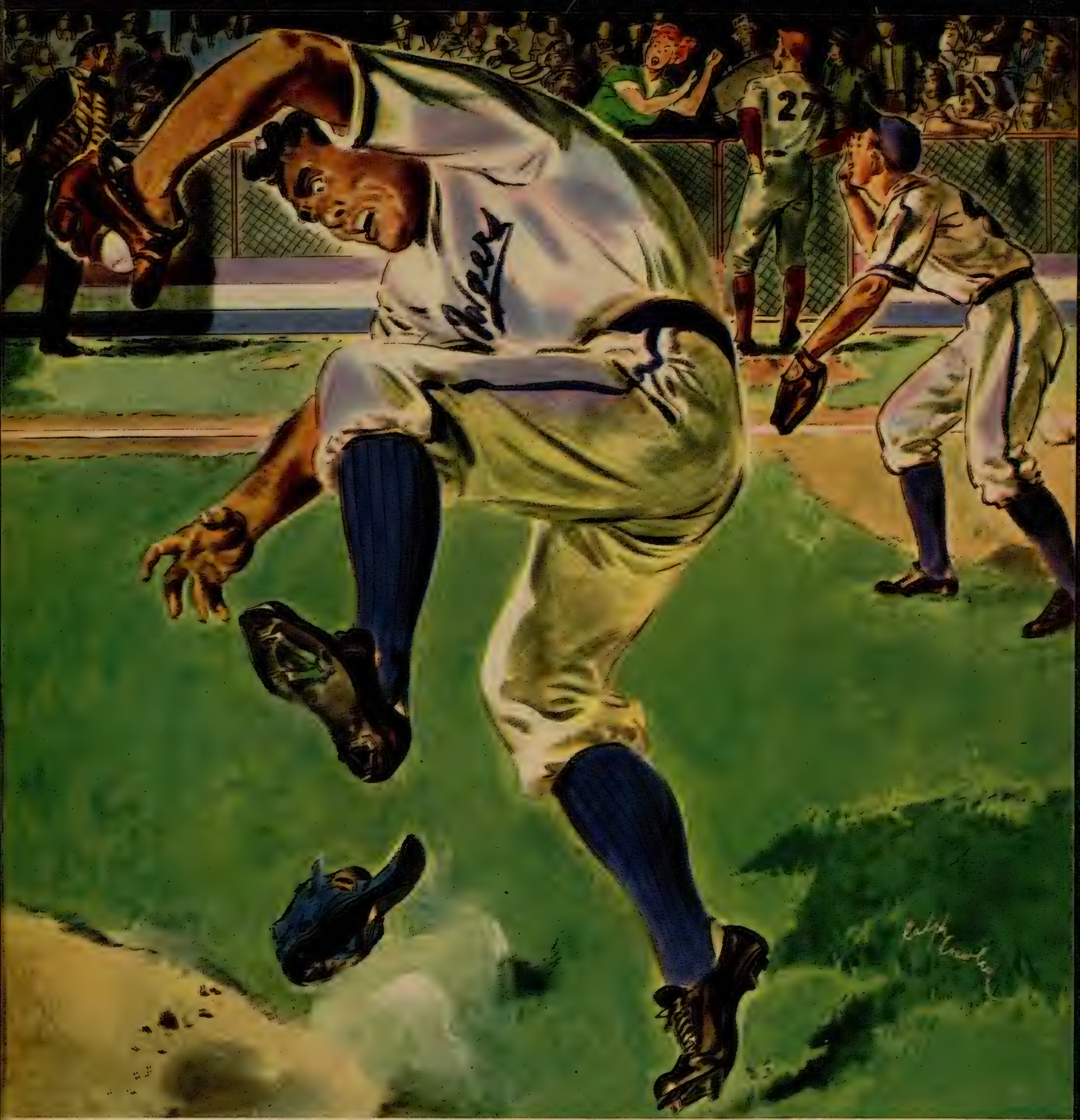
If we study these three examples, there is but one answer. Those who were opposed to the extension of cash benefits to the farmer—those who mistrusted the ingredients of the New Deal prescription—those who doubted the wisdom of an unlimited extension of social security—all were left without a champion. But of those who favored such measures, to whom these appeals were made, it is doubtful that many were swayed away from their first love. A bird in the hand always was and always will be worth two in the bush. Besides, the American voter recognizes expediency when he hears it.

MANY Republicans are hoping to see the leader with the courage and intellectual honesty to say, "I am not ashamed to be known as a conservative. I believe that we must have both conservatives and liberals in government lest the pendulum swing too far either way. I recognize that government must advance with the times, but I deny that such advances must be made at the expense of individual freedom and initiative, or through encroachments upon our form of government. I believe a government rooted in paternalism and state socialism saps the individual of all ambition and must in time destroy itself. I shall discuss the issues of the day upon that basis, and what I shall propose from time to time will be for the good of the American people as a whole as I see it. I do not intend to compromise my principles to gain the favor of any pressure group. These views may offend the farmers, the laborers, the business men, and Wall Street. I shall trust that those groups will put their Americanism ahead of personal or group interests. If I am wrong, I must accept the consequences of their disfavor."

Political toes will turn under in nervous despair, and the man himself will in all probability view his candidacy as hopeless. But he will awaken on the morning after election with more votes than he ever thought he'd get. He may not be elected, but he can sleep with a clear conscience and the assurance that he has performed a service to his country by helping to rehabilitate its political system.

If the foregoing seems solely destructive criticism, then let it be added hastily that it is made in good faith and to illustrate the need for a constructive program of

(Continued on page 88)



Roberto suspends operations. He emits a wild Cuban cry, dashes his cap to the ground and dances a fandango on it. Then he fires the ball.

The

Señor Gomez was the Dodgers' crack pitcher—until his lady-love began needling him from the stands. So it took a singing contest to find out if Brooklyn still had a chance for the pennant

BY EDWIN RUTT

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH CRAWLEY

Canary from Cuba

BROOKLYN is playing Cincinnati this day, and I am back of the plate, calling ’em like I see ’em. Out on the mound, serving up horsehide for the Brooks, is Señor Roberto Pedro Pablo de Madero y Gomez, habitat Havana, the Cuban sensation who burns up the league all season. Likewise the sun shines o’er Ebbets Field and all’s well along the Gowanus, seeing it is one-nothing for the Dodgers, end of the seventh.

The “Cubeb”—that is what Durocher calls Roberto on account he winces at all that nomenclature—has Cincy feeding off his fingertips. To date, the Redlegs are able to scratch but three scattered bingles out of the infield. As for free tickets, the late Queen Isabella hands her ice to C. Columbus with more alacrity than the Pride of Gomezes issues bases on balls. So, with the way Roberto is working, it looks like a happy evening coming up in Flatbush.

Well, top of the eighth, Roberto passes the first man. But he just grins and gets the next guy on a fly to center. Then the third batter works the count to three balls and no strike.

Roberto goes to the resin bag, pulls down his cap, and the cripple splits the platter. It’s a strike in a home for the blind. I so signify.

The next second I jump. So, I may add, do the farflung bleachers. And you can’t blame either of us, unaccustomed as we are at Ebbets Field to having Niagara address an umpire over the loud-speaker.

I mean, it is a voice. But a voice to make the bull of Bashan crouch shamefacedly among the low-mooing cud-chewing kine.

“Aw, be youman, Hoiman!” it booms, reverberating around the park. “Cancha be youman? That’s a ball anywhere.”

Now your correspondent, Herman Getze by name, dodges bottles and old fruit in the National League for some twenty-five years. But never do I hear a voice like this. I do not even know the throat of man can produce such a racket. Hence I gaze with interest toward the tumult.

It is not the throat of man. That boiler-factory blast comes from a woman. She is alone in a box back of third and she is indigenous to Brooklyn. I know this, because nine times out of ten, Brooklyn girls do not say “human.” They say “youman.” Want to bet?

That one side, the sudden uproar has a surprising effect on Roberto, etc., y Gomez. He is visibly shaken.

“C’mon, you big bum!” howls the leather-lungs in green. “If you’re gonna pitch, pitch!”

Roberto gets control of himself, all but his right arm. He heaves one, so wild it like to bust a window light in Borough Hall. The batter trots to first; his associate ambles to second. Two on, one out, and the Cincy bench begins talking it up.

“Hey, Leo!” yells the girl in the box. “Whyn’t you ship that cigar roller back to Havana?”

That sends a titter through the house. It also sends Señor Gomez’s fine Castilian blood into a simmer. The señor shakes his fist at the girl and promptly walks the next hitter on four pitched balls. Bases loaded, still one out.

At this point Kalski takes a hand. Kalski is a charming man who plays third for the Brooks. “Aaagh, shedd up, ya big dromedary!” bellows Kalski, waving his glove at the green menace.

To this gesture of support Roberto reacts in strange fashion. He puts the ball out of play and bears down on Kalski.

“You geev the lady the eensult,” I hear him hiss, “I cut the throat!”

Kalski looks blank, but he’s got a tough throat. “Gwan,” he says, “dat ain’t no lady. Dat’s a foghorn’s big brudder.”

Before Roberto can think up a suitable reply, Mr. Durocher arrives. So does the entire Brooklyn infield, plus self and co-workers. We hold a conference.

“Heem!” barks Roberto. “He no can eensult the lady. Only I, Roberto”—he thumps his chest—“can eensult the lady.”

When order is restored Durocher leaves the Cubeb in there. Swigert, the leading Cincy fence-buster, is coming up, but Leo usually knows what he’s doing. The infield moves in, hoping for a double killing.

Roberto begins rising to noble heights. He steams two perfect strikes past Swigert, which Swig just looks at, they come that fast. And Roberto looks good to put over the third, if, all at once, a burst of song does not engulf the premier playing field of Brooklyn.

“ ‘Toreador-oh, tor-r-e-ador,’ ” gives out the girl in the box, like Larry Tibbett, Nelson Eddy, and J. C. Thomas all wrapped up in one package.

DON ROBERTO is just about to go into his wind-up. But as this comes over, he suspends operations.

He emits a wild Cuban cry and leaps into the air. He dashes his cap to the ground and dances a fandango on it. Then he fires the ball.

But not at the plate, not at Kalski, covering third, nor yet at the runner leading off the bag, flapping his arms.

The señor simply burns the pill straight at the girl in green. And there, ladies and gentlemen, goes the ball game.

The girl ducks. The ball lodges in the stands. The guy on third whips in, tying it up. Presently the runner from second crosses, as he can take two bases under the ground rule covering a ball chucked into the stands. The gentleman from first loiters over to third. It’s a Cincinnati parade.

Roberto gets the yank then, to a boo chorus you can hear at Montauk. But too late. The Brooks do not score again and that night Flatbush is like Mudville in Casey at the Bat.

WELL, this is just an incident in the life of an umpire. I would forget all about it if similar does not occur five days later. This time the Dodgers entertain the Pirates from Pittsburgh on a Saturday.

Roberto is the Brooklyn choice for the afternoon and by the end of the third he is in a fair way to become the Spaniard who blights the Pittsburghs’ life. Then, glancing up as the Brooks take the field for the fourth, I see the girl in green.

The shambles begin straight away. It’s the same voice, the same volume, the same needling of Mrs. de Madero y Gomez’s boy. And it has the same effect. Roberto blows up like Old Faithful in the fifth. But this time Mr. Durocher acts with promptness. Roberto proceeds showerward in a cloud of cursewords. But it’s oke. The Dodgers go on a hitting spree later and take the game.

Now, when in Brooklyn of a Saturday night, it is my custom to go see Hogan. Hogan operates a beer saloon.

I arrive early this evening. The bar is deserted except for Dinny, the presiding angel, and an elderly grizzle-haired guy who broods into his beer. Mine host Hogan is not in evidence.

So I order a bucket and am working on it when the beer-brooder looks up. “Well,” he says, “if it ain’t Herman Getze!”

I recognize him then. He is Jasper Rails, the Dodger scout. I recall him as a vigorous man in his prime. Now, though, he looks like a hollow shell.

“What goes, Jasper?” I says. “Still covering the sand lots?”

“I am that, Herman,” he says. “But”—and his face works—“confidentially, I don’t know how long I remain in baseball.”

“Why?” I says, surprised. “You’re a fixture, Jasper.”

He shakes his head sadly. “Oncet, maybe,” he says. “But last year I get tipped off that the front office thinks I’m slipping—no more baseball savvy. I cross the dope though, Herman, just at the end of the season. I come up with this Roberto Madero Gomez guy.”

“Well, what are you weeping in your beer about?” I says. “The club should erect a monument to you. Roberto is the class of the league.”

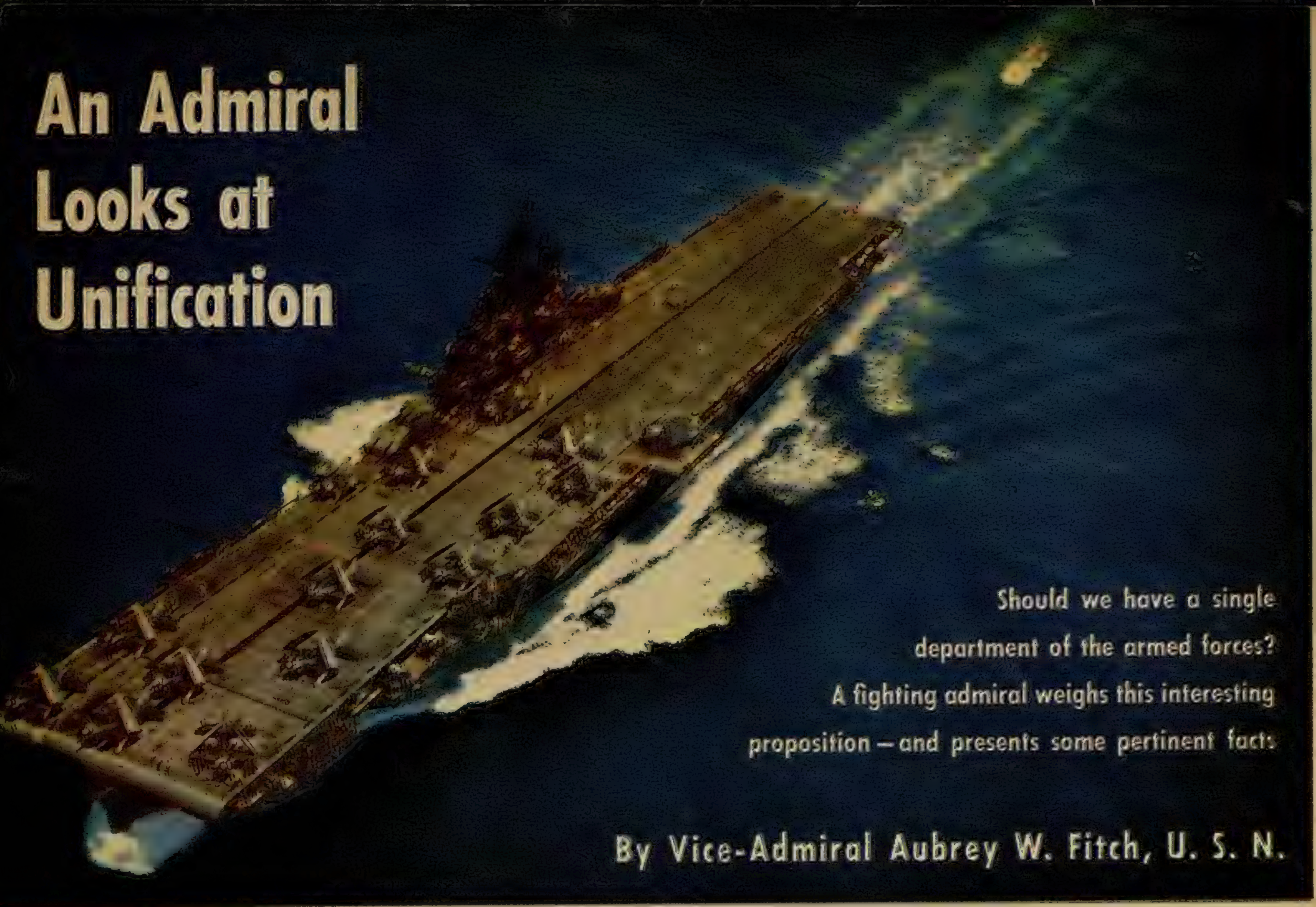
“Herman,” says Jasper sorrowfully, “that’s the trouble. Roberto was the class. When that spick’s right, what he ain’t got on a baseball you could pack in a gnat’s camping kit. But Roberto is washing out.”

“I don’t get it,” I says.

“Look, Herman,” continues Jasper. “I’m in Tampa this day, see? And I am worried, because I know the front office is fixing to put the bite on me. But then I run across Roberto. He’s a cigar maker all

(*Continued on page 83*)

An Admiral Looks at Unification



Should we have a single department of the armed forces? A fighting admiral weighs this interesting proposition—and presents some pertinent facts

By Vice-Admiral Aubrey W. Fitch, U. S. N.

THE Navy is tops in popular esteem just now, but this has not always been true. For instance, nearly seventy years ago the Rutherford B. Hayes administration thought so little of the fleet that it appointed as Secretary of the Navy a most singular Indiana politician. Upon being shown his first ship, he is reported to have exclaimed, "Why, the durned thing's hollow!" One historian has remarked that, anyhow, he was really Secretary of Nothing, as the Navy was a negligible quantity then. His public service was suddenly terminated when President Hayes discovered that he had gone on the payroll of the Panama Canal Company.

That was a period of doldrums for the Navy. But in the '80s, reconstruction began under realization of the value of sea power, stimulated by Admiral Alfred Thayer Mahan.

Today the testers and gaugers of public opinion tell us the American people love their Navy. I think the reason is simple enough: they know what the Navy has done in the Atlantic and is doing to the Japs in the Pacific. They know it from their magazines, their newspapers, their radios, and from the letters of their sons and kid brothers. They have confidence both in the topside Navy at Washington and in the fleet off Japan.

The Navy's high standing, I am sure, is due in no small degree to what naval aviation, an integral part of the Navy, has accomplished. Today air power is a highly important factor in sea power. Recognition of this fact took time. Our Navy was free to build up this most effective weapon and shape it to the needs of modern war. Not so the British Navy, which was handicapped by having its Royal Naval Air Service combined with the R. A. F. near the end of the last war. This proved unsatisfactory, and a compromise was instituted whereby from 1924 to 1938 the Admiralty had operational control of an R. A. F. fleet air arm. An official history describes this as "a form of dual control which worked only through the good will of the officers and men of the two services." The fleet air arm was fortunately returned to the British Navy just before World War II, but British naval aviation had been seriously held back in its development.

Men seem to approach aviation emotionally, as they do politics and religion. Twenty years ago there were violent debates on the effectiveness of bombing from the air and on the merits of the battleship versus the airplane. Advocating defense of our shores by planes, Admiral William S. Sims, who loved a startling phrase, declared that "in case of such an attack, the best position for our battleships would be as far up the Mississippi as they can go." He solemnly pronounced the battleship obsolete. On the other hand, a brigadier general on the Army's General Staff, testifying before a Congressional committee, was quoted as saying the city of Washington could be defended with a mere dozen antiaircraft guns. This brought down on his head replies of "absolute rot" from Army aviators who had flown unscathed through German flak in World War I. Fortunately we have not had to discharge even the general's dozen guns in this war.

But the old battleship-versus-plane controversy has happily been settled in favor of both. Call either one the backbone of the fleet and you will be correct. Today they are mutually dependent. In the modern task force both are vital.

The carrier launches planes that spit death on the enemy hundreds of miles away, but with her flat deck she is vulnerable to enemy attack. She needs the powerful guns of the battleships. And even the battleship needs the carrier's air umbrella, as the costly lessons of this war have taught the Allies.

So the battleship officers are arm in arm today with the aviators. But the old scheme for a separate air force, which was touted so loudly twenty years ago, is still with us, popping up as part of a plan for unification of the Army and Navy. The idea of unification is old. Indeed, the Army ran the Navy from 1789 to 1798. In that period Congress ordered six frigates, and there was criticism of extravagance in their construction. It was charged the War Department people didn't know enough to hold down costs. Debates in Congress, prior to the establishment of the Navy Department in 1798, brought assertions that the Navy had reached such a size that it would require a naval man to superintend it, and that the War Department had so much business of its own on its hands that it could not pay sufficient attention to the naval establishment. The Secretary of War himself recommended a separate Navy Department.

As might be expected, the hinterlanders were the conservatives on the Navy; they were afraid of too big a Navy, and they were also, of course, afraid of too much spending of the public funds.

In reviewing these considerations in 1924, a century and a quarter later, John W. Weeks, then Secretary of War, remarked that if the Secretary of War in 1798 had been too busy to take care of such matters, there should be at least half a dozen Secretaries of War in his own day, 1924. President Harding had recommended a single Department of Defense, with a Secretary and three undersecretaries: one for the Army, one for the Navy, and a third for National Resources. Both Army and Navy then opposed it, and it was not adopted.

President Coolidge's Aircraft Board,

usually called the Morrow Board, considered this question too, and found that the disadvantages outweighed the advantages. The amount of overlapping, it said, was less than was generally assumed. The board foresaw an added complexity in organization, with a super General Staff whose members would have to be educated in schools of the branches other than their own.

The recommendations of this board brought about great progress in our air defense and the establishment of the office of Assistant Secretary for Air in both the Army and Navy. It stressed the importance of close training and saw no need for a separate air force. "Modern military and naval operations cannot be effectively conducted without such air services acting as integral parts of a single command," said the board late in 1925. "Moreover, the training of these air services that are to act with the Army and with the Navy must be under continuous direction and control of the command which is ultimately to use them."

The unification idea was revived last year in a form providing for a Department of the Armed Forces, with a Secretary and three undersecretaries: one for the Army, one for the Navy, one for the Air. There was also to be, under the Secretary for the Armed Forces, a director of common supplies service.

IN general, representatives of the Army who appeared before the Woodrum Committee of the House favored the scheme, but the Navy representatives remained skeptical. Advocates of the plan said that it would effect savings on procurement by avoiding, for one thing, competitive buying by the services; savings on supply and transportation; savings on preliminary training, and assurance of permanent unification of command, such as now exists under Presidential directive through the joint Chiefs of Staff.

One objection voiced was that the plan attempted, through the proposed Chiefs of Staff, to by-pass the civilian secretary in dealing with the budget. It would also introduce a new layer of secretaries between the services and the President, and instead of simplifying the set-up, it would really create three divisions (Army, Navy, and Air) in place of the present two departments, adding a separate service of supplies to boot.

I am afraid that the unity would be chiefly in the organization chart, for the combined department would have the inertia and unwieldiness of great size. There is no assurance that duplications and rivalries—which now exist even inside the Army and the Navy—would disappear. Unity of over-all command, on the other hand, can be perpetuated postwar by legislation without actual consolidation of the departments.

Competitive buying by the services, of which much has been made, can be eliminated by agreement, and there has been considerable progress in that direction. The Navy, for instance, now provides Norden bombsights for itself and the Army; the Army provides small arms for itself and the Navy.

There is room for expansion of postgraduate studies for officers in joint Army-Navy schools, but little could be gained by an attempt to merge training at lower levels. It would not be practical to train a man to be infantryman, sailorman, and artilleryman interchangeably.

And it would take more than the same uniform to make men parts of the same service. There has been a lot of discussion lately as to the sailor's uniform. Every sailor that I have known, and I've known a lot, has been proud of his uniform. It is characteristic of his service, and has a long history and a wealth of tradition, all of which he knows.

But what the Navy is vitally concerned about in this talk of unification is its air power. The Navy's effectiveness depends upon an integrated control of its own aviation, from the research and design stage of the airplane through actual use in combat. And naval aviation must have both wings: not only the carrier-based and ship-based planes, but also the search and patrol squadrons that police the sea. The Navy is not concerned as to whether the Army divorces its own air force or not. Warfare over large land masses is no part of the Navy's job. But it is startling to hear proposals that the Navy's shore-based air power be lopped off and given to the proposed separate air force. The Navy's shore-based planes are few compared to its carrier complement, but they are very important.

The Navy simply cannot fly on one wing. The extremists are magnanimous enough to say that the Navy may keep its carrier planes and the scout planes that it catapults off battleships and cruisers. But they would, apparently, take away the land-based search and reconnaissance planes on which the Navy largely depends for information on the enemy's movements and to keep the sea lanes open. They would leave the Navy, no doubt, its flying boats. These are valuable for search and patrol in places where the enemy might be, and for sea rescues. They are long-ranged and reliable, but they are necessarily slow and lightly gunned. Like ducks, they make soup for fast enemy fighters.

VICE-ADMIRAL
AUBREY W.
FITCH,
U. S. N.

Admiral Fitch is Deputy Chief of Naval Operations (Air)—that is, Chief of the Navy's Air Staff. He won his wings in 1930. He holds the Distinguished Service Medal for service as commander of an air task group of a task force in the Battle of the Coral Sea; Gold Star in lieu of second D. S. M. for service as Commander Aircraft, South Pacific, 1942-44, and the Distinguished Flying Cross for hazardous flights in the Solomons and Coral Sea zones. He was also made a Knight Commander of the British Empire for his effective command of Allied air forces in the South Pacific, and has received from Brazil a citation and the Medal of the National Order of the Southern Cross.

In simplified terms, the Navy's air tasks may be divided roughly into striking—the job of the carrier task force—and patrol. One is the riot squad and the other the policeman on the beat.

The carriers take to sea fighters, dive bombers, and torpedo planes. From their mobile bases these are used for striking, for coverage, for antisubmarine work, for torpedoing, bombing, and strafing, and for the close support of ground troops in amphibious operations.

The heavy concentrated blows are struck by aircraft from carriers of the fast task forces, which with their surface partners can sweep at will through enemy waters. The speed of these big carriers gives them the double advantage of maneuverability and surprise.

Less spectacular in terms of headlines is the increasingly important work of the planes from the CVEs, the smaller carriers which give close support to ships, landing craft, and troops in amphibious operations. At Lingayen Gulf each CVE pilot averaged about two and three quarters hours in the air daily, and pilots of ten support carriers flew a total of 5,031 sorties. In the assault on Iwo Jima they flew 8,872 sorties, more than 5,000 of which were over the target, including 892 spotting missions and many precision, low-level attacks on pillboxes or other pin-point objectives. On the southern tip of Okinawa the CVE pilots blew up enemy positions which were "over hills" or "around corners," and were able to attack points only a few hundred feet from the American lines.

For search, patrol, and antisubmarine work the Navy has the heavily protected and armed Privateer, a four-engined land-based plane adapted from the Liberator to Navy purposes. Like a good policeman, the Privateer can strike a heavy blow when it needs to. There are also the Ventura and Harpoon, land-based medium bombers, and slow faithful seaplanes.

Someone has called the patrol planes the "thousand-mile eyes of the fleet." A patrol squadron sends out its missions from its island base in a fanlike sweep of the sea. In the Allied progress toward Tokyo, as more and more bases have been established, the sweep of these fans has pretty well covered the Pacific. Moving up through the Solomons, Admiralties, New Guinea, and the Philippines, westward through the Gilberts, Marshalls, Marianas, and Carolines, and southward from the Aleutians, the patrol squadrons have met in the area of the Japanese home islands. They have spread a fine-meshed net for the enemy's warships, submarines, merchant shipping, and planes.

ANY attempt to divide responsibility of the Army and Navy at the water's edge might have ridiculous consequences. No one would want to prevent the A. A. F., for instance, from flying over the English Channel to get at Germany. Conversely, if the Navy search planes must always land on water, what about the seaplanes with retractable wheels, and the scout planes which can use either wheels or pontoons? Must they be prohibited from using their wheels even though airfields are close at hand and safer?

The Navy's Privateer resembles the Army's Liberator, but it is designed primarily for search, not for high-level bombing. As the planes of the two services differ, so must the training of the pilots. These differences go much deeper than whether one group says "port" and "starboard" and the other doesn't. To the layman, it might seem that an admiral could call up a shore-based air-force command and say merely, "Send me an umbrella; I'm going to move my ships to the Such-and-Such Islands." But it's not nearly so simple as that. Pilots flying for the Navy need carrier, observation, and shore training. They have to have lived with the fleet, and to know exactly how to operate and co-operate both with its surface and subsurface units. Our maxim has always been that every officer in naval aviation is a naval officer first. Aviation is our specialty, just as gunnery is a specialty in another branch.

(Continued on page 65)

The Second Bottle

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY RAFAEL DE SOTO

He was just a boy, and hungry, and he needed a job. So he took the only one available. But his first night on it almost turned into a nightmare

BY JAMES RONALD

THAT was a cold hard winter and I'm the boy that knew it. The river was frozen solid; you looked down from the bridges and saw the ore barges, gripped tight by the ice and stuck fast there, waiting for the first spring thaw. That year they had a long wait. The wind went through you like a knife and so did the looks they gave you, the people of the town, when they saw you were a stranger. They didn't have jobs enough for their own and it was a cinch they didn't have a job for you.

Maybe they had bread lines in that town, but if they did, I never saw one. I saw the lines outside the employment agencies, though. You couldn't miss them: they stretched all the way down the block. You could stand in line all morning and not get one step nearer the door.

You can't write home for money when the only home you can remember is an orphanage. When you graduate from one of those places, boy, you're on your own. When I got real hungry, I pawned my overcoat for two bucks. That was asking for pneumonia, a cold hard winter like that, but I was a kid at the time, and when you're a kid and you're hungry you gotta eat, that's all there is to it, you gotta eat.

I went into this diner. It wasn't much, a hole in the wall. And ain't this a laugh: I had two bucks in my pocket, but I was so cold, so hungry, I couldn't get the words out when the Greek asked what I wanted to eat. I just sat there, shaking all over, opening and shutting my mouth and not a word coming out.

The Greek gave me a hard look and I figured he was going to bounce me out on my ear. I tried to tell him, it's O. K., I've got money; but the words wouldn't come. He kept looking at me, and after a while, I saw he wasn't sore any more.

"Hungry?" he said; and I couldn't even answer that. All I could do was nod.

"I been hungry, too," he said; and, believe it or not, he set me up a hamburger and a cup of java. While I ate he kept looking at me, and soon he said maybe he had a job for me. Did I ever work in a restaurant? he asked. I said I had been a dishwasher for a spell and a busboy for another spell. He said his night counterman had quit on him. Not much of a job, they didn't do much business at night, but at least a guy could eat.

"A buck a night and meals," he said, "and you work from ten until three in the morning. How's about it?"

I didn't kiss him but I sure did feel like it. So then he gave me another hamburger and more java and told me the other side of the picture. The catch was that the night chef was a sonuvagun to work with. He didn't like nobody and he made no bones about it.

"You gotta keep out of his kitchen," said the Greek. "You gotta keep out of his way if you don't want no trouble."

"I don't want no trouble," I said.

"Then don't bother him," said the Greek. "Keep away from him. Shout your orders through the hatch and don't get in his way."

I said, "I won't get in his way," and, believe me, I meant it. Well, it wasn't ten yet, but I went behind the counter and started working, figuring the sooner I learned the ropes the better. The Greek stuck around until midnight, until he saw I'd got the hang of things, and then he told me good night and went home.

There wasn't nothing to it. Only, you got lonely. Some of the time you'd have two or three guys sitting on the stools, reading papers and smoking cigarettes and drinking java and eating hamburgers or scrambled eggs; and some of the time you'd have one lone cab driver killing time, waiting for a call; but most of the time you had the place to yourself. Just you behind the counter and the sonuvagun of a night chef out there in his kitchen. And, I'm telling you, it got lonely.

ALONG about two thirty the place was empty, then in came this old man and humped himself up on a stool at the back. He was pretty shabby, but he wasn't a bum. There was a kinda funny look about him, but I couldn't figure out what was wrong. He kept touching his coat, high up, on the left side, as if he had something hidden there and wanted to be sure it was still there.

He said, "Coffee," and I brought it to him. I noticed his hands. They kept shaking, and when he picked up the spoon it tinkled on the side of the cup. And then I got a whiff of his breath and it was enough to knock you down. So I thought to myself, That's what it is, that's why he looks so funny, that's why he's got the shakes; he's plastered, he's cockeyed.

I walked down to the window to see if it was raining. Ten times in an hour I'd walked over to the window to see if it was raining; it helped to pass the time. This time it *was* raining, and I thought to myself, I'm going to get wet as hell if it don't stop before we close up. When I walked back along the counter, I saw that the old man was all hunched up over his java and he was crying as if his heart would break.

The way I am now, if I see someone crying, I look the other way. I leave them cry. It don't matter who, a little child, an old woman, even my own mother—if I'd know her if I saw her. I leave them cry. But this is before I learned my lesson. I was young, I was soft. I saw this old man crying into his java and it made me feel like crying too. I went over to him to see if maybe I could help.

Do you know what hell looks like? It's black and cold and a long way down with no bottom to it. I know, because I've seen it. I seen it in that old man's eyes. He looked at me like he didn't even see me. There was hell staring out of his eyes, and I felt the flesh crawling all the way up my back.

"She had it coming," he said. "She asked for it. A man's got a right to take a drink once in a while. She'd got no call to nag at me the way she did."

He was staring at me, and I had to say something, but I didn't know what to say. "She'll get over it," I mumbled. "Maybe by the time you go back she'll be over it already."

"She won't never get over it," he said. "This time I fixed her good."

I looked back over my shoulder, to see if someone had opened the door. All of a sudden there was a draft of cold air in the place. But the door was shut.

"She's lying back there, on the floor, with half her head blown off," said the old man. "You could go and holler in her ear, but she wouldn't stir. I know. I tried. I hollered in her ear, but she never moved a muscle."

He looked at me again and I got another glimpse of hell. He was in agony, he was on fire, he was burning up inside. The tears were running down his cheeks, but his eyes were black and cold, like ice. And I knew he wasn't kidding. I could tell this wasn't a pipe dream. She had kept nagging at him, and this time he had fixed her good.

And then I noticed this bulge, like there was something in his breast pocket. He kept touching it, to make sure it was still there. All of a sudden I knew what it was. It was a gun. It was the gun he had killed her with.

"I don't want to go back there," he said in a whimpering voice. "She's lying there, on the floor. I don't want to go back. I don't want to look at her."

I TOOK two steps back and that brought me to the kitchen door. I took another step back and I was inside. I heard a sound like a snarl and looked round—and there was the sonuvagun of a chef glaring at me. He looked sore enough to stick me with the long knife he had in his hand.

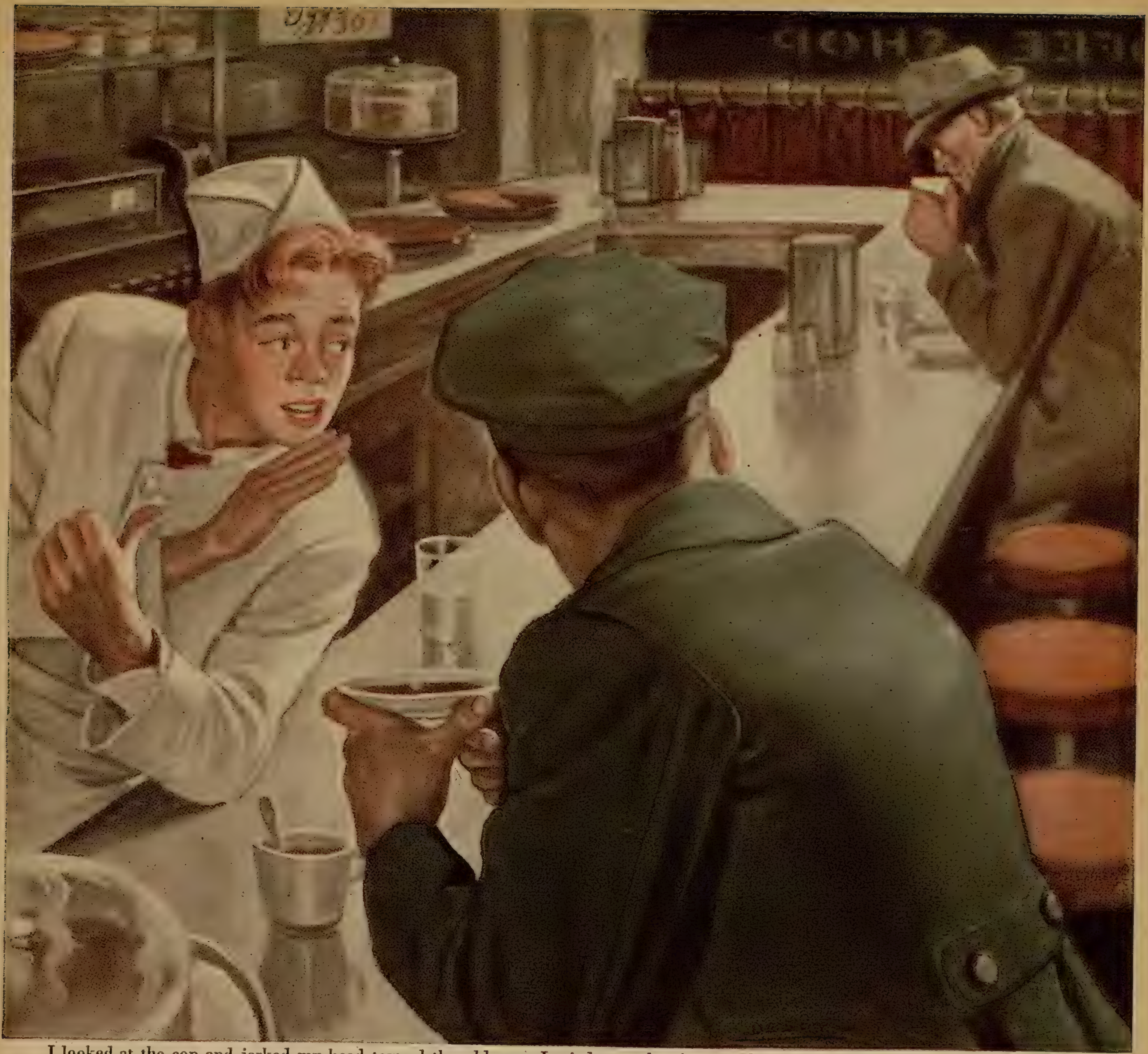
"Get the hell out of my kitchen," he said; and he meant right now.

"Look," I said. "There's a crazy guy out there. He's got a gun."

"Don't give me no lip," said the chef, scowling and taking a step forward. "Get the hell out."

I went back where I came from, and the old man was still there, crying. He looked at me as if he didn't like me, as if he was sorry for what he'd told me. And I thought to myself, He's got a gun. Maybe he'll fix me so I can't tell anyone else. It was so cold I was shivering, and yet the sweat was bursting out on my face and hands.

And then the door opened and a cop came in. I was never so glad to see anyone in all my life. His uniform was glistening with rain. He didn't look at the old man. He humped himself on to a stool and



I looked at the cop and jerked my head toward the old man. I tried to make signs to show him that the old man was dangerous.

clapped his arms together to warm himself.

"Java and sinkers," he said.

When I brought them, half the java was in the saucer. "Clumsy," he said. "New man?" he said. "Ain't seen you around before."

I wanted to tell him, "This is my first night here, and if I get out alive it'll be my last," but I didn't know what the old man would do if I opened my mouth. I didn't want the old man to get nervous and start shooting. I brought the cop a clean saucer and when I put it down I winked at him out of the eye that was farthest from the old man. He stared at me and then he winked back. He poured the java into the clean saucer and blew on it to cool it.

"Dirty night," he said, and put the saucer to his mouth.

I looked at the old man and his head was turned the other way. I looked at the cop and jerked my head toward where the old man was sitting. I tried to make signs to show him that the old man was dangerous. But this was a dumb cop. He stared at the old man and shrugged his shoulders. He looked at me like he didn't get it, like I was crazy. He emptied the saucer into his big mouth and poured more java into it.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "You got the jumps?"

And then the old man got up and walked along the counter. He'd got those cold black empty eyes fixed on the both of us, and they were still running with tears. I shut my own eyes tight. If the old man pulled his gun, I didn't want to see it. If I had to take it, I'd take it with my eyes shut. And then I heard the tinkle of a coin on the counter and the door opening and shutting.

I opened my eyes and the old man was gone. From the window I could see him lurching through the rain. I grabbed the cop's arm, spilling java all down his front.

"That old guy," I said breathlessly.

"Old Man Kelly," said the cop. And now he was sore. He was mopping up the java with a paper napkin and glaring at me. He thought I was a screwball. "Old Man Kelly," he said again. "What about him?"

"He—he killed a woman."

"Sure," said the cop. "His wife." He said it as if that made it all right. "He shot her through the head."

"You know?" I shouted, and my eyes popped out. "You know—and you let him walk out of here like nothing happened?"

"He killed her twenty years ago," said the cop, "and did fifteen years in the state pen for it."

"The way he talked—" I said, still trembling all over.

"Old Man Kelly is a two-bottle man," said the cop. "With the first bottle, he gets a crying jag on and thinks she's lying back there with her head blown away, waiting for him to come home. When he finishes the second bottle, he don't give a damn."

"But he's got a gun. I saw the bulge."

"That was no gun," said the cop. He pushed his cup over for me to fill it again. "That was the second bottle."

THE END

Don't Write Off the Chinese Armies Yet

BY JAMES BURKE

The U. S. Army's Chinese Combat Command is a misnomer. It fights when necessary, but its real job is to train Chinese in modern warfare. The pay-off began at Chihkian where the Chinese slugged it out with the Japs and won

With the Chinese armies in western Hunan

FOR a long time and with almost no fanfare, the U. S. Army's Chinese Combat Command has been working its head off to train the Chinese in modern warfare and equip them to practice it.

The results began to show in this spring's five-week battle in western Hunan Province, where regular Chinese troops met and whipped top-notch Japanese forces and left the mountainsides strewn with 15,000 Jap casualties, 7,000 of them dead.

This victory may have marked the turning point in a long succession of Chinese military misfortunes. Certainly it was significant. The Chinese had learned to think and fight on the offensive, and fight with greater unity. They had improved their co-operation with U. S. Army training teams. But best of all, and for the first time, they had whipped their first-line foes without a casualty toll bigger than the enemy's.

Somewhat skeptical of news about Chinese victories, like most old China hands, this correspondent and an American Army captain set out from the big U. S. supply base at Kunming, in southwest China, and jeeped to the scene across nearly 1,000 miles of this fantastically mountainous country, where an air-line mile equals three or four road miles.

The stage setting for this battle was begun late last winter. The Japanese had romped through south China, grabbing their corridor to Indo-China and driving Major General Claire L. Chennault's U. S. Fourteenth Air Force out of all its major eastern bases. Chennault's planes, however, continued flying from bases farther west, largely from Chihkiang in western Hunan, and constantly hammered road and rail communications in the corridor. The Japanese had to take Chihkiang if they were to get any use out of their new north-south route.

Also, the American Army's program of equipping and training Chinese armies in the field was expanding into that area. The Chinese Combat Command, headed by Georgia-born Major General Robert B. McClure, already had set up a new field headquarters there. If this American program was allowed to get well under way, it might threaten the very existence of the Japanese corridor.

In March and early April the Japanese began assembling a striking force at Paoching, their westernmost supply base in Hunan Province, about 125 air-line miles from Chihkiang, and a smaller force to the south, near Tunganhsien, on the Hengyang-Kweilin railroad. Together they numbered about 25,000 men, while back of them were all the enemy divisions in the Hengyang-Kweilin area—estimated at 80,000 to 100,000 men. Altogether the enemy had more power than he used to walk into Kweilin last fall.

On April 4 the Japanese began moving westward in four columns. Three of these branched out from Paoching; the strongest two, forming the veteran 116th Division, went directly west, along the motor road to Chihkiang and in the mountains north of the road, and the third flanked up northward. The fourth column went out of the Tunganhsien area in a southern flanking movement.

The enemy move was a discouraging blow to quiet-spoken Colonel Woods King of Cleveland, Ohio, commander of the new C. C. C. field headquarters in western Hunan. His equipping and training program had barely started; his Chinese pupils were still unfamiliar with the new weapons the U. S. Army had brought in for them. But Colonel King distributed some of the weapons anyway and told his training teams to continue training the Chinese, in the front lines if necessary—and several times it was.

To do this, the already understaffed American teams broke up into even smaller units—usually only one American officer and one or two enlisted men to an entire regiment. These little teams not only continued training the Chinese in the use of the weapons, but gave tactical advice to Chinese commanders and kept Colonel King's headquarters informed by radio of battle movements.

Colonel King, meanwhile, met in daily staff conferences with Lieutenant General Wang Yao-wu, and, with the battle reports sent in by his teams, advised the Chinese area commander. This required both tact and confidence, because the Chinese are in no way under American orders. They can listen to American advice or not, and in the past it has often been not. General Wang, though, was eager to discuss plans with Colonel King and his staff and to act on many of their suggestions. Perhaps their earnestness appealed to him, because he said later:

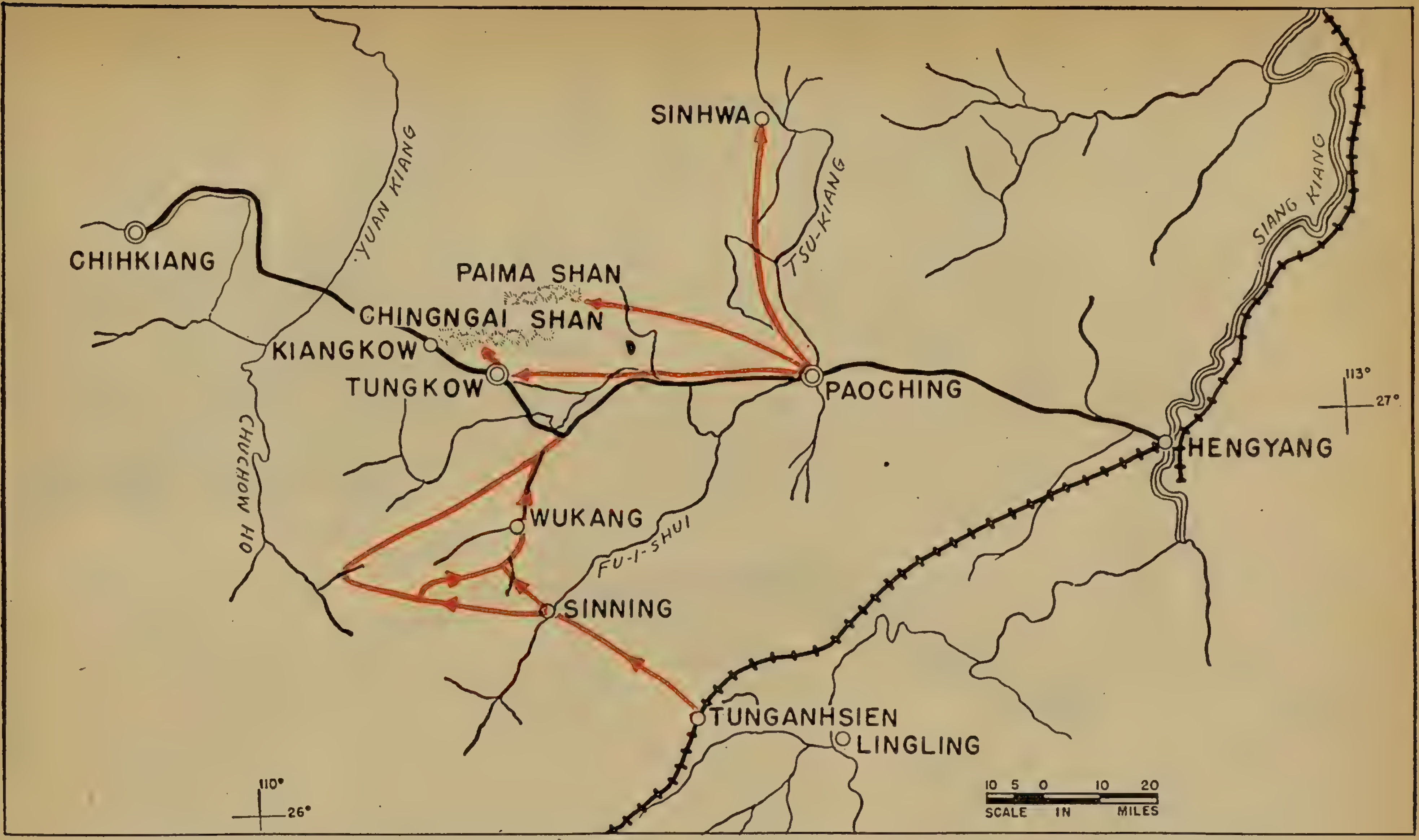
"I was most deeply impressed by the sincerity of Colonel King and his officers. They worried and lost sleep during critical phases of the fighting as though the Chinese armies had been their own American troops and the battle their own battle." As indeed it was.

Besides this spirit of the Americans, unquestionably reflected in Chinese morale, there was on hand a fair supply of American ammunition which Colonel King and his teams urged the Chinese to use unsparingly. Chinese troops like fire power as much as do Americans, but China had been short on ammunition so many years that Chinese commanders were conditioned to be pinchpenny with it. However, when they saw that this time the American supply was adequate, they let their troops be almost as trigger-happy as they pleased.

The C. C. C. supplied principally rapid-firing small arms—Brens and tommies—mortars and grenades. The Chinese themselves had a few rifles and their highly effective potato-masher grenades. These were all fine for mountain fighting, but there still was a critical need for artillery—which, unfortunately, the Japanese had. But the Chinese had air support and the Japanese had none. That more than made up the difference.

The U. S. Fourteenth Air Force units

General McClure of our Chinese Combat Command offers General Ho a pointer.



The district of western Hunan, where Chinese armies recently beat the Japs and started an offensive of their own.

based at Chihkiang were fighters and medium bombers of the Chinese-American Composite Wing commanded by tough, handsome Colonel John A. Dunning of San Antonio, Texas. This wing actually is part of the Chinese Air Force. Its planes wear the Chinese sun insignia and two thirds of its pilots are Chinese. However, its commanding officers are American, and it operates under the U. S. Fourteenth.

During the height of the battle Colonel Dunning was sending his planes day and night against the enemy columns. On the usual shoestring basis of the Fourteenth Air Force, American and Chinese pilots flew two and three missions a day. One American P-51 pilot did eleven in three days.

The battle also produced some of the best air-ground co-ordination ever seen in the China theater. Air Force radio teams, posted in Chinese front lines, talked planes in to targets. Results spoke for themselves. In a single two-sortie fighter attack on an advancing column of Japanese, the enemy lost seventy-five pack animals and more than 200 men killed. All told, the Air Force is officially credited with at least 5,000 of the Japanese casualties in western Hunan. Only darkness enabled the enemy to advance at all.

Trained and equipped by American combat teams, the Chinese have won new victories.

The Chinese gladly admit that their victory was due in large measure to this American air and liaison support. But these factors wouldn't have carried the day without the Chinese armies' own will to fight. Perhaps a good illustration is the way the Chinese stopped and threw back the Japanese column advancing by road toward Chihkiang. This was the strongest Japanese column, and only a ragged Chinese division stood between it and our air base.

A FEW days after the action we visited the division's headquarters in a farmhouse below 4,000-foot Chingngai Shan (Green Rock Mountain), where the deepest Japanese advance had been held and hurled back. When we arrived, the division commander, Major General Lee Yen, and his staff were just finishing their morning staff meeting with officers of the attached American training team. Its commander was Lieutenant Colonel Douglas C. Tomkies of Huntington, West Virginia, lean and tough from weeks of climbing over tortuous mountain trails.

Colonel Tomkies was a veteran of the American Z Force, one of the C. C. C.'s predecessors. The Z Force had been assigned to equip and train Chinese armies in the Hengyang-Kweilin area last year, but the mission had been a bitter disappointment. The colonel himself had the task of destroying four of the major American air bases which the Japanese overran—Lingling, one of the Kweilin bases, Liuchow, and Suichwan. He holds the Bronze Star for blowing up the Liuchow base while enemy forces were on the lower end of it, and he barely escaped capture in the last jeep to leave the field.

"I was pretty damn tired of having those Japs chase me around," Colonel Tomkies

(Continued on page 62)

It's YOUR Foreign Policy

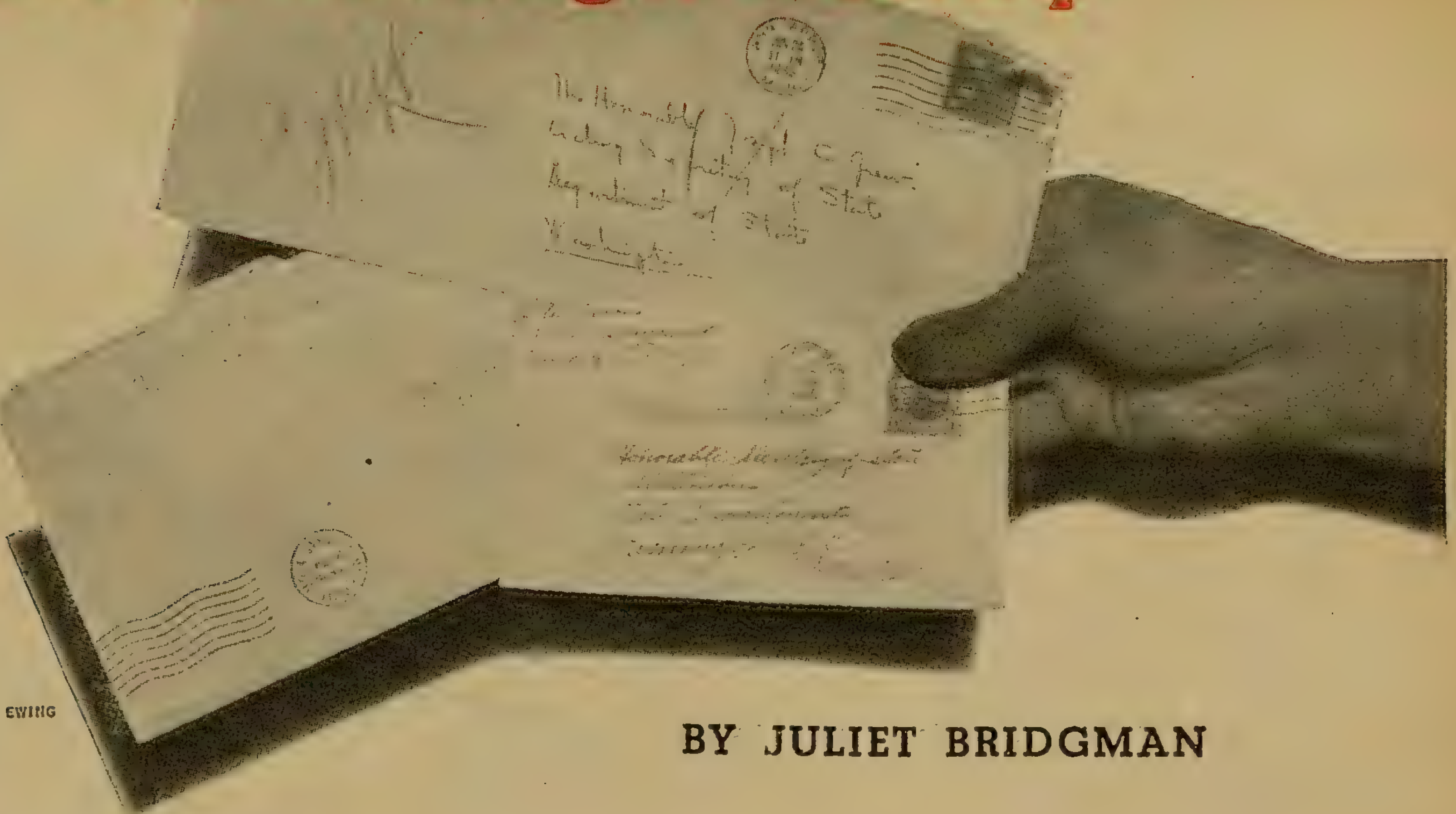


PHOTO © HARRIS & EWING

BY JULIET BRIDGMAN

Fan mail can make a movie star or get a book written, but did you know it helps mold our foreign policy? The State Department gets up to 7,000 letters a week, and some contain good ideas!

WRITING fan mail is not only a popular American pastime, but an exceedingly healthy national custom. The very principle of writing to a complete stranger to voice approval or disapproval, to ask advice or give it, is in itself a breath of the democratic spirit.

The will of the people, as expressed in the bouquets and brickbats of an articulate citizenry, is known to carry weight in many quarters. In Hollywood, fan mail leads a film company to renew the contract of a starlet who has fallen into studio disfavor; in Philadelphia, it persuades a publisher to bring out an author's second book; the country over, it influences newspaper and magazine editors and sways congressmen. But today this power goes even further than before: It helps to mold government policy.

In the past several weeks the fan mail of the U. S. Department of State jumped to 2,000 letters a day, soared to 5,000, and, during the San Francisco debates, hit an all-time high of 7,000 a day. Mr. Stettinius, then Secretary of State, almost overnight became the most written-to man in America.

Last year the State Department averaged 400 letters a day, the majority of them inquiring what was what in our foreign affairs, or critically wondering why certain policies had been adopted. So far this year, the State Department's mail is already well over double that of last year, and more than 90 per cent of the letters on international organization contain bouquets rather than brickbats.

On snap judgment, such a flood of mail might indicate that Americans are now taking a lively interest in foreign affairs, and that a literate sampling of them want to have a hand in forming our foreign policies. On that assumption, the State Department might simply base its policies on the dominant opinions in the mail it receives.

But it's not that simple. Shaping our new foreign policies is a complex operation. Your letter, the voluntary expression of your opinion, is bound to have its influence—but a great deal of weighing and analyzing must go on first.

Before this war our foreign relations were almost indeterminate, loosely formed by the cross-purposes of business, both international and domestic, and the vagaries of politics. Government policy carried little weight in these doings, and what little policy had been established was not understood and, therefore, not supported by the American public at large. If the tragedy of this war has done nothing else, it has hammered home the realization that we can no longer indulge exclusively in national introspection, but must get a broad view of ourselves as members of a world family.

Today, most Americans seem to agree that we must participate fully in international affairs if we are to attain the objectives of this war. The discussions at Bretton Woods, Dumbarton Oaks, and San Francisco have strengthened this conviction. From all indications, the American people won't accept the mere assurance that we *do* have a foreign policy; they want that policy explained as we go along. Nor do arbitrary fixings of foreign policy necessarily meet with public approval, no matter how "open" they may be.

A typical reaction was that stormy protest that followed the admittance of Argentina to the United Nations Conference. Literally hundreds of letters poured into the State Department daily. Some were long and detailed criticisms, others cryptic. Here is a cross section of opinion on the subject—a postal card, a telegram, and a letter, all of which were addressed to Mr. Stettinius:

"Your Excellency, I found while hanging the weekly wash last Monday that not one of my neighbors approved of Argentina being invited to join the United Nations Conference. Will you be so kind as to explain this action to us?"

"HORRIFIED AT ARGENTINA'S ACCEPTANCE AT SAN FRANCISCO. ARE WE FIGHTING FOR OR AGAINST FASCISM?"

"Dear Mr. Stettinius, I think we have treated Argentina very shabbily in the past, but I do believe we might show our friendliness in a different manner. We insulted her by declaring that her cattle were affected with hoof-and-mouth disease. Why do we not correct this statement by taking the meat that we can get from her now? We need it, and we might win her friendship, as well as getting some of the most delicious meat in the world."

Through this widely varied opinion the State Department softly picks its way. Here are portions of the form letter sent out in reply to the Argentine protests:

"My dear Mr. Blank:

"In the absence of the Secretary of State at San Francisco, I am acknowledging your letter of June ——, 1945, regarding the admission of Argentina to the United Nations Conference.

"In his report . . . broadcast on May 28, Mr. Stettinius stated:

"'I wish to make clear that the vote of the United States in favor of seating Argentina did not constitute a blanket endorsement of the policies of the Argentine Government. . . . By voting to admit Argentina . . . the United States . . . has by no means changed its position that Argentina is expected to carry out effectively all her commitments under the

Mexico City Declaration. On the contrary, we feel that her admission . . . increases her obligation to do so. We expect the Argentine nation to see that this obligation is fulfilled.'

"Sincerely yours,
George H. Butler,
Acting Director,
Office of American
Republics Affairs."

Most State Department answers to queries and criticisms of controversial subjects are couched in about the same tones, giving similar explanations, and usually winding up with the assurance that "The Department appreciates receiving your communication and you may be sure that such expressions of opinion are taken into consideration . . . in determining the specific development of a policy."

Exactly how much influence do these thousands of letters exert? What becomes of them? How are they categorized and answered? The process is worth knowing, because it bears directly on the formation of our foreign policies.

ALL mail addressed to the State Department—some ten pouches a day—is first swiftly scanned and divided into various categories. More than two thirds of the letters express views on foreign or domestic policies and are sent up to the Public Views and Inquiries Section of the Division of Public Liaison, a department of twenty-two mail custodians headed by youthful Colton Hand. The State Department, incidentally, has grown so much since the war began that it now occupies offices in fifteen buildings, aside from the old State Department Building. Mr. Hand's offices in the War Manpower Commission Building are literally bursting with epistles.

Here the letters on foreign policy are gone over with a fine-tooth comb, sorted as to subject matter, stamped, blue-penciled, and numbered. As a rule, about half of them are quickly spotted as coming from pressure groups—ax-grinding outfits that have organized a letter-writing campaign. All such pressure campaigns tend to defeat their own purposes. When a thousand identical post cards and letters all demanded, for example, that some particular group be represented at the San Francisco Conference, the pressure element was crystal clear. Such mail is usually answered by a form letter suitable to the request.

About 15 per cent of the mail is "inspired" material. This is quite different from pressure mail, for though the letters, or letter, may be inspired by groups or organizations, these communications bespeak broader interests. Much of this mail is regarded as very important. For example, when a branch of the League of Women Voters or a powerful church group writes that its members in round-table discussion have unanimously agreed on a certain amendment to the Dumbarton Oaks proposals, the suggestion is likely to carry considerable weight.

The most important category, however, is the 20 per cent of mail that expresses the considered opinions of men and women who have devoted intelligent thought to our foreign policies. Such opinion, spontaneously expressed, is carefully evaluated. Much of it comes from community leaders, clergymen, and educators. Here, the State Department realizes, is not only an index to public thinking, but a fertile field for the Department's attempts to educate the public on our foreign relations. For, stupendous though the task may seem, every letter that comes into the State Department is recorded and most are answered. Many of the answers even include clippings, or excerpts from speeches and other documents.

Of the rest, about 5 per cent is worthless in terms of public opinion, and 2 or 3 per cent comes from what the Department calls the "crank fringe"—contains crackpot schemes for global cure-alls, threats, violent ideas, and the like. There are always a few peace plans, many of them naïve, poorly drafted, and lengthy tomes wrought with the labor of love. These may be bereft of ideas, but at least they reveal a commendable interest. Right now, such mail tends strongly to favor some type of world government. Almost all the letters, profound or simple, educated or crude, seem to express a willingness to sacrifice more sovereignty to obtain a lasting peace.

In a short note that typifies this attitude, one group stated simply, "We believe that America must do everything in her power to form a strong world union, even if it means losing some of our sovereignty. This world union should be so strong that it will have the power to take *immediate* action against aggressors."

Another correspondent, expressing a widespread lack of confidence in the league idea and proposing stronger measures, writes:

"Recent events have made it clear, I think, that while a league of nations may function efficiently in waging war against a common enemy, the league principle cannot be relied upon to preserve unity among league members when victory has been achieved. The lesson of history is that unless leagues erect an authority which can settle the conflicts of self-interest, they sooner or later disintegrate.

"A striking confirmation of this danger is that when the Dumbarton Oaks proposals were first published, an international police force, at the disposal of the general international organization, was envisaged. Now, apparently, the idea has sunk to the level of some kind of joint maneuvers of the armed forces of some of the members.

"I believe that the time for World Federation and a strong world union has come in this generation. I am taking the liberty of enclosing a copy of proposals for a constitution to establish a federal structure of government for the United Nations of the World."

Yet another thoughtful correspondent writes:

"The San Francisco Conference is weltering in a deadlock, or rather a series of deadlocks. It has settled down to a pro-Russian and anti-Russian cleavage, which in diplomatic practice is no diplomacy at all. I think this contretemps, very sadly, has arisen because of wrong premises.

"It is possible that wrong postulates of 'World Control' are underlying the minds of most, if not all, the nations represented at this Conference.

"I believe that we should aim for a 'World Government' modeled on the pattern of our own federal government. The San Francisco Conference has never brought forth such an idea. Their motions are more toward a 'World Court' much like that of the now defunct and moribund 'League of Nations.' A court alone cannot enforce justice and equity, as has been so fatally proven in the past.

"The idea of adapting the American plan of government to a 'World Government,' though it demands certain sacrifices of sovereignty from all nations, is, in my opinion, the most feasible way to assure the greatest happiness to the most people in the world."

When letters such as these are grouped and categorized, the cream of the crop is skimmed off and fed into the policy-making machinery. The cream is not necessarily limited to the fanciest letters, but to those which best express the majority opinion. These, and important mail from large groups, are sent to the State Department's policy officers and public-opinion experts, who keep a constant finger on the national pulse and get out daily reports on public thinking.

These indexes of public opinion are composites of all sources of thought, including the mail, a complete daily review of radio commentators' and news columnists' reports, books and magazine articles on foreign policy, the results of public-opinion polls, and so on. All this is considered when policies are being framed. Compiled reports go on up the line to the Assistant Secretaries of State or divisional chiefs, each of whom is responsible for our policy in a particular territorial area, and handles only those policies which fall into his domain.

A staff committee composed of the Secretary, the Undersecretary, and all the As-

(*Continued on page 63*)

Undersecretary Grew receiving a batch of "fan mail" about our foreign policy.

Abbott, Costello, and Brownie in It Ain't Hay. Brownie, a lay-down horse, is on the job when he's doing just that.

Hollywood's Horsy Set

BY KITTY CALLAHAN

The horses you hardly ever notice in the movies are just as important to picture-making as the stars. They have their specialties and personalities, just as the stars do — and the money they rake in isn't hay either

IF you saw the motion picture To Have and Have Not, probably you had eyes only for Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall. It's ten to one you don't remember the two black horses hitched to an ice wagon.

One reared, and amid gunfire of escaping Vichyites, the team bolted.

That's horse-work in the movies! Many a picture has a brief spot for a horse or two, but except for hoss oprys, in which the steed often dominates the picture, the equine performer may go almost unnoticed.

Yet even those fleeting glimpses add up to a lucrative, highly specialized business, one of the movies' strangest by-products. Also, they involve some extremely careful casting and training which the moviegoer never suspects. Ask Jack Boyle, ex-Texas cowboy and rancher who owns most of the horses, cattle, and rolling stock the studios use.

Picture horses, it seems, have ratings just as do human players: cast horses, the horse stars; stunt horses, the feature players; and extras.

A cast horse—so named because he is cast in the picture—is personally selected by the director, and goes under contract just like the human star. His trappings are as carefully chosen as Dorothy Lamour's sarong.

The cast horse's job is merely to prance into a scene carrying the star, stand quietly before the camera, and prance out again. But he must have the beauty that will add glamor to the scene. He appears high-strung, yet he must be even-tempered and gentle.

For these qualifications he draws $100 a week—a lot of hay—for the duration of the picture.

There's more to it than going to the corral and grabbing the first bridle you can lay hands on. Director John Rawlins signed Sheik, a Palomino, and Knight, a glossy black half-throughbred, as mounts for Marie Montez and Turhan Bey in Sudan.

But in all Boyle's stable of more than 100 horses, not one could pack the mountainous Andy Devine in the picture's hard-riding scenes. Boyle had to buy one.

For three weeks he scoured the horse markets searching for the combined talents of charger and dray horse. Rawlins turned down six that looked too much like work horses. Finally Boyle found Sandy, a big gray that can lug the ponderous Devine around without getting sway-backed, got the director's O. K., and turned the horse over to trainer Drew Stanfield for grooming as a horse star.

To provoke admiring "Ohs," the movie horse must be above average in intelligence, have a small head, a fine conformation, a beautiful mane, tail, and forelock. But each steed has his own idiosyncrasies.

Domino, a black-and-white pinto, and Juaquin, a veteran ridden by half the big names in Hollywood, are scene stealers—camera hogs in movie parlance. They push their way before the camera, making the human star look to his laurels when he's sharing a scene with them.

Shamrock, a beautiful white Arabian and long-time star of Boyle's stable, is a ham. In Lady in the Dark, Jon Hall rode him into a scene, dismounted, and motioned the horse to go out. Well rehearsed, Shamrock exited via a ramp built for the purpose, but when he reached the ramp he kicked as high as he could—within sight of the camera—as a gesture of equine disdain. Five takes were required before he stopped showing off.

The cast horse is never used for stunting; he's too valuable. Besides, stunting would make him too excitable for close-ups. If the script calls for the horse to rear, bolt, kick, or fall, the cast horse has a double. Even the double may have a double.

In Frontier Gal, Rod Cameron rides Knight in close-ups. But it's Smokey who takes the spectacular twenty-foot leap over a log. Yet when Knight and six other horses follow an almost perpendicular trail down a cliff, that was neither Knight nor Smokey. They used Friday, a runner, and Andy, a rearing horse, as doubles for the double, but you're supposed to see all four as the same horse, Knight.

This isn't too improbable, because nature often gives two horses nearly identical markings. Flag, a rearing horse, and Juaquin, a cast horse for which he doubles, are marked almost exactly alike, although their blood strains differ.

If the double doesn't match the horse he's doubling, Boyle goes to work with a harmless vegetable dye. It's a simple process, but in magnitude it's only slightly less than gilding an elephant. The natural color won't return until the dyed hair has grown out, which takes about four weeks. During this interval the horse stays on the payroll of the studio that contracted for the dye job.

Anyone with a formula for whitening horsehair could make a fortune, according to Boyle. At one time he thought he had the problem licked. An old Montana Indian named Ten-Sleep, who worked for Boyle, watched him laboriously trying to make white patches on a sorrel horse, and recalled an old secret formula that would do the trick. He promised to divulge the secret, but first he had to send to his kinfolks in Montana for herbs and roots to make the concoction.

"I began picturing myself as a millionaire," Jack Boyle chuckled, "but before we got the stuff from Montana, that old Indian caught a cold and just lay down and died."

TECHNICOLOR has brought new make-up problems. Color film picks up the slightest variation, and repeat applications of dye don't always tally exactly with the first, already filmed. Small areas, such as face or legs, can still get by, but the old practice of making a sorrel horse out of a Palomino or a dapple gray out of a white is too obvious.

Horses most adaptable for training are about three quarters pure bred, but only one out of ten has the capacity to remember.

The untrained but intelligent horse can be taught a specific stunt in two or three weeks, working half an hour a day. Once he learns to obey, pay attention, and absorb what he has been taught, he can master additional tricks in an hour or two.

Ordinary horse sense has its place, too. A kicking horse must know when to kick hard enough to splinter the side of a building or lightly enough not to send the stooping comedian to the hospital with an all-out jolt on the seat of his pants.

A kicking horse loves the sound of splintering wood; it gets him all excited. But Andy, doubling for Brownie in It Ain't Hay, was severely tested when Abbott and Costello cooked up a bit of horseplay not in the script.

Brownie, an ex-circus horse, was accustomed to getting a lump of sugar after each trick. But as a finale to his act, he was denied the sugar so he would lay back his ears and chase his trainer out of the ring. Bud Abbott and Lou Costello knew of Brownie's early training and told Director Erle Kenton about it, but they didn't tip him off to the finale.

After each take, Brownie trotted over to Kenton for his sugar. When no more was left, Brownie flattened his ears and chased the astonished director around the set until Kenton yelled for help.

Kenton watched his chance for retaliation. In a bathroom scene, Andy, Brownie's double, with pillows tied to his hoofs to deaden the sound of his clomping, was supposed to nudge the door with his head, while Costello, backed against the door, argued with the Law.

That gave Kenton his chance. During luncheon he ordered a breakaway door substituted and told the trainer to have Andy kick instead of nudge. Andy's heels shattered the door and caught Costello on the back of his lap. The pillows eased the

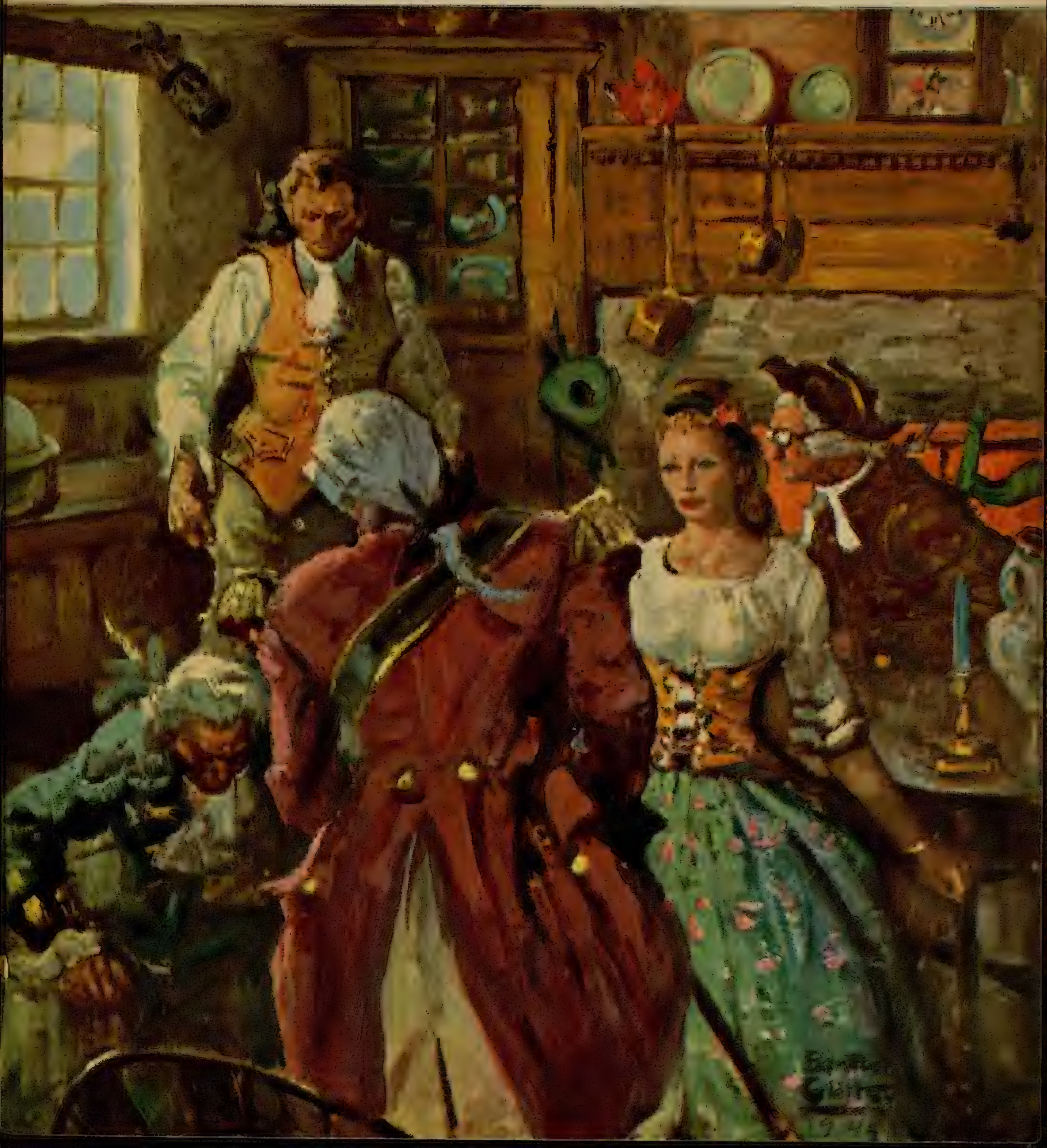
(*Continued on page 76*)

Jack Boyle is a real cowboy who makes a living out of the unusual business of furnishing horses and livestock for movies. His biggest worry is keeping them shod.

Every horse in Boyle's stable has a specialty. Steeds in Western epics will stop at the wave of the trainer's hand so their rider can fake a dramatic spill.

A horse can do but one stunt—rear, kick, etc.—so doubles are used. In The Virginian, Andy and Smokey, left, understudy Brian Donlevy's mount, Knight.

THE SCRUBBY COB



A tale of Boston town in the days when Liberty was born — of the lives and loves of patriot and Tory, and of a horse whose name is forgotten but whose deed never will be

BY
KENNETH PERKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY BENTON CLARK

A HOSTLER came into the printing shop on Dassett Alley and submitted a poem. The editor of the Boston Gazette was a very distracted man because of the political situation of the day, but the poet arrested his attention.

Jabez Hubbard was a long-boned stripling with a comely face even though he reminded one of a horse. He had what poets call a horse's "soft wild eye," his long hair tied in a pigtail was of the color of a sorrel mane, and his short surtout and knee breeches even smelled—pleasantly—of new grass.

The editor glanced at the first rhymed couplets:

To Buckman's Tavern for a braycer
Astride my Naragansit pacer.

Or out Boston Neck for a tankard o' flip
Gallumpin a-long on this son of Old Snip.

Editor Edes looked up. "Where'd you get the cadence?"

"That was easy, sir. Just from the clunking hoofs while we racked home. There's a strong rhythm to a pacer, although in this case a mournful one. I felt sorry for my horse because he'd lost a race down there on the beach."

This was the stretch of low-tide beach where Bostonians raced their horses for pieces of silver. The gibes of the crowd, Jabez explained, angered him. "My horse was small, and racing against English thoroughbreds of sixteen hands. A Tory yelled, 'Where'd you get that scrubby little cob?' So I knocked his wig off and then wrote a poem."

The editor asked, puzzled, "But why poetize about a horse that lost a race?"

"He could have won," Jabez protested fervently, "except Narragansett pacers aren't bred for a smooth beach and a spurt of a few furlongs. Their speed is for the rough roads of our colony and for natural racking. It wasn't his race or his track."

"Are you writing an advertisement? If not, then choose a horse that's famous. We've had plenty in the colonies—say Ogle's Spark, or Jenny Cameron. What does the reading public want of a poem about an unknown horse?" He returned the manuscript. "Thanks for letting me see it anyway."

Jabez got the same answer at the next printing shop. As far as printer's ink was concerned, Jabez realized, his horse would remain unsung. But, like many poets, he could not resist reading his verses to a girl. And that was where his troubles began.

Precinda O'Lynn was the daughter of a mast maker who was a Tory. She was rather too young to understand why a man should write a poem about a horse anyway. She was so young that Jabez thought it was only yesterday that she was laced in stays with a busk—that contrivance for giving children an erect back and proud carriage. Now she was straight and slim without the busk as he saw her standing there under a blossoming tree in Charlestown.

Captain Pontypool lurched toward the hostler, but Precinda slid a stool against his shins and he sprawled.

Jabez stopped at the fence and asked Precinda if he could read her a poem. She had the impression that he had just written it and that it would deal with such matters as yearning and April and love. She glanced anxiously to the front door of her house, where two big English saddle horses were hitched. Her father apparently had company and might step out any moment.

"If you hurry," she said eagerly, "yes, read it."

"And a bumper of ale for my horse to guzzle,
This offspring of Arab so dayntie of muzzle.

"Of Suffolk Punch and Andalusian,
My pacer's pride is no delusion."

"That is very beautiful poetry," Precinda said, "but is there something in it besides a horse?"

"Well, I could put in something about April, come to think of it. It's not my horse anyway. I'm just the hostler. But I won't be a hostler when good times come again and Boston's trade is not strangled by the King. I've applied for a freehold, where I shall raise Narragansett pacers. I shall be a landowner and have a home of my own."

Now she saw what he was driving at. "It is a beguiling poem. Read the rest of it."

"Keen throttled and speedy and cobby of barrel,
I love his wild eye and cote of soft sorrel."

"What is this about loving what?" a gruff voice interrupted.

WHILE reading, Jabez had not noticed the girl's sudden look of alarm. But now he turned to face her father, a long-jawed man in a tie wig.

"He was only reading a poem he wrote," Precinda said, frightened, "about a horse."

"What horse?"

"This one, sir," Jabez said apologetically.

The pacer shied as Mr. O'Lynn turned to look at him. "And just why would you be writing poetry about such an ordinary horse?"

"Narragansett pacers are not bred for looks, sir. Nor for size. But why have big horses in this colony where oxen do all our work?"

Mr. O'Lynn snatched the paper.

His hooves clunk a hornpipe, his neck is an arch
Sturdy as mast pine, graceful as larch.

"Not this horse!" O'Lynn snorted. "You were writing about something else altogether—love and taverns, and you were courting my daughter. It's a love riddle!"

Precinda's face turned as pink as the blossoms above her. "A love riddle!" she gasped. Why, of course, that was what it was! Love was there in an anagram!

"Go into the house, Precinda!" her father snapped. "And as for you," he said to Jabez, "courting my daughter without my legal consent will bring you a fine, you may depend. Now get out of here before I wring your nose!"

Precinda ran almost into her mother's arms. The latter, a large woman in frills and ruffles and flounces, had stepped out of the house and was walking to the fence. She said, as Jabez was about to mount, "One moment, young man! Let me see just what this is you were reading to my daughter."

Like her husband, Mrs. O'Lynn read certain of the words with special scorn.

"So!" Mrs. O'Lynn stormed. "Reading about bracers and tankards to a fifteen-year-old girl! You will get more than a fine for this, you runagate, you! It will be the pillory, if I have anything to say!"

"What seems to be acting here?" a melodious bass voice said. A lattice had opened in the house next door, framing a wrinkled face.

"I would like you to read this thing, Dr. Crump," Mrs. O'Lynn called up to the window. "You shall be the judge. It is Mr. Larkin's hostler. The cool cheek of him!"

"Yes, yes, I know Jabez," the wrinkled man called back. "Wait and I'll come down to see what this bobbery is about."

EXCITEMENT was in the air, not only the pleasant excitement of spring, but the contagion of the political troubles in Boston, across the river. Perhaps the Tory mast maker O'Lynn had cornered a spy. There was no telling what it was all about until the Reverend Nathaniel Crump, exuding importance and power, walked out from his parsonage.

It was with a pulpit voice that he intoned Jabez's poem, pausing to make commentary as though on Scripture. "Arched neck? Dainty muzzle?" He glanced over his silver rims at the horse. "Son of Old Snip? Who is that, pray?"

Jabez was sweating. "Why, Old Snip from Tripoli, the sire that started the breed, sir. I meant nothing more, sir, upon my word!"

To his dismay he saw two of the listeners nudge each other, nod, scowl grimly. These two had just come out of the O'Lynn house and were walking to their saddle horses when they stopped to listen. Jabez recognized them. One was an agent for the British Navy, the other was his clerk. They had come here before on matters concerning masting for His Majesty's ships. It was astonishing that two such busy men should be intrigued by a Yankee hostler.

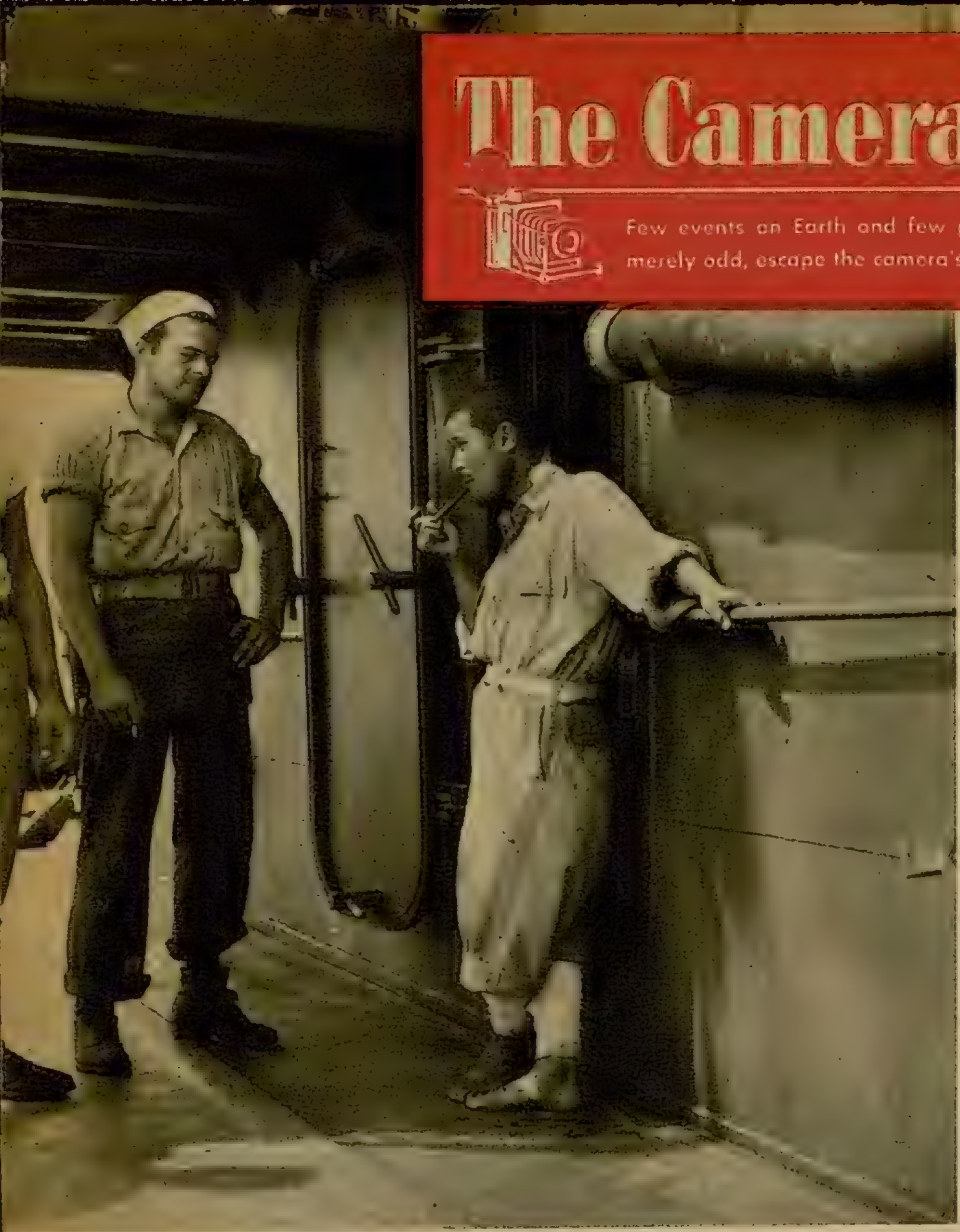
The Reverend Crump finished his commentary on the verses. "I see no rebus here, except," he said, turning to Jabez, "if you want to eulogize one of Mr. Larkin's horses, why pick out this one? His coach horses are admired all over Boston as well as Charlestown. But this one—I never even noticed him before."

"That's just it, sir. No one ever notices him. It's the pedigreed bays that Mr. Larkin drives to Boston for—they get the crowd's commendation. This padnag never even gets to town. He's fidgety, like all his breed, but I gentled him and trained him and bled him when he was sick and—well,

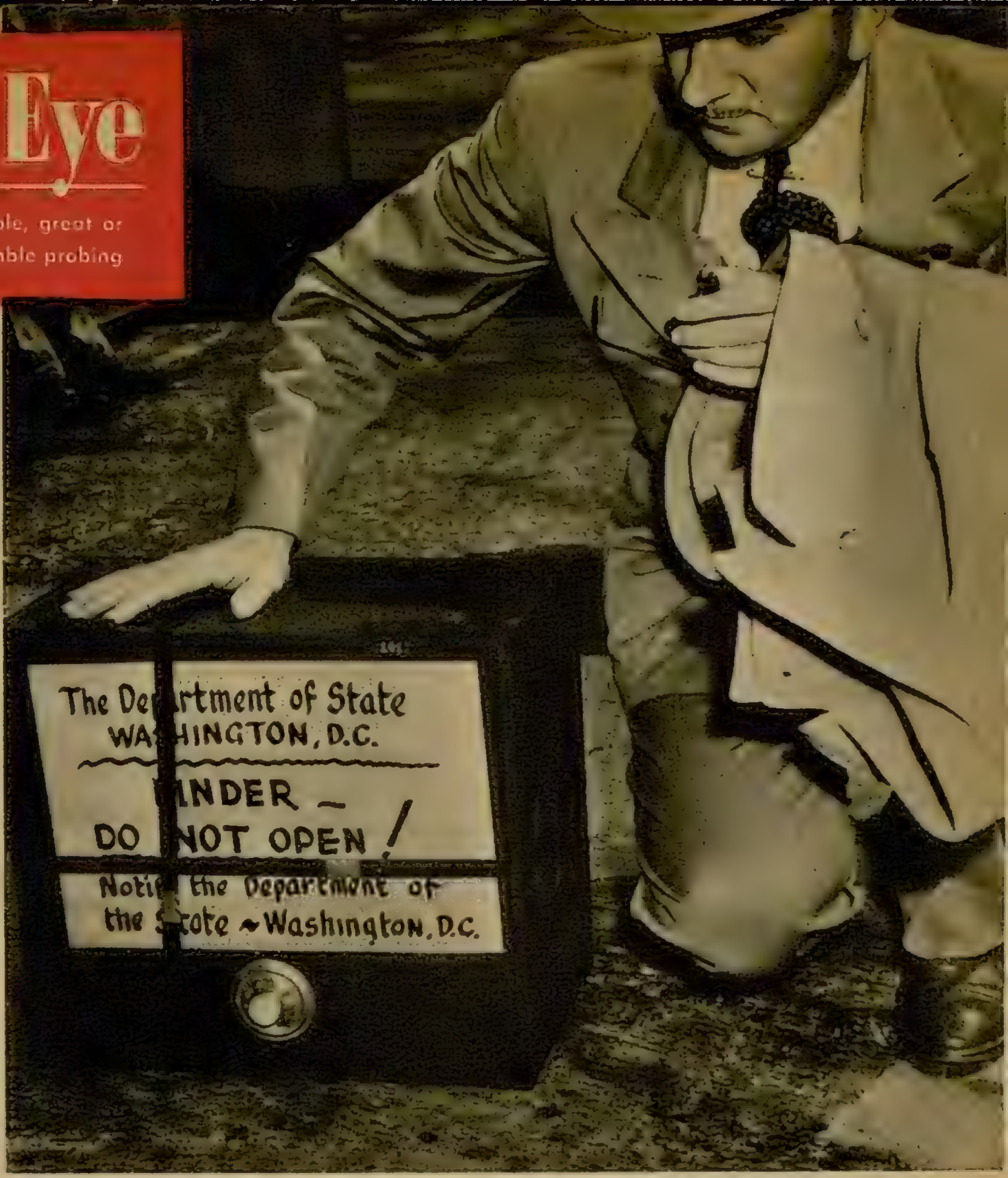
(*Continued on page 56*)

The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing



MUTUAL CONTEMPT—Capture has not dented the bravado of this Jap, taken in the So. Pacific. He seems to be measuring himself against his guards—who are not exactly shy either.


The De artment of State
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DO NOT OPEN!
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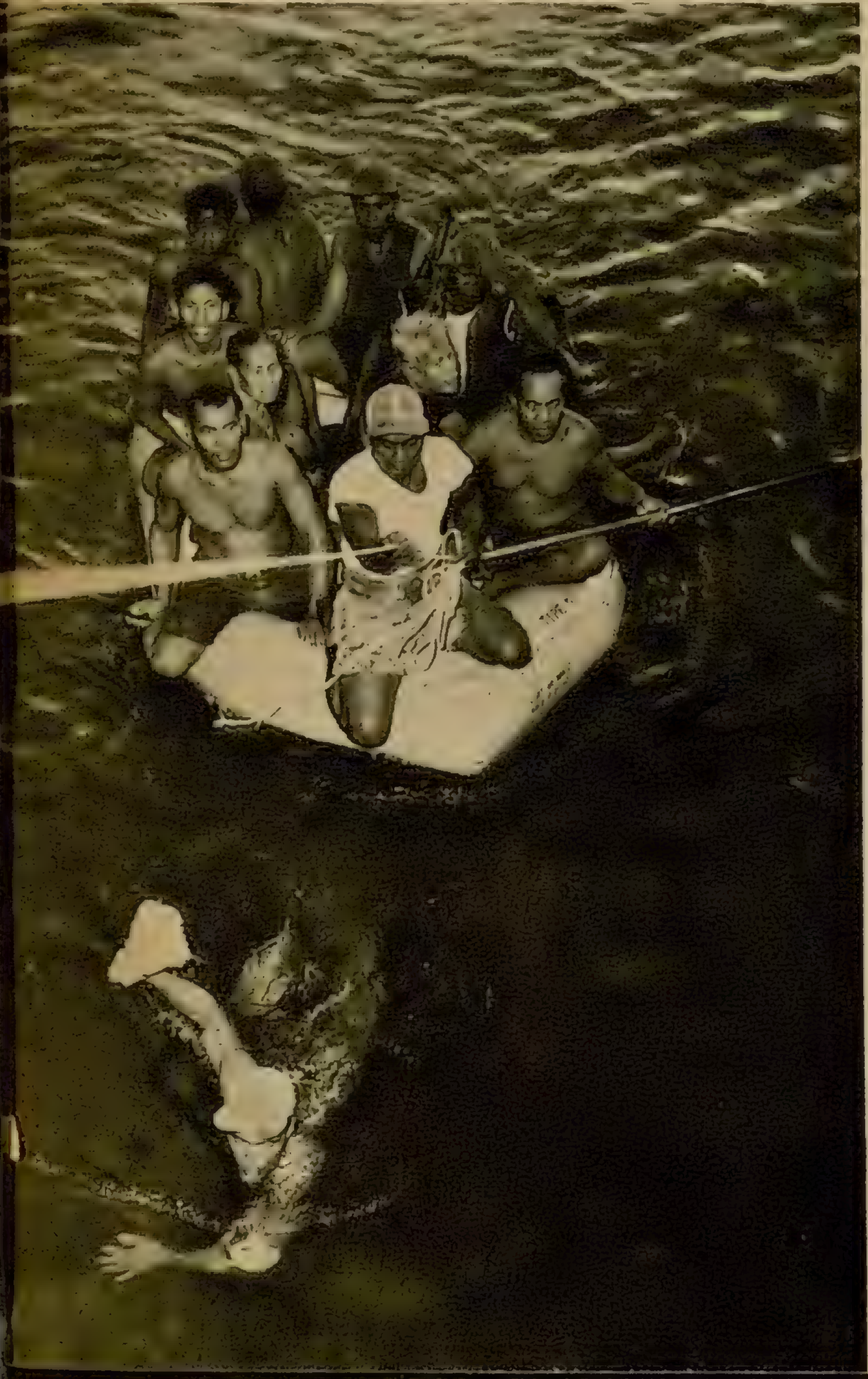
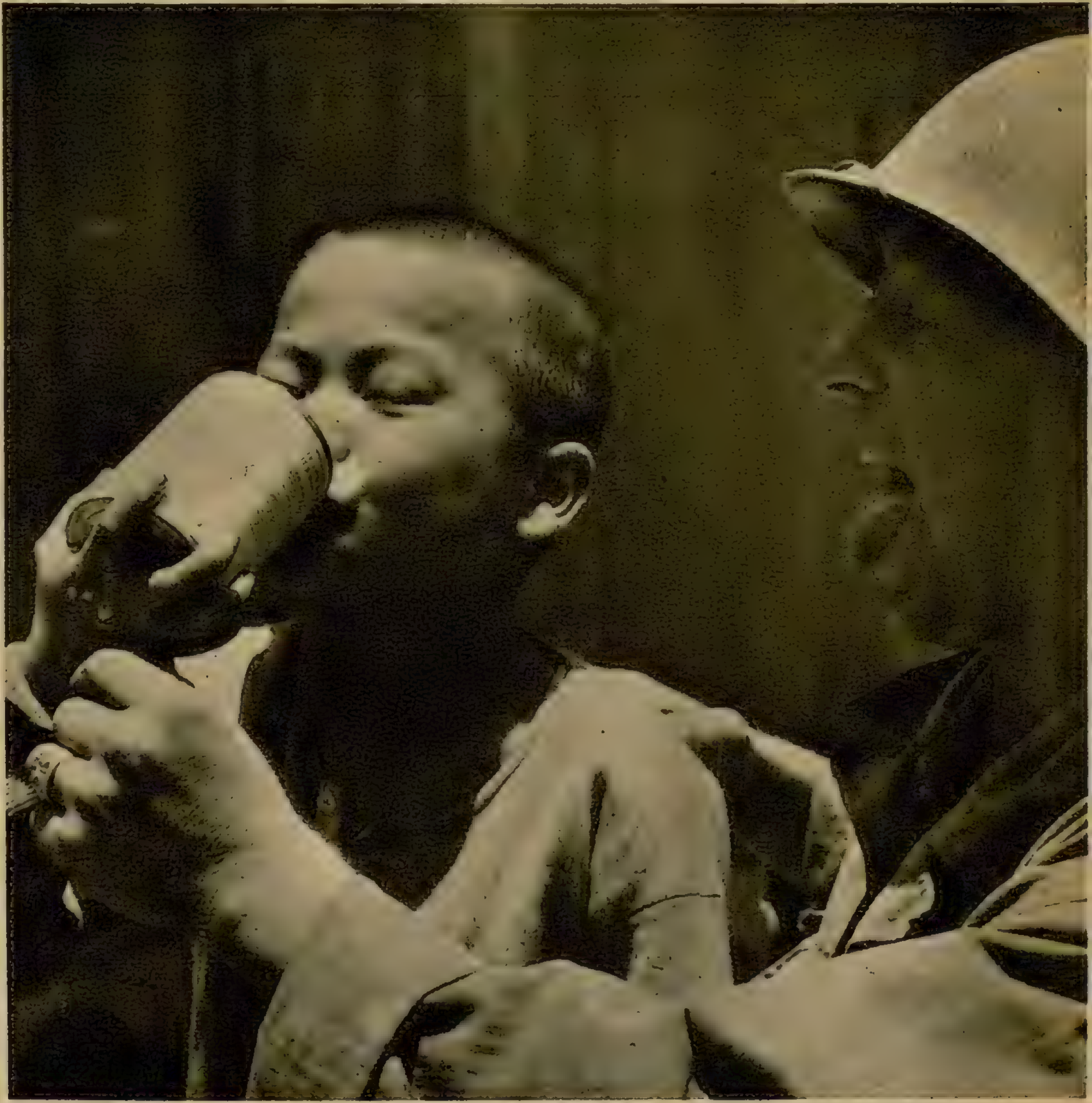
PANDORA'S BOX—After the signing, the United Nations' Charter was flown from San Francisco to Washington, D. C., in this portable safe. A Secret Service man looks it over after arrival.



ONE-WAY PASSAGE—These natives—and some 2,000 others—were taken off by-passed Marshall Islands in daring Navy operations recently.



MILK OF KINDNESS—An Okinawa lad gets it right out of the can from T/3 Alex Malashuk of Balt., Md.

FORMULA FOR SAFETY: H_2O—This shower in the Firestone laboratories is not for the usual purpose. It's to wash off chemicals workers may spill on themselves.

IT TAKES ALL KINDS—to build Uncle Sam's air fleets. Big William Trumbo and little Earl Wallman perform for Lockheed in California.

TENDER OFFENDER—Little Sharon Vedell, who thinks even an inhibition a heavy garment, cast off everything one hot day recently and went for a walk. Modest cops promptly took her to Bergen Street station, Brooklyn, where her papa claimed her.

SNAKES ALIVE!—Red Cross gal Bebe Barr took the play away from the pro snake charmers of Agra, India, when she tucked their pets around her neck and posed for G. I.s who were only too glad to get some local color—and beauty, too—in the pose.

All the World

Club Style
SANDWICHES
ozen
dge
dae
15¢
Strawberry
Sundae
15¢
Marshmallow
Sundae
15¢
Eat
Menu

Over

In the little Montana town, all eyes were on the stranger—"Johnny's wife," the girl from the London streets. And what the townsfolk saw was plenty damaging—or at least, seemed to be

BY I. A. R. WYLIE

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. SCHMIDT

RÉSUMÉ OF PART ONE

IT was on the deck of a blacked-out ship plowing the Atlantic that Thorn Bradley, first mate, encountered the little redheaded cockney, Marg'ret ("Mac to my friends") on her way to Cherry Creek, Montana, to live with the family of her husband, Johnny Moore, American soldier. She had met Johnny in a London pub after an air raid, she told Bradley. They had talked and laughed together and walked around the city in the blackout. Soon they were married and Johnny was gone again. But he had been wounded and was being sent home. Bradley's own war experiences and his mother's recent death had made him bitter and reckless. Perhaps because of this, he sensed the real panic behind the girl's truculence. He realized how her cheap gaudiness might grate on Johnny's family, perhaps also on Johnny himself. When the ship docked in New York, Bradley took Mac under his wing, showed her the big city, urged her to stay. But while he dozed on a park bench, the girl slipped away, and boarded her train at Grand Central. Several days later, Johnny's parents and brother Jimmy waited apprehensively at the Cherry Creek depot. The local steamed in and Mac stepped down, wilted from the heat, sullen and disheveled-looking. "'Ullo!" she said in a toneless voice. "I'm Marg'ret." "Johnny's wife!" His mother spoke with a sort of defiance. She took the girl in her arms. "You have come home, my dear," she said.

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

"THE Lord make us truly thankful," Jeffery Moore prayed.

The three of them had bowed their heads. But the girl sat straight, taken by surprise. "They're simple folks," Johnny had told her. "They believe in things." They believed in being thankful. Maybe they really were. Or maybe they took the roof over their heads, the huge platter of roast beef and ham and chicken, the great bowl of salad, the golden butter, the something hot wrapped in a napkin for granted. "Try ma's biscuits," Johnny had said. "Oh, boy! They melt in your mouth!"

They didn't look like biscuits. They looked like buns. Anyway they didn't melt. They choked her. Funny. She'd been sick with hunger. She still was. But she couldn't eat.

"Poor child!" Johnny's mother was saying gently. "You must be starved."

She swallowed. It was easier to swallow even sawdust than to talk.

They wanted to talk—she could see that—and yet were afraid to. They didn't know the words. The inside of her head still roared and rattled with the echo of those nights and days racing across such vast empty spaces that she'd had to close her eyes against them.

Johnny had teased her about England. "It's just a pocket handkerchief of a country." And then, because he'd seen fire in her eye, he'd added, "made up of such darned pretty little bits and pieces you want to tuck it in your pocket."

Johnny had a way of saying things. You might want to blow your top. Then he'd have you laughing and hugging him.

"You must tell us how you and Johnny met," his mother said. "He was never one to write long letters. He just wrote that it was in London—at some sort of party. He said"—she looked across at her husband's set unyielding face as though she were pleading with him to help her—"you were a swell girl. You'd made him feel almost at home. 'You'll love her, ma,' he said." The little woman leaned forward and patted Mac's hand. "My dear, we want to. We hope you'll love us too."

"What sort of party?" Jimmy asked.

Mac looked across at him. She smiled shyly for the first time, wishing he would grin back at her. Maybe he'd been ill. She noticed how pale he was, the shadows under the blue eyes.

SHE wondered what Johnny would want her to tell. He'd urged her, "Go easy with 'em, Mac. They're like babes in the woods!" So that was why he'd called it a party—to make it easy for them. Well, she supposed it had been a party—of sorts. At least there had been a lot of people making sure they were still alive. They'd come in after the All Clear, a bit surprised to find the old Crown and Sceptre where they had left it.

It was a pitch-black winter's night, colder than charity, but still early enough for the Crown to serve out a few more drinks. Mac had had several. Johnny had had several, too, before he saw her. It was his first air raid—as he said, grinning, the first time he'd heard a gun fired in anger. Poor kid. It was his first furlough, his first night in London. And that was what London had served up to him. He was sort of green-looking about the gills. She'd found out afterward he'd been busy pulling out what was left of a lot of people having a good time in a night club. Oh, he was game all right.

"Hullo, Wonderful!" he'd said.

And he'd treated her to several more. They'd leaned up against the bar, a bit squiffed, if the truth were told. After a while they had gone out together and walked around and around Berkeley Square. You couldn't see your hand in front of you, even with that awful red glare showing over the housetops, and they'd stumbled all over the place, holding onto each other, laughing like kids.

The iron railings round the gardens had been torn up to make guns, or something, and presently they barged up against a tree and sat down on its old roots. Johnny's Army coat covered them both. It was still bitter cold. But they didn't know it. Then another alert had sounded. The glare overhead grew brighter, angrier. For a moment she saw Johnny's face—its grayness and the sweat running down his cheeks. She'd been so sorry for him.

"Hold me close," she'd whispered. "I'm that scared."

They'd held each other close. The idea of scuttling to a shelter hadn't occurred to either of them. In the whole wide world they were alone together.

"Yes—it was a sort of party," she said at last—"after an air raid."

"How terrible!"

But Johnny's mother didn't want to know about the air raid. "They won't," Johnny had warned her. "We've got to be prepared for that. It'll be sort of lonesome." That was the night she'd told him about her father and mother and Sonny—and everything. He'd just kissed her very gently and said, "Poor little Mac!"

"Johnny told us your folks had been bombed out." Johnny's father spoke for the first time. "He said they kept some sort of restaurant."

"Fish and chips on the Old Kent Road," Mac said. "But they didn't 'ave much fish." She added with her rusty little chuckle, "It was mostly chips."

Jimmy gave a little crowing laugh.

"Gee, but she talks funny, don't she, ma? She says 'ave—"

"Be quiet, Jimmy."

The blood raced up to the roots of the girl's thick red hair. Her chin thrust out.

"Funny yourself. I guess it's our language, isn't it? We talked it before you was ever thought of—all of you."

Johnny's father glanced at her for the first time, a queer glint in his eyes that were Johnny's eyes—gray and steady.

"She's got us there, son."

"Be quiet, all of you." Johnny's mother said quickly. "You're not to tease each other. Margaret must tell us all about everything—some day. But not tonight. She must be so very tired."

"Were they blown sky-high?" Jimmy asked, hopeful and determined.

"Jimmy, I told you to be quiet. Of course not. Being bombed out doesn't mean being blown sky-high. It just means—well, being bombed out, doesn't it, Margaret?"

Sure, Mac thought, just that.

SUPPER was over. They went out onto the screened porch and sat side by side on the rocking chairs. Just like Johnny had said they would. Opposite, the bright lighted windows peered at her through the trees. Suddenly she thought with a fierce bitterness, They're shining there all these years—they never 'ad to 'ide.

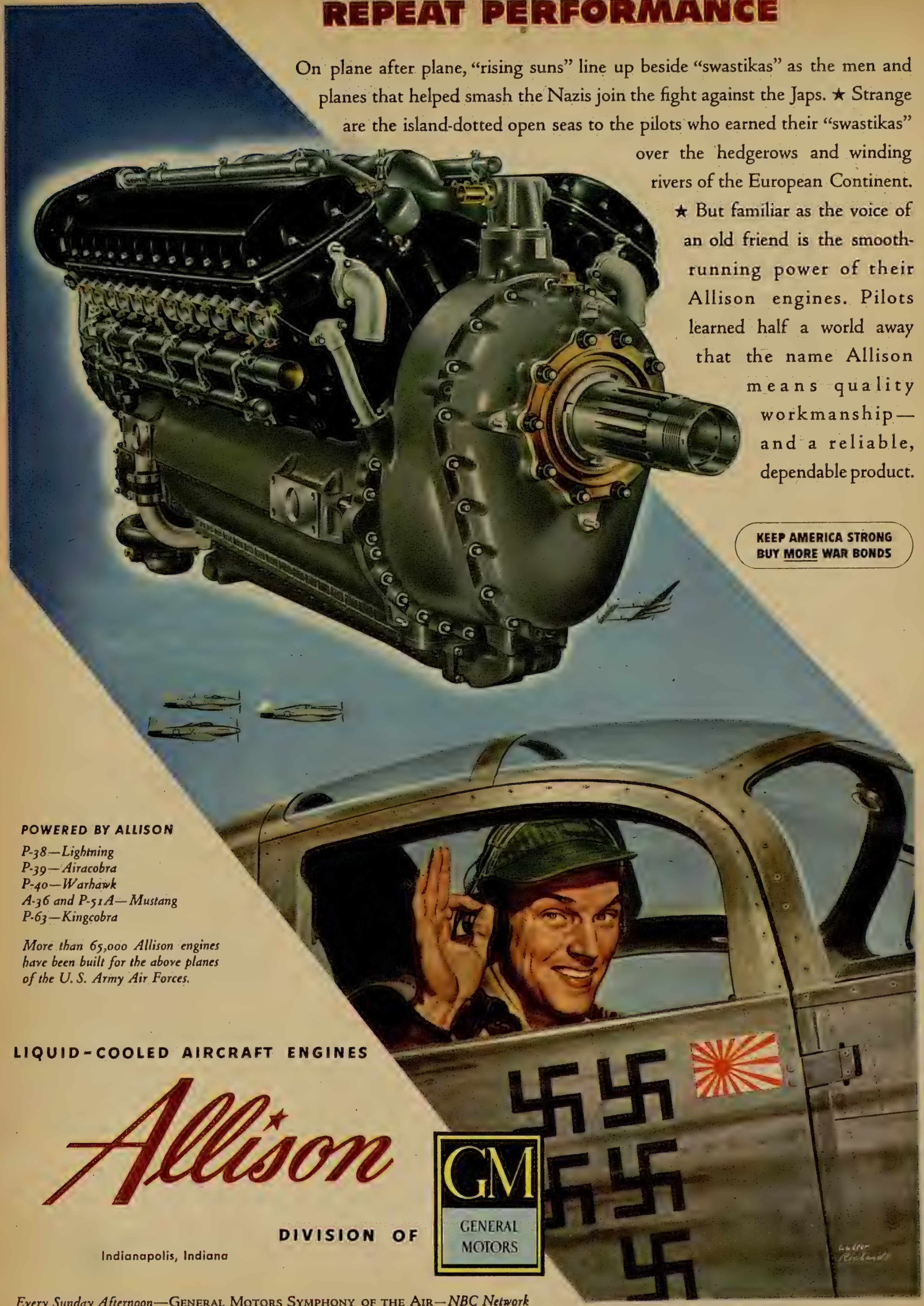
No one knew what to say to her. The unrelenting heat was getting her down. She was going to keel over, and no secret threat—"You stand up, Mac, or I'll beat the tar out of you"—could stop her. Maybe Johnny's mother knew. She took her

(Continued on page 66)

By midday the whole of Cherry Creek would know that Johnny's wife had brought a boy friend trailing after her.

REPEAT PERFORMANCE

On plane after plane, "rising suns" line up beside "swastikas" as the men and planes that helped smash the Nazis join the fight against the Japs. ★ Strange are the island-dotted open seas to the pilots who earned their "swastikas" over the hedgerows and winding rivers of the European Continent. ★ But familiar as the voice of an old friend is the smooth-running power of their Allison engines. Pilots learned half a world away that the name Allison means quality workmanship—and a reliable, dependable product.



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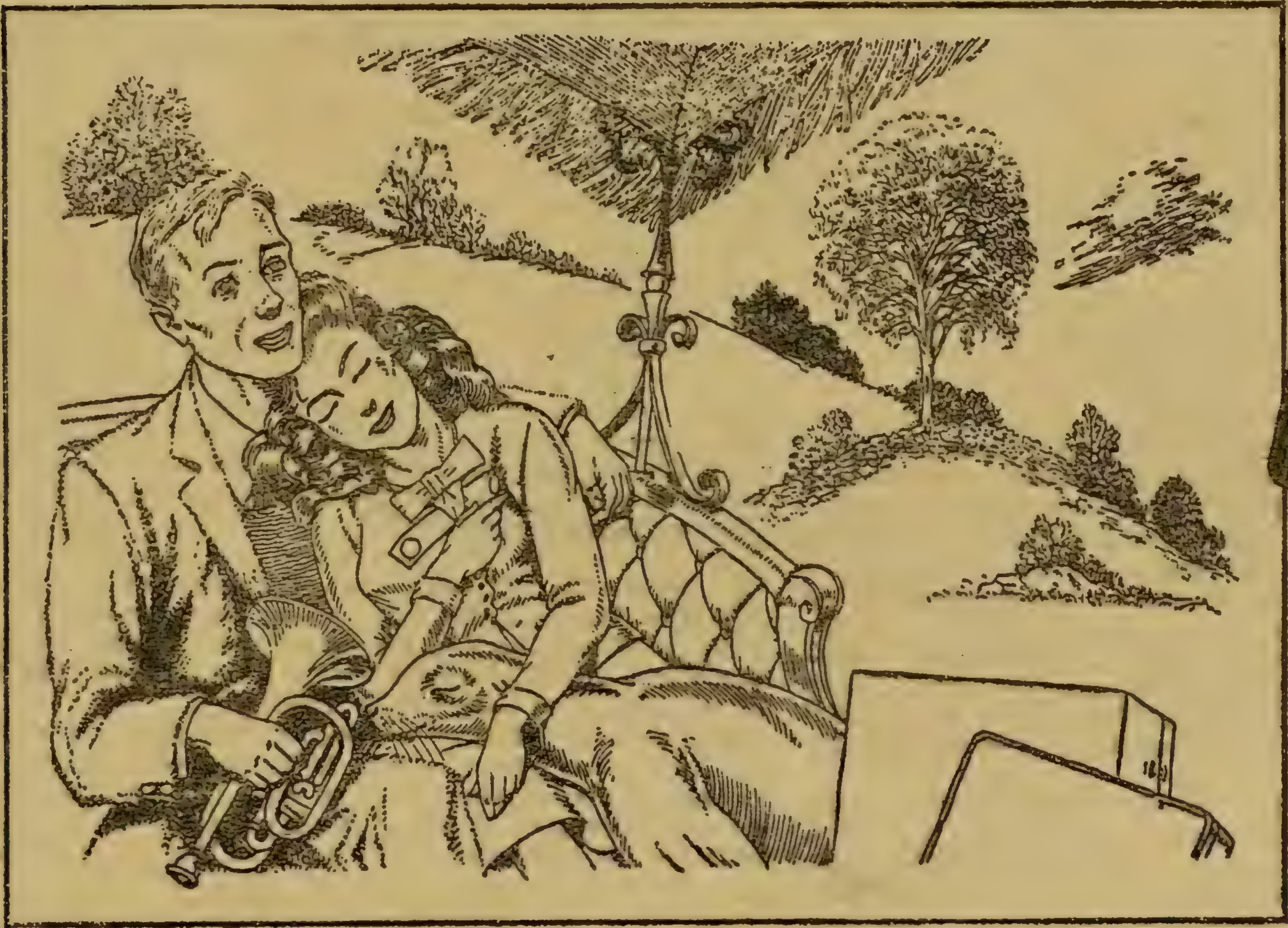
Every Sunday Afternoon—General Motors Symphony of the Air—*NBC Network*

Mr. Wilmer

By Robert Lawson

You'll leave your troubles behind as you step into the charmed world of William Wilmer, who discovered one great day that he could chat with a policeman's horse, a Nubian lion, and an elephant—and then, best of all, that he could talk the language of the redheaded Miss Sweeney. This deliciously goofy fantasy is just what the doctor ordered for an era overloaded with weighty problems.

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR



A *Liberty* BOOK CONDENSATION

READING TIME ONE EVENING

WILLIAM WILMER'S twenty-ninth birthday (it came on the nineteenth of April) started just the same as any other day. In fact each of his days, except Sunday, started just the same as every other day, and ended about the same. He wouldn't have remembered that it *was* his birthday, except that in the morning he had received the usual greeting card from his Aunt Edna in Peoria. He had dutifully removed last year's card from the mirror over his bureau and stuck up the new one, where it would remain until next birthday.

This morning, just as every other morning, Mr. Wilmer walked three blocks across town and three blocks down, to where there was a bus stop. It was a beautiful spring morning. An ice wagon rattled by, the driver whistling loudly. A little bird of some sort hopped about in a starved-looking tree and whistled back at him. William Wilmer had a strange, vague feeling that something unusual was stirring in the air today, that today something *different* was going to happen. It disturbed him.

The bus took him seven blocks crosstown and twelve down, to the subway station. At the newsstand there, just as every morning, he bought his copy of the Daily Bleat and a roll of Peppermint Patooties. On the subway train he sat in his regular front right-hand corner seat of the fourth car, took one Peppermint Patootie, and looked at the pictures of murderers, gunmen, and politicians, as far as Seventy-second Street. At Seventy-second Street, as usual, he ate his second Patootie and turned to the comic page.

There was always just time between Seventy-second Street and his stop to look at "Captain Super," fold the paper, and put it in his pocket for Claude the elevator starter, straighten his hat, and unwrap three Patooties for the Policeman's horse.

The Policeman always sat on his horse halfway up the first block from the subway station and for as many mornings as he could remember Mr. Wilmer had always stopped and given the horse three Peppermint Patooties. The horse had learned to recognize him (which few peo-

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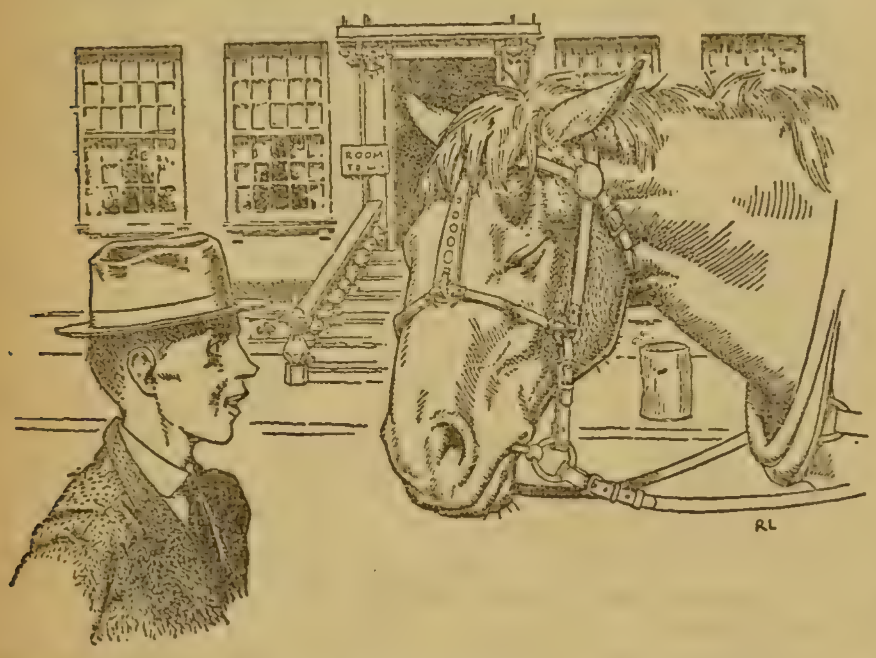
ple ever did) and always pawed at the curb and stretched out his neck eagerly at his approach.

The Policeman had never appeared to notice Mr. Wilmer, but this morning he suddenly turned down a beefy unpleasant face and growled, "Leave off feedin' the horse sugar."

Mr. Wilmer was stunned and quite terrified. It was the first time in his life that a Policeman had ever spoken to him. He was conscious of the horse's whiskers tickling his hand, of the warm breath that was making the Patooties soft and sticky. Hastily he snatched back the offending offering and, burning with embarrassment, stumbled away. His head was buzzing, his hand was stuck up with Peppermint Patooties, but he dared not throw them in the gutter—he remembered the signs: DO NOT LITTER YOUR STREETS. He tried to put them in his pocket, but they only gathered tufts of fuzz and stuck tighter.

As he hastened from the scene of his humiliation he suddenly heard a voice speaking. It was a small voice, very small and far away, but perfectly clear and distinct: "The big, bull-necked, ham-faced, overbearing bully," it was saying. "I'll get even with him."



Mr. Wilmer glanced back over his shoulder and was astonished to discover that there was no one anywhere near. There was only the Policeman and the impatiently pawing horse. That's queer, he thought.

He hurried into the lobby of the Safe, Sane and Colossal Insurance Company Building, forgot to give Claude the starter his copy of the Daily Bleat, and was rewarded for his thoughtlessness by having the door of the elevator slammed on his heel.

Ever since he had finished high school, eleven years ago, William Wilmer had worked for the Safe, Sane and Colossal Insurance Company. The office where he spent his days was on the ninth floor of the S., S. & C. Building. It was a huge room, almost a block square and filled with rows of desks. Mr. Wilmer's desk was in the seventh row, second from the left of Aisle J. On each desk was either a typewriter or a calculating machine. Mr. Wilmer's desk had a calculator.

On the right-hand corner of his desk there was always waiting a square wire basket filled with long slips of pink, green, or yellow paper on which were columns of figures. The figures on the pink slips were to be added, those on the green slips to be divided, and the yellow ones subtracted. So all day Mr. Wilmer punched at the keys of his machine, adding, subtracting, or dividing. The results came out on strips of white paper which he carefully placed in a wire basket on the *left*-hand corner of his desk. Punctually, every hour, an office boy brought a fresh basketful of pink, green, and yellow slips and carried away the white ones. At four fifty-seven each afternoon a buzzer sounded, Mr. Wilmer pulled down his cuffs and coat sleeves, put the cover on his machine, and went home.

It was not a very exciting life.

The only exciting thing was when he smiled good morning to Miss Sweeney, who sat four desks to the right of him across Aisle J. Her hair, although undeniably red, was soft and wavy. Her eyes were deep blue with black-lashed rims, and when she smiled, her nose, which was extremely short, wrinkled in a most entrancing way. Her morning greeting made William Wilmer feel warm and happy. He could punch cheerily at his machine and forget all about the Safe, Sane and Colossal Insurance Company and Mrs. Keeler's boardinghouse.

This morning he looked over to smile good morning to Miss Sweeney. She wasn't there. He guessed at once that she was in one of the inner offices taking dictation, and he was right, for soon she emerged from Mr. Twitch's office looking extremely angry, slammed her notebook on the desk, and began hammering furiously at her typewriter without even glancing in Mr. Wilmer's direction. Everyone who had any dealings with Mr. Twitch always came away angry.

Mr. Twitch was the Office Manager and was a thoroughly unpleasant creature. He wasn't much older than Mr. Wilmer, but he looked much older, for he was slightly bald and was becoming stout, a fact which he tried to conceal by always wearing tightly buttoned double-breasted coats. His neckties always matched his socks, and the neatly pressed handkerchief which peeped from his breast pocket always matched the necktie. This handkerchief was only for show; the one he really used was carried in his trousers pocket.

William Wilmer was still thinking about what an unhappy morning it had been when he became aware that Mr. Twitch was standing beside his desk. He was twisting his little black mustache, a sure sign that he was preparing to be particularly nasty, and speaking in a loud voice so that everyone around could hear.

"Well, Wilmer," he was saying, "daydreaming again, I see. It's really a shame that our little duties here should interfere with your slumbers. Perhaps they will not—very much longer. Three mistakes this morning."

Mr. Wilmer tried to stammer something about being sorry, but Mr. Twitch was enjoying himself now and went on in a louder and more sneering tone.

"Of course, to a man of your financial standing the sum of three dollars eighty-seven cents is practically nothing, but I can assure you that the company does not share your views. One more mistake like this—just one—and you'll be out in the street. And I can tell you jobs don't grow on trees these days."

AS he strutted off, one or two of the clerks tittered, but Miss Sweeney did not. It was some consolation to William Wilmer to see her nose wrinkle with distaste and the small tip of a very pink tongue protrude slightly at the retreating back of Mr. Twitch.

She gave Mr. Wilmer a sweet and sympathetic smile, but he was too miserable now to be cheered by anything. It certainly was being a happy birthday! All he could do was to keep punching at the keys of his machine and wait for the noontime buzzer to buzz. He made several mistakes, but didn't know and didn't care.

This morning, it being Saturday, the office closed at noon. At eleven fifty-seven the office boys went up and down the aisles placing small envelopes on all the desks. William Wilmer put his in his pocket without even opening it. It was his weekly wage and he knew that it contained exactly $34.86, less Social Security, bond payments, withholding tax, and so on.

He usually went to a movie on Saturday afternoon and to another one Saturday evening. Sundays were different. They were all right. Because then there were the Sunday papers to read, and William Wilmer read every one of them from beginning to end. What he enjoyed most of all were the Vacation Travel sections; he read every word of those. He liked to picture himself clad in immaculate white linen, stretched in a deck chair, while the ship plowed gently through soft tropical seas and the Southern Cross glowed warmly above the horizon.

Somehow in these imaginings that redheaded Miss Sweeney was always there too. He could picture just how well she would wear Southern resort clothes (he even picked out several outfits for her from the better advertisements). Yes, Sundays were all right.

And then Sunday afternoons he always went over to the Zoo and looked at the animals. They were so powerful and lithe, yet so resigned to being shut up in cages. Somehow he felt a great kinship with them, for after all, his life in the Safe, Sane and Colossal Insurance Company office was pretty much the same as theirs. Only *they* didn't have any Mr. Twitch to boss them around. He was sure that none of the Zoo's keepers would ever dare be as mean as Mr. Twitch—some tiger would have his leg off in a minute.

Today, what with the spring and the unpleasant events of the morning, Mr. Wilmer decided, I think I'll go to the Zoo this afternoon instead of tomorrow. It was a grave change from the routine of eleven years of established habit, but he felt really desperate.

WILLIAM WILMER wandered through the Large Mammal House and paused in front of his favorite cage. The sign said AFRICAN LION *(Felis leo)*—and another sign said TOBY. Toby was Mr. Wilmer's favorite, for of all the animals, he seemed the handsomest and most resigned. All day he lay with his proud yellow eyes staring fixedly into space, contemptuous alike of old ladies' poking umbrellas or children's tossed candies.

Today, however, he was restless. He paced and tossed and shook his head. He flopped down and stretched his legs, clawed at the floor, and rose and paced again.

Mr. Wilmer was still too upset to notice anything much. He kept seeing the Policeman's angry red face. He could see Mr. Twitch twisting his little black mustache and hear his sarcastic, rasping voice. He remembered, too, that other voice, that small faraway one that he had heard in the street when there was no one there but the Policeman and his horse. He couldn't imagine what it could have been.

And then he suddenly heard it again! It was saying, "Well, what have *you* got to be grumbling about?"

William Wilmer looked around to see who was talking, but there was no one at all in the Lion House except himself and one keeper, who was way down at the other end, sweeping and whistling softly. Astonished, he looked all around again, and then noticed Toby's yellow eyes fixed intently on his face. At last it began to dawn on him that it was Toby speaking—speaking to him, and rather irritably.

"Well," said Toby, "I asked, 'What have *you* to be grumbling about?' "

Mr. Wilmer didn't know quite how to answer. He knew Toby could not understand him if he just spoke in his ordinary voice. It ought to be that small faraway sound; faraway and small, but clear and distinct. He tried very hard, he did funny little things with the muscles of his throat, and suddenly it came!

"Why, I wasn't—er—grumbling—exactly," said William Wilmer with his new voice. "I was just sort of thinking and talking to myself, I guess. You see, it's been a very upsetting day. There was that unpleasant Policeman and Mr. Twitch—it was mostly Twitch, I think, that got me worked up—"

"Twitch," snorted Toby, "Twitch—what's a twitch to bother anybody? Young man, did you ever have a *twinge*?" He hitched himself closer to the bars. "Did you ever have a *pain*?" He hitched himself still closer. "Young man, did you ever have a TOOTHACHE?"

"Oh, yes indeed," said William sympathetically. "When I was in high school once. It was a wisdom tooth—infected—it was really terrible. I know how you must feel."

"You do *not*," answered Toby. "You can't have the faintest conception." He sniffed tolerantly and opened his mouth wide to show the rows of great glistening fangs. " 'Terrible'!" he snorted. "What would *you* know about terrible, with those tiny little chips of teeth you have? Why, this single one of mine, upper right eyetooth—that's the one that's giving me the agony—why, that one tooth has more ivory in it than you have in your whole head, and that much more pain too.

"And the trouble is"—he banged the bars irritably—"the trouble is that these blithering idiots can't find out what's the matter with me."

"Why don't you tell them?" asked Mr. Wilmer. "Why don't you tell them, like you've just told me?"

"Tell them?" snapped Toby. "Don't you think I would if I could? It just happens that you're the first and only human I've seen since I was brought to this God-forsaken dreary country who could understand Animal or speak Animal—the very first. Now, if you would only tell them for me—" A fresh spasm of pain caused him to emit a series of heartrending roars.

Mr. Wilmer, politely waiting for the pain to pass, was suddenly conscious of the Keeper at his side.

"Now then, now then," said the Keeper. "Don't be bothering the animal. It's bad enough he is, let alone, what with something ailing him and nobody knowing what. Four days and nights he's been roaring and bellering and me not able to do anything for him, not even clean the cage, that ugly-tempered he is, and him that's usually a lamb."

"It's a toothache," said Mr. Wilmer. "The upper right eyetooth."

The Keeper regarded him severely. "Toothache you say—and in the upper right eyetooth? Here's the Director been up with him two nights, and the State Veterinary, and him with his stethoscopes and X-rays and injections and all, and devil a thing can they find ailing poor Toby—and you to be telling me it's the toothache!"

"I'm sure it is," said Mr. Wilmer. "He just told me so. He said—"

"He *what*?" asked the Keeper slowly.

"He *said* it was the toothache—the upper right eyetooth. You see, we were talking about toothaches and how painful they can be, and he said—"

The Keeper grasped Mr. Wilmer kindly but firmly by the elbow and started walking him out of the door, talking all the while in a soothing tone.

"We'll just be stepping out into the good fresh air now, quiet like and not making any disturbances." He was steering Mr. Wilmer toward a shady path. "Right down by the lake there," he said, "there'll be plenty of benches, cool and in the shade. Sitting there awhile you'll likely feel better."

He went back toward the Lion House shaking his head.

William Wilmer did sit for a while and tried to collect his thoughts. He felt very tired. He decided to go home to Mrs. Keeler's and retire right after dinner. He certainly didn't want to go to any movie. He felt as though he *were* a movie.

SUNDAY morning, Mr. Wilmer woke early. He decided to walk to the corner and get the Sunday papers before breakfast instead of afterward as he usually did. My, I certainly am becoming unpredictable! he thought as he went down Mrs. Keeler's front steps.

There was a milk wagon standing beside the curb. The big dappled gray horse looked tired, his head hung sleepily. On a sudden impulse Mr. Wilmer decided to try out his new voice. He didn't see the driver anywhere, but he carefully clasped his hands behind his back; no use being called down again for feeding someone's horse.

Then William Wilmer did those strange little things with his throat muscles and the small clear voice came out just as it had done yesterday. "Good morning," he said politely. "Quite warm, isn't it?"

The horse opened one eye, fixing it wearily on Mr. Wilmer, and *his* voice came. "Morning," he grunted. "Got the time?"

Mr. Wilmer consulted his watch and announced that it was about seven forty-five.

"Half an hour more," said the horse, closing his eye again. "The rest of this block—down the avenue—all the next block—down the avenue—then back to the stables." He suddenly opened both eyes and stared sorrowfully at Mr. Wilmer. "Ever do any night work, young feller?" Without waiting for a reply, he snorted, "Well, don't!" and closed his eyes again.

The rattling of bottles announced the approach of the driver, and, head hanging and eyes still closed, the old horse clopped along to the next building.

William Wilmer, standing in the deserted street, was swept by a great wave of elation and excitement. It *was* true! He *could* actually talk with animals!

He hurried home with the papers, his mind in a dazed whirl.

At breakfast Mrs. Keeler inquired, "In early, weren't you? No movie?"

"No," answered Mr. Wilmer. "I was sort of tired, it was hot yesterday, and I just didn't feel like it."

Mr. Keeler, helping himself to a third cup of coffee, winked heavily. "Spring," he pronounced. "Ah, spring! In spring a young man's fancy—" He picked up Mr. Wilmer's Sunday papers. "Ah, here's an interesting item —'Zoo's Prize Lion Suffering from Mysterious Ailment.' "

"Give Mr. Wilmer his own paper," Mrs. Keeler interrupted.

Mr. Wilmer glanced at the front page and there, staring out with his patient eyes, was a large photograph of Toby. He began to read the article aloud: " 'Officials of the Central Zoo have been greatly concerned by the inexplicable illness of Toby, the Zoo's oldest and most prized lion. Dr. Wimpole, State Veterinary, has made several examinations and taken numerous blood tests without any result. X-ray photographs have failed to reveal the seat of the trouble. Carrington Carrington-Carr, Director of the Central Zoo, confesses himself completely baffled. A consultation of experts will take place this morning—'

"Why, that's silly!" Mr. Wilmer broke off. "It's only a toothache, upper right eyetooth. Why, just yesterday he said—"

He became aware that both Mr. and Mrs. Keeler were eying him oddly. He ended hurriedly, "Do you know, I think I'll walk over to the Zoo this morning," and hastily retreated from the dining room.

AS he entered the park, all the lions and tigers, the leopards, panthers, and pumas seemed to be holding forth at a great rate, but one set of roars was much louder and more thunderous than all the others.

He went straight to Toby's cage, only to find the bars covered by a large canvas sheet on which was hung a sign, CLOSED FOR REPAIRS. The loudest roars were coming from this cage.

As he stood there, two men came hurrying by. One was the Keeper who had escorted him out the day before; the other was a tall worried-looking man dressed in rough gray tweeds.

The Keeper spied Mr. Wilmer, paused, and then suddenly pounced on him.

"This is him!" he shouted, above the roaring of the animals. "This is him, Mr. Carrington-Carr. This is the guy!"

The tall man extended his hand and smiled pleasantly. "My name is Carrington-Carr," he said. "Director here. Keeper Gallagher has told us of your visit here yesterday and of your extraordinary diagnosis of Toby's trouble. Tell me now, just what was it led you to believe that it was toothache?"

Mr. Wilmer hesitated; he didn't want *everyone* to think he was crazy; but this man seemed pleasant and intelligent—perhaps he would understand. "Well—you see," he stammered, "he—er—that is—Toby *said* so. We were just sort of talking, and he said that he had a terrible toothache, upper right eyetooth, and he said—I'm sorry, but his own words were: 'These blithering idiots can't find out what's the matter with me.' "

Mr. Carrington-Carr flashed a startled glance at the Keeper, but went on quietly: "Why do you suppose Toby didn't tell *us* his troubles?"

"Why—er—he said that I was the first person he had met who could understand Animal or talk Animal."

"Have you been aware of this great gift long?"

"No, sir. I only discovered it yesterday," Mr. Wilmer answered. "It was a great surprise, I can assure you."

"I don't doubt that," said Mr. Carrington-Carr with a slight smile. "Tell me, just how does one converse with an animal? Let us suppose that I am a lion. Would you mind just saying 'Good morning' to me?"

"Certainly not," said William Wilmer. He did the strange little things with his throat muscles and heard his small faraway clear voice say, "Good morning, Mr. Carrington-Carr. Nice day."

"Well, go ahead," said the Director.

"I have—I did," Mr. Wilmer answered. "I said 'Good morning, Mr. Carrington-Carr.' "

Again the Director exchanged glances with the Keeper. "I didn't hear anything, did you, Gallagher?"

"Devil a word. I told you he was nuts."

"Perhaps if you really *were* a lion—" began Mr. Wilmer.

"Don't get fresh with the Director," interrupted Gallagher, but Mr. Carrington-Carr silenced him.

"Nuts or not," he said, "the fact still remains that none of our precious experts had been able to discover what Toby's trouble was until at our consultation last night you mentioned this young man's seemingly fantastic story. We took new X-rays of Toby's teeth, and discovered that it *is* toothache, and as far as we can tell, it *is* the upper right eyetooth, although we are not absolutely certain on this latter point.

"Come, let's find out," he ended suddenly and led the way.

In Toby's cage were several distinguished-looking gentlemen, most of them in surgeons' white coats. There were two keepers armed with heavy iron bars, and a table covered with a white cloth on which was spread an array of shiny surgical instruments.

Poor Toby was spread-eagled out on the floor; heavy ropes stretched from his paws to the four corners of the cage. A thick piece of wood between his jaws was lashed tightly with stout cords, but he managed to keep up a continual roaring and moaning in spite of the gag.

"Gentlemen," said Director Carrington-Carr, raising his hand for attention, "allow me to present Mr.—er—"

"Wilmer—William Wilmer."

"Gentlemen," went on the Director, "Mr. Wilmer is the young man whose uncannily accurate diagnosis enabled us to locate the seat of Toby's trouble. You will, of course, recollect Keeper Gallagher's extraordinary tale at our consultation last evening."

He motioned the scientists closer and continued: "This young man says that the trouble is with the upper right eyetooth. Of this we have no proof, and to pull the wrong tooth of an animal as valuable as this would be an extremely grave error. I therefore propose to allow Mr. Wilmer to converse quietly with Toby for a few moments and make as certain as is humanly possible that we are doing the right thing."

WILLIAM WILMER knelt down and put his hand on Toby's feverish paw. He did the peculiar things with his throat muscles and heard his small faraway voice say, "Well, Toby, they certainly have got you down."

Toby answered, *his* small voice much muffled by the gag, "How han I hawk wiv his ham hick in my mou?"

Mr. Wilmer looked up at the small ring of intent faces. "He says he can't talk well with that stick in his mouth. Could you take it out?"

Mr. Gallagher and another keeper gingerly untied the lashings and Toby disgustedly spat out the stick. "There, that's less bad," he grumbled. "Now what is it?"

Mr. Wilmer said, "Toby, these gentlemen have at last found out what your trouble is and they want to relieve it as quickly as possible, only they're not absolutely certain which tooth it is."

"I *told* you," Toby answered irritably. "Why didn't you tell *them*?"

"I tried to," apologized Mr. Wilmer, "but they all thought I was crazy. Perhaps I'd better point it out to them, so there can't be any mistake. This is the one, isn't it?" and he placed his finger on the great gleaming fang. Toby emitted a roar that brought down a small snowstorm of flaked paint from the ceiling.

"I guess that's the one all right," said Mr. Wilmer.

They went to work at once, while Toby's roars made the canvas screen flap as though in a summer wind. Finally, with a great heave, the tooth came out.

The exhausted doctor who had done the pulling advanced with the gory fang still clamped in his forceps. "Here it is, Mr. Wilmer!" he cried. "That's the baby. You had it right."

But Mr. Wilmer wasn't there. At the first gush of blood he had quietly fainted and now lay flat on the floor.

When he came to, he was in the Director's office. His hair was wet and his collar sopping, for Keeper Gallagher had helpfully tossed a bucket of water over him.

His head was buzzing and his eyes were dazzled by the continuous popping of flashlights. His nostrils were filled with the fumes of smelling salts and his ears with the shouts of the reporters and photographers: "Give us a smile now, Bud." "What's your address?" "Where do you work?" "When did you learn to talk the lingo?" "Married?" "Got a girl friend?"

"How's about a few pictures with the animal?" asked one of the photographers, as they all trooped back to the cage. The ropes that held poor Toby had been eased.

"Do you feel better?" Mr. Wilmer inquired anxiously.

"Ever so much better," replied Toby. "Pain's all gone. Jaw's sore though; probably have to eat mush and trash for a few days. I'm certainly grateful to you though."

"Don't mention it," Mr. Wilmer answered. "Sorry I couldn't have helped you sooner."

Mr. Wilmer obligingly posed with his hand in Toby's mouth while Toby smiled pleasantly.

THEY had lunch in the Director's office. It was a large pleasant room looking out through the trees to the lake, and it was a very good lunch too, but Mr. Wilmer didn't get a chance to eat much of it, for the scientists kept plying him with questions.

After lunch Director Carrington-Carr made a short speech.

"I believe I have thought of a method by which we can test absolutely this gift of Mr. Wilmer's. I have here," and he held up a large ledger, "a complete life history of every animal in the Central Zoo. This record is kept in my office safe and its contents are known only to me. It would seem a very simple matter to prove beyond all question this ability of our young friend, if we were to stroll about the grounds and allow him to interview various of the animals. That is, of course, if Mr. Wilmer is willing to co-operate in this experiment."

"I'd be very glad to," said William Wilmer, struggling with a chocolate eclair, "very glad indeed."

It was quite an imposing group which set forth, all except Mr. Wilmer. His hair was still damp and stringy, his hat had been lost somewhere, and his collar was much the worse for wear.

"We might try Lucy first," said Mr. Carrington-Carr. "Here she is, right here." Lucy was an Indian elephant. She eyed the group with pleased interest and extended her trunk for peanuts.

Mr. Wilmer was nervous. He had never spoken with an elephant before. He cleared his throat, then did those funny little things with the muscles, and in his small Animal voice said, "Good afternoon, Miss Lucy. Pleasant day, isn't it?"

Lucy cocked up one ear and fixed her small twinkling eye on Mr. Wilmer. "Well, goodness gracious me!" she cried. "It certainly is pleasant to talk to someone. Why, this is the first chance I've had since I left Burma. Out there, of course, all the gentlemen know how to talk to us, even the little children do, and if there's one thing I love more than another it's talk. My, my, this *is* a pleasure! What did you say the name was?" and extended her trunk.

"Wilmer," he said, grasping the trunk cordially, "William Wilmer. You see," he went on hastily, for Lucy threatened to start chatting again, "I only discovered yesterday that I could talk with you people or I should have called on you sooner. But these gentlemen—Mr. Carrington-Carr, you're acquainted with him, I suppose—and these scientists don't quite believe I can do it—I can't quite believe it myself—and you could help me very much if you wouldn't mind answering a few questions."

"Not at all," replied Lucy. "Delighted, I'm sure."

"Where were you born, Miss Lucy?"

Lucy closed her eyes and recited, "I was born in the jungle of northeast Burma, about twelve miles north of the village of Bding Bdang."

Mr. Wilmer repeated this information to the Director, who was intently studying the ledger. He looked startled but merely said, "Go on—date of capture."

"When were you captured, Miss Lucy?"

"Well, 'captured' is hardly the word," Lucy replied with a sigh. "I was captivated, really. It was an extremely handsome elephant in the herd of one Dhingbat Dhong, a resident of the village. I just sort of wandered in and joined the herd. I was young and inexperienced, of course, scarcely forty-eight at the time. That was back in 1915—spring, naturally."

Mr. Wilmer relayed these facts to the Director, who looked still more startled. "Good Lord!" he murmured. Mr. Wilmer was startled too, for, glancing over Mr. Gallagher's shoulders, he had caught a glimpse of these old entries in the ledger:

BIRTHPLACE: Jungle of N. E. Burma.
PLACE OF CAPTURE: Bding Bdang.
DATE OF CAPTURE: April, 1915.
OWNER: Dhingbat Dhong.

Mr. Wilmer relayed further details to Director Carrington-Carr, who said in a rather dazed way, "Check." He closed the ledger, and turning to the scientists announced: "Gentlemen, believe it or not, every answer agrees with our records absolutely. Shall we proceed?"

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They went to the Crocodile House, and Mr. Wilmer interviewed a crocodile with perfect results: every answer checked exactly with the records in the ledger. During the rest of the afternoon he questioned a camel, a hippopotamus, a wart hog, a boa constrictor, an eagle, and an armadillo. As each question was answered correctly, Mr. Carrington-Carr checked it off in the ledger, his astonishment growing.

The only upset came when Mr. Wilmer attempted to question a Siberian bear. He was a great towering fellow and seemed friendly enough and eager to talk, but William Wilmer couldn't understand a word of what he said, although he repeated it several times. Puzzled, he turned to Mr. Carrington-Carr. "He keeps saying something that sounds like '*Ne govoru po Angliski.*'"

"Why, that is Russian!" one of the scientists explained excitedly. "That is Russian for 'No speak English.'"

"Glory be!" shouted Keeper Gallagher. "Of course it would be. He's only been here a week come Monday. Just off the boat he is, and how could the poor beast be learning to talk American in them few days?"

Later William Wilmer remembered shaking hands with the Director and all the scientific gentlemen and being led out to Mr. Gallagher's car and driven home.

He remembered hearing, as he wearily climbed the stairs to his room, Mr. Gallagher addressing Mr. and Mrs. Keeler. "Shure ma'am, the miracles I've seen and heard this day have me completely unstrung. A glass of beer maybe, to settle me nerves, and I'll tell you events will have your eyes popping out like hard-boiled eggs."

ON Monday morning William Wilmer rushed into the S., S. & C. Building on the stroke of nine. He would be three minutes late. He was so flustered that he scarcely noticed the popping of photographers' flashlights or the jovial greeting of Claude the starter. Nor, as he hurried down Aisle J to his desk, did he note the smiles and interest of his fellow workers.

He whipped the cover from his machine, put it in the lower right-hand drawer, eased his sleeves, and looked up—to see the office boy grinning at him.

"Hi, Daniel," hailed the boy cheerily. "You're wanted in the lion's den." He jerked his thumb over his shoulder. "Twitch; and, boy, is he steamed up! Better try some monkey talk on him, he might understand that."

When he entered Mr. Twitch's office Mr. Twitch was stamping up and down. Miss Sweeney was sitting down with her notebook and pencil.

"Well, Wilmer," Mr. Twitch greeted him, "this is a fine mess: The Safe, Sane and Colossal Insurance Company, Incorporated, the oldest, most respected firm in the metropolitan area, employing crazy people, employing madmen! What will our competitors say?" He snatched up a newspaper and threw it on the floor. " 'Insurance Clerk Confounds Scientific World. Man Who Talks Like a Bear' . . . Bah!" He was so irritated that he blew his nose on his show handkerchief and then threw that on the floor. "Next time you see fit to give out any idiotic interviews, Wilmer, you can say that you *were* employed by the Safe, Sane and Colossal Company!"

"I'm sorry—" William Wilmer began, but Mr. Twitch interrupted him.

"Sorry!" he raged. "You're fired, that's what you are. Discharged, dismissed! Get out!" And as Mr. Wilmer left, he snapped at Miss Sweeney, "Take a memo."

BUT Miss Sweeney had risen and neatly placed her notebook and pencil on the chair. "I'll be back," she said, disdainfully kicking Mr. Twitch's show handkerchief out of her path, "when I feel like it," and followed William Wilmer from the office.

She came up just as he had reached his desk and held out her hand. "Good-by, Mr. Wilmer," she said. "I'm glad you're going."

"Glad?" he said, shaking hands confusedly. "Why, I've been fired. I haven't any job."

"You certainly are dumb," she chuckled—"but nice. Don't you realize that you've just lost the worst job in the world, that you're free—and out of this jail? I wish I were. Don't you realize that you're the most famous person in the United States at this moment?"

"Well—but—" He realized that he was still holding her hand and dropped it. "I still haven't any job. Thanks ever so much though, Miss Sweeney—thanks a lot."

In a sort of daze he walked across town and up Fifth Avenue. There were shoppers everywhere, hurrying in and out of stores and looking at the show windows. They all looked so well dressed and prosperous, he wondered where all the money came from.

The thought of money suddenly reminded him that he had forgotten to give Mrs. Keeler his board on Saturday. Oh well, he would pay it tonight, and then there would be a few dollars left to last till—*when?* The thought terrified him. There would be no pay envelope this Saturday. There would *never* be another pay envelope until he had found a new job.

Eventually he reached the park. He sat a while by the lake and then wandered up to the Lion House; he thought he might as well see how Toby was doing.

The moment he entered the building, Keeper Gallagher hailed him: "Good morning, sir, good morning," and he touched his cap in a half salute. "The Director's been trying to locate you all day. Come right in. He'll be glad to see you." He flung open the door of the Director's office.

Mr. Carrington-Carr rose up and shook hands cordially. "Hello, Wilmer," he said. "Glad you showed up. I phoned your house and they said you'd gone to the office, and I phoned the office and they said you'd gone—for good."

"Yes," said William Wilmer sadly, "I was fired."

"Splendid," laughed the Director. "Saves you the trouble of resigning."

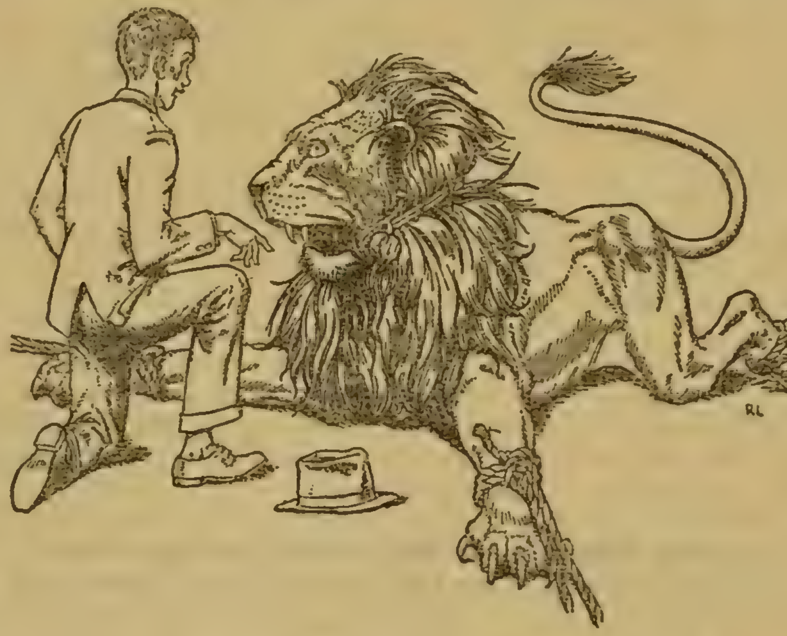
Mr. Wilmer didn't see anything splendid about it, so he sat down and waited for Mr. Carrington-Carr to continue, which he did:

"Wilmer, as you doubtless know, all zoos have many animals which are unhappy, discontented, surly, or really ill. Not knowing the cause of their unhappiness, we are helpless to remedy it. But if you, with this amazing gift of yours, were available to talk with the animals and discuss their troubles, I am sure that we could have here the healthiest and happiest zoo in this country, or in any country. We held a special meeting of the trustees last night at which I was authorized to offer you the position of Special Animal Consultant to the Central Zoo."

"Why, that sounds very nice," said Mr. Wilmer, not quite comprehending what it was all about. "When shall I go to work and what are the hours?"

"There wouldn't be any hours. You would only have to be here when you felt like it, or when some animal required special attention. There is an office here next to mine that you can have; it's quiet and pleasant and you could come and go just as you pleased."

He opened a door and ushered William Wilmer into the pleasantest room he had ever seen. Broad windows opened on masses of flowering shrubs and a vista of lawns and trees running down to the lake. There were several comfortable chairs, a couch, and a desk. There were bookshelves filled with interesting animal books and even a cozy fireplace piled with birch logs.



"Why—why, it's wonderful!" Mr. Wilmer stammered, stroking the broad flat-topped desk. "It doesn't look like an office at all."

Mr. Carrington-Carr, who was looking out of the window, spoke over his shoulder: "By the way, that's your first month's check on the desk blotter, if everything is agreeable to you."

"Agreeable!" gasped Mr. Wilmer and sat down very suddenly in the desk chair. "But—Mr. Carrington-Carr, that's three or four times as much as I was making. I—I really don't need that much." Relief and happiness had made his voice quite shaky and the view from the window somehow seemed to be misty and wavering.

Director Carrington-Carr laughed heartily as he held out his hand. "It's the very least the trustees are willing to pay. Do you accept our offer?"

"Accept it?" Mr. Wilmer cried, his voice still not quite under control. "I should say so!"

WHEN his alarm went off at six forty-five next morning, William Wilmer leaped up and shut it off as usual, stumbled to the bathroom as usual, and was half shaved before he remembered. He didn't have to be at the S., S. & C. office at eight fifty-seven! He didn't have to be anywhere at eight fifty-seven, or any other time! He almost decided to go back to bed and loll a while, just to see how it felt, but the spring sunshine was too inviting and he was too excited.

The trip to the Zoo was only a fairly short bus ride, so it was still quite early when William Wilmer arrived there. He was carrying, in four shoe boxes, the mail that had come for him. Keeper Gallagher, who was sprinkling the gravel paths outside the offices, greeted him cheerily.

"How's Toby?" Mr. Wilmer inquired.

"Fine as can be. Frisky as a kitten and good as a lamb. Drop by and have a chat with him." He paused at a distant trumpeting sound. "And there's Lucy knows you've come and she'll be wanting a word too. You'll be a busy man here, Mr. Wilmer."

His office was even pleasanter than he remembered. The windows were open. Outside, the shrubs, now bursting into bloom, were being eagerly investigated by hungry bees. From the cages and runs and houses came a contented chorus of moos, grunts, roars, cluckings, and chatterings, as the animals talked over their breakfasts.

William Wilmer untied the shoe boxes and went to work. He had just begun sorting when the Director strolled in. "Good heavens," he said, glancing at the cluttered desk, "what's all this?"

"I guess you'd call it fan mail," Mr. Wilmer smiled, a bit sheepishly. "I wish," he added helplessly, "that sometime when you are not too busy you would give me some advice about it."

"No time like the present," laughed Mr. Carrington-Carr. "I'd be delighted to. It isn't often I have an opportunity to pry into a celebrity's fan mail." He glanced quickly through one pile and continued, "I should accept all the zoo and circus offers. It would be a great kindness to the animals and a huge help to the directors."

He glanced through the radio and movie offers and advised, "Better let these rest awhile; you shouldn't get too involved right now. I should say that the first thing is to write your letters of acceptance to the zoos. I've had some paper printed for you, by the way, upper left-hand drawer."

William Wilmer opened the drawer and beheld neat stacks of writing paper and envelopes, all engraved CENTRAL ZOO, *Administrative Offices*; and in smaller letters, WILLIAM WILMER, SPECIAL CONSULTANT.

"It's wonderful, Mr. Carrington-Carr!" he exclaimed. "I've never had any paper of my own before. But I hate to take all this time on my own affairs. I ought to be working for the Zoo."

"Nonsense," laughed the Director. "You've only been here about three hours, and there's nothing urgent. You might have a chat with the black panther when you get time; Gallagher tells me she's been sulky lately."

Left alone, Mr. Wilmer took out a sheet of his new paper and prepared to write to the San Francisco Zoo. Then he suddenly thought of Miss Sweeney. So on the first sheet of his new stationery he wrote:

My dear Miss Sweeney:

I just wanted to let you know that I have a fine position here at the Central Zoo. Mr. Carrington-Carr, the Director, is the nicest man I have ever known. Mr. Gallagher is nice and the animals are all nice too, especially the lion, Toby. Hoping that everything is well with you, I remain

Yours truly,
WILLIAM WILMER.

When it came to addressing the envelope, he realized that he didn't know her first name, so he had to just write, "Miss Sweeney, Dept. HJ6, S., S. & C. Ins. Co."

He had started the San Francisco Zoo letter when the Director popped in again. "Wilmer," he said, "an old friend of mine, Charlie Pulpwood, just called up. Wants us to have lunch with him at his club. He's editor of a big magazine."

"Thank you. That would be very nice," answered Mr. Wilmer. And then, "But I haven't any hat. Mine got lost yesterday."

"That's all right," Mr. Carrington-Carr assured him. "I have to stop at Creeks' anyway, and we'll get you one there, compliments of the Zoo."

MR. WILMER was astonished at the difference the new hat made in his appearance. His hats had always been stiff and somewhat too small, although the clerks had told him that they were perfect. Greatly pleased, he recklessly proposed buying a suit.

He tried to pick one as nearly like Mr. Carrington-Carr's as possible, and the choice finally narrowed down to two. They were both loose-fitting rough tweeds, one bluish gray and the other a tannish gray.

"Why don't you take both?" suggested the Director.

William Wilmer had never owned two new suits at once and the thought was rather startling, but he gamely agreed. Then suddenly he exclaimed, "But I haven't any money—only last week's pay envelope, about twenty-nine dollars!"

"Well, don't worry, I imagine it can be arranged," the Director said with mock seriousness. "I'm known here; I don't think we'll be arrested."

Mr. Wilmer donned one of the new suits. Looking in the three-sided mirror, he was amazed at the unfamiliar person he saw there.

"Better spring this change gently on Toby," the Director joked as they went down in the elevator. "He might not recognize you, and that would be just too bad."

At the club they were met by Mr. Pulpwood, who proved to be a round red-faced jolly person, not at all what Mr. Wilmer had expected an editor to be.

When they were having dessert he said, "Mr. Wilmer, your being able to converse with animals is the most remarkable phenomenon of modern times. Our magazine would like very much to have you write a series of personal interviews with various animals."

"But I couldn't do that," protested Mr. Wilmer. "I couldn't write anything. I'm not an author!"

"That is just why we want them," said Mr. Pulpwood earnestly. "We don't *want* anything written by an author; we have too much of that stuff now. What we want is the animals' own simple words, their own stories, their childhood recollections, their trip to this country, their impressions of America, of our buildings, of American women."

"Why—er—" said Mr. Wilmer. "But I don't spell very well and I never know what to do about commas."

"Damn the commas," said Mr. Pulpwood, relaxing and lighting a fresh cigar. "We'll send you a contract and an advance check for the first article tomorrow. Let's have some more coffee."

When they arrived back at the Zoo, Keeper Gallagher observed, "Well, glory be, if it isn't Mr. Wilmer! And me thinking it was maybe Walter Pidgeon or Mr. Anthony Eden himself, perhaps, come to look at the animals!"

Through the late afternoon sunshine there came a shrill but mellow trumpeting. "That's Lucy," Mr. Wilmer said. "I think I'd better stop and speak to her. She loves to talk. Good night, sir, and thanks ever so much for everything."

FOR some days workmen had been building a grandstand on the avenue, directly opposite the park entrance. On Wednesday morning, as William Wilmer approached the Zoo, he noticed that it was all completed, with flags and bunting waving gaily in the breeze. In the center was the official box, covered by a striped canopy and decorated with shields and the Great Seal of the city. Early as it was, people were already taking up places along the sidewalks.

"What's going on?" he inquired of Keeper Gallagher, as the latter greeted him.

"Why, haven't you seen the papers, Mr. Wilmer?" the Keeper replied. "It's a big parade. Official welcome for the President of Paragunia. All sorts of dignitaries going to be in the reviewing stand; the Mayor, and the Governor too. It's scheduled to reach here at noon. Better take it in—I'm going to. There's nothing I like like a good parade."

William Wilmer liked parades too, although it had been a long time since he had had a chance to view one, so noon found him and Keeper Gallagher eagerly crowded on the curb just opposite the reviewing stand.

At the head of the parade came a rank of Mounted Police. The horses, groomed to perfection, all pranced proudly and danced on polished hoofs in time with the music. All, that is, except one, in the exact center of the line. With ears laid back he plodded stolidly along, looking extremely bored and sullen.

Suddenly William Wilmer recognized it as the Policeman's horse to whom he used to give Peppermint Patooties. At the same instant the horse recognized *him,* halted in his tracks, and gave a loud whinny. The Policeman, more red-faced than ever, yanked at the reins and used his spurs viciously, but the horse remained still. Still looking at Mr. Wilmer, he calmly sat down. The Policeman leaped off and hauled frantically on the reins, the band halted and marked time but continued to play, and the other horses milled around excitedly.

Then, after a wink at William Wilmer, the horse slowly lay down in the middle of the avenue.

A Police Inspector and two Captains came galloping up. The Commissioner of Police, the Commissioner of Sewers and Bridges, and the Mayor all rushed out from the reviewing stand. The band played the same tune over and over, and the parade was definitely messed up.

"Kelley, get that horse up out of there," roared one of the Captains, "or I'll have your shield off you in two minutes!"

The Policeman, purple now, roared back, "How can I get him up? Am I a derrick or something?"

Mr. Wilmer grasped Keeper Gallagher's arm. "Why, I know him!" he exclaimed excitedly. "That's the first horse that ever spoke to me! Maybe I can do something!" and he started out into the street.

"Hey, come back!" shouted the Keeper. "*Mr. Wilmer!*"

At his cry the reporters in the press box recognized William Wilmer and all began to yell, "Attaboy, Willie, *you* tell 'im! 'Ray for William Wilmer!" The sidewalk crowd and the people in the stand took up the shout.

William Wilmer squatted down by the horse and said in his small animal voice, "Well, good morning. I haven't seen you in some time. What seems to be the trouble?"

"No, you haven't," answered the horse, ignoring his question. "I've missed seeing you. What happened? Lose your job?"

"Well, yes, I did," replied Mr. Wilmer. "But I have a much nicer one now, up here at the Zoo. I talk to the animals."

"That sounds fine," said the horse, yawning; "much more interesting than talking to people."

The impatient band struck up a new tune and from all down the avenue rose the clamor of car horns. The Mayor slammed down his sombrero and stamped on it. "Come on!" he screamed. "Do something! The whole parade's tied up! The President of Paragunia's tied up!"

"What's ailing *him*?" inquired the horse indolently.

"Well, they want to know what's the matter," said William Wilmer. "You see, it's sort of inconvenient, your lying down here right now."

"It's supposed to be," he replied; "that's why I'm doing it. This is a lie-down strike, on account of Patooties—Patooties and sugar. As you probably know, or perhaps you don't," he explained, "last week some half-witted official gave out an order that no one was to be allowed to feed us horses sugar—or Peppermint Patooties—and you know how fond I am of them. You ought to; you've been giving them to me for ten years—"

"Eleven years," corrected William Wilmer—"eleven years and about three months."

"Well, ten years or eleven years," the horse went on. "Anyway, I haven't had a Patootie in going on a week now. It's unfair to horses, that's what it is, and you can just tell His Honor the Mayor—and the Commissioner, *and* the President of Paragunia—that I don't stir from this spot until that order is canceled. And, what's more, you can warn them that this movement is going to spread."

ALREADY several of the other horses were showing signs of sitting down, so William Wilmer hastily explained their grievance to the Mayor.

"Whoever gave such a tomfool order?" he screamed. "Who gave that order?" roared the Commissioner, and "Who gave that order?" echoed the Inspector and the two Captains.

"I'm sure I don't know," said William Wilmer.

"Well, it's canceled!" yelled the Mayor. "Canceled, rescinded, expunged, null and void!"

William Wilmer translated this to the horse, who yawned again and then very deliberately rose to his feet. "Good," he said, shaking himself. "Much obliged to you, Mr. Wilmer, and thanks a lot, from all of us. You haven't a Patootie on you, by any chance?"

"Why, yes, I have," said Mr. Wilmer, fumbling in his pocket. "I have six."

"Save one for yourself," said the horse, nuzzling up five of them with eager lips, "and thanks again. Hope I'll be seeing you soon."

The Mayor grabbed William Wilmer's arm and hurried him toward the grandstand. "Come on, sit in my box," he ordered; "I want to talk to you."

The crowd cheered even more loudly, the Inspector and the two Captains galloped off, the horses lined up, the Drum Major twirled his baton, the band crashed into a march, and the parade moved on. The Policeman's horse, happily munching his Patooties, arched his neck and pricked up his ears and strutted with the best of them.

"Now listen, Wilmer," the Mayor began. "We've had considerable trouble in the Mounted Police because of horses who don't get on with their riders and riders who don't get on with their horses. If you could act as Liaison Officer—you know, have a little chat with them every few months, iron out their misunderstandings and so on—I'm sure it would improve the efficiency of the Mounted Division by 150 per cent. What do you say?"

"Why, that would be very nice," he answered. "I'd be delighted to—"

"Fine!" interrupted the Mayor. "That's settled." He fished in his pocket and brought out a large gold badge which he pinned on William Wilmer's coat. "There now, you're officially appointed a Special Deputy Commissioner of Police. It's honorary, of course. There's no salary attached."

"That's fine," said William Wilmer. "Thank you very much."

IT was now Wednesday afternoon. William Wilmer had had his new job for almost three days and seemed to have accomplished nothing. He had answered only a few of the letters to zoos, he wrote so slowly, and so many other things had been happening. Now there were three more shoe boxes of letters and telegrams. He hadn't even begun on his series of magazine articles.

What was still worse, except for one short interview with the black panther, he had done nothing to justify his position at the Zoo—he had scarcely had time even to speak to Lucy or Toby.

He had signed dozens of contracts and testimonials, but hardly knew what he had signed or where they were. Checks had been arriving in every mail and he had put them all in the cigar box in his bureau drawer.

When he took his worries to Director Carrington-Carr, the Director said, "Why, it's perfectly simple, William. What you need is a private secretary."

Mr. Wilmer gasped. "Why, only big executives have secretaries—besides, I couldn't afford it."

"How much have you in the bank right now?" interrupted the Director.

"Why—er—nothing," said William Wilmer. "You see, I've never had a bank account. I've put all the checks that have come in in that cigar box in my bureau drawer."

"Good Lord!" murmured the Director. "Now then—suppose that tomorrow morning you gather up your cigar box of checks and bring it over here—and don't leave it on the bus. We'll go over to a bank and start you an account. Then we'll set about getting you a secretary—unless you have someone in mind."

William Wilmer gulped and turned red, then recklessly burst out, "Well, there was a young lady at the Safe, Sane and Colossal Company, a Miss Sweeney—she was a secretary, she took dictation and typed awfully fast and—"

"Fine," said the Director, rising. "Now tomorrow morning, after we have visited the bank, you will don your shining golden badge, and armed with a brand-new checkbook and your trusty fountain pen (I hope you have a fountain pen), you will mount a mettlesome taxicab and storm the castle of that nasty Mr. Switch or Twitch, or whatever his name is. You will rescue the beautiful Princess and bring her safely to the sanctuary of our peaceful Zoo."

William Wilmer managed to get his cigar box of checks safely to the office next morning. He wore his tannish gray suit, which was most becoming, and a new necktie.

The gold Commissioner's badge, which he supposed he ought to wear, looked very conspicuous on his coat, so he pinned it on his vest, well out of sight.

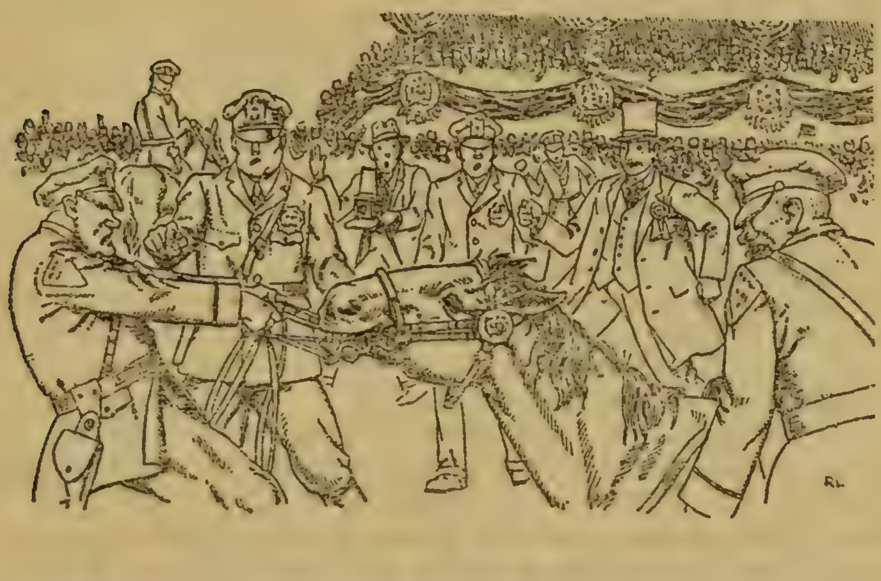
When the business at the bank was finished, he went downtown in the subway. At the station he bought his copy of the Daily Bleat and a roll of Peppermint Patooties. Walking the familiar route, he approached the Policeman's horse. The horse recognized him from a distance and eagerly pawed the curb. The Policeman recognized him, too, and snapped to a rigid salute.

"*Good* morning, sir," he said pleasantly. "A lovely morning!"

William Wilmer fumbled in his pocket. "Is it all right if I give him a Patootie?"

"Of course, of course," the Policeman replied genially. "That ruling has been rescinded, thanks to you; and I'd like to apologize, sir, for being tough about it last week—but orders is orders, you know."

The horse chuckled, nuzzling up Patooties. "You can't imagine the change that's come over these cops since yesterday. All of them scared to death about what their horses may tell on them. I might add that you're about the most popular Commissioner who's ever been appointed to the Force—among the horses, anyway."



"Thanks," said William Wilmer absently, "that's fine." He returned the Policeman's salute, rather awkwardly, and continued on his way.

As he approached the S., S. & C. Building, a feeling of depression descended on him. Already he thought he could again smell the odor of the office—the sourish smell of hundreds of typewriter ribbons, of erasers, and rubberized covers. Again he could almost hear the incessant clatter of the adding machines, the unpleasant rasp of Mr. Twitch's voice.

"Oh dear, I just can't face it," he groaned.

Hastily he crossed the street and passed on the far side, keeping his eyes turned from those horrible sucking doors. As he turned into the avenue he felt a great relief, but he felt ashamed and futile.

He suddenly became aware of a very expensive-looking flower shop. Summoning what courage he had left, and making sure he hadn't lost his wallet, William Wilmer went in.

"I'd—er—like to get some—flowers, if you're not too busy," said William Wilmer. "Some—er—flowers."

"Oh, yes, yes, something for a young lady, I presume," smirked the clerk. "Something in the way of a corsage? We have some superb new orchids. We could do something really stunning with them, actually heart-lifting, something, say, at about twenty-five dollars?"

William Wilmer gulped, recollecting that was almost his former weekly wage. Then, suddenly inspired, he said, "No. Make it thirty-four eighty-six—less bond payments, withholding tax, and Social Security."

"Yes indeed, sir," said the slightly puzzled clerk. "And now, was there something else?"

"Yes," said William Wilmer. "I'd like something for my landlady, Mrs. Keeler. She's sort of middle-aged."

"Oh, yes, the old-fashioned-garden type," said the clerk. "Moss roses perhaps, iris, jonquils, pansies, violets; something at about ten dollars?"

"Make it twenty," he decided recklessly, "and put in a couple of gardenias for Mr. Keeler."

The clerk offered him cards, envelopes, and notepaper. He just signed his name to a card to Mrs. Keeler, but for Miss Sweeney he selected a sheet of notepaper.

My dear Miss Sweeney:

Director Carrington-Carr says that I must get a secretary, and I guess he is right, because everything is in a terrible mess. I was wondering if you would possibly consider taking the position? I know it is impertinent of me to ask, but I really need help very much. The office is very pleasant and everyone is awfully nice.

I went to the S., S. & C. office to ask you about it personally, but I was afraid to go in. I wonder if you would be kind enough to communicate with me about it?

Yours truly,
WILLIAM WILMER.

When he got home that evening he found Mrs. Keeler in gala array. She was wearing her best black silk dress. Her bosom was adorned with the most beautiful corsage he had ever beheld. It was mostly rare orchids.

Good heavens, he thought. Those are Miss Sweeney's flowers! I must have mixed up the cards, or the addresses, or something. And *she* has the old-fashioned-garden flowers suitable for an elderly lady. Now what will she think of me?

THE next morning he wrote busily, and had accomplished two letters when the door opened and Mr. Carrington-Carr strode in. "Good morning, William," he said, glancing about. "Where is the beautiful Princess?"

William Wilmer blushed and writhed as he explained his dread of the S., S. & C. Building, his failure to enter it, and his inefficient flower buying. "I *did* send her a note," he finished lamely. The Director withered him with an accusing glance.

"Bah! A note and a nosegay!"

His tirade was interrupted by the intrusion of Keeper Gallagher. "Lady to see Mr. Wilmer," he announced.

The outside sun burnished her coppery hair with a glowing sheen. She wore a funny little hat, and on her dark blue jacket glowed two gardenias.

"Hello," she smiled, crossing the office and extending her hand to William Wilmer. "Here I am." Then, turning to the Director, her nose wrinkling in that entrancing way, "And I imagine this is Director Carrington-Carr, isn't it?"

The Director grinned kindly as they shook hands.

"But—er—Miss Sweeney," Mr. Wilmer gasped, "are you really considering the job—I mean position?"

She smiled. "Why, I've accepted it."

"Did you give Mr. Twitch notice?" he asked, still slightly dazed.

"Yes, fifteen minutes!" She grinned. "I needed exactly twelve minutes to tell him what I thought of him, and three to get my hat and coat—and flowers."

"I don't suppose," inquired Mr. Carrington-Carr, "that our young note-writing friend here thought to mention any trivial little details such as hours, duties, or salary?"

"Why, no. I—er—" began William Wilmer.

"Well, do it now." The Director started out. "But," he called back, "the salary must be exactly double what Mr. Twitch bestowed. I insist on that."

William Wilmer offered Miss Sweeney a chair and tried to disguise his relief and happiness by being very businesslike.

"Now the—er—hours," he began, "are—er—well, I don't exactly know. The—er—duties are—well, you know, typewriting and things, and the salary, of course, will be twice what the S., S. & C. Company paid, just as Mr. Carrington-Carr said. I don't know just what your salary was there, but—"

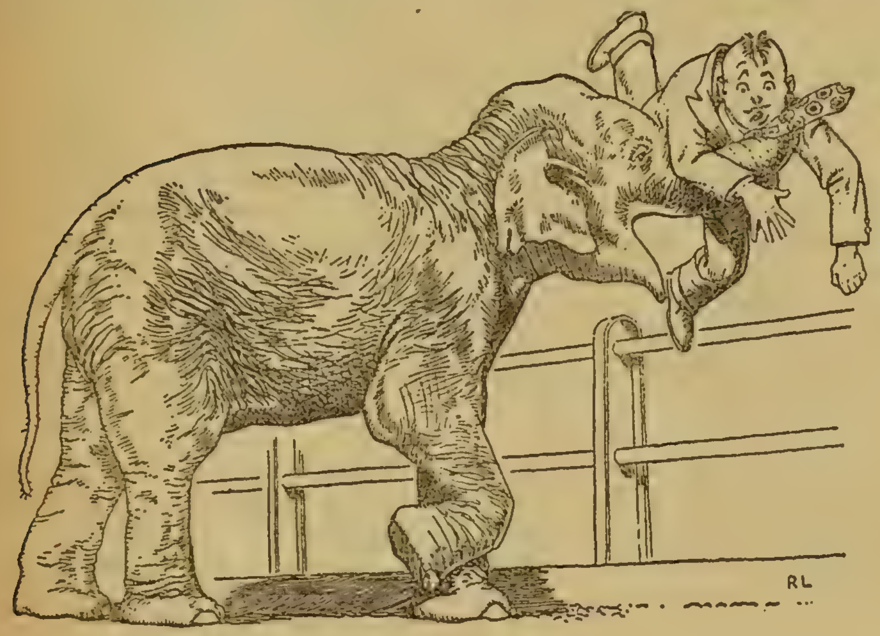
Miss Sweeney, who had been watching a hummingbird hovering over the syringa outside the window, suddenly turned and said, "It was the flowers, really, that decided me on this job. If you had sent the usual expensive corsage—orchids and that sort of thing (I loathe orchids)—I think I would still be at the S., S. & C. office, Twitch and all."

William Wilmer breathed a great sigh of relief. Before he could speak, the Director popped his head in and called, "If you two have fought out your terms you might join me in a bite to eat."

William Wilmer wouldn't have known whether he was eating soup, eggs, or alligator food. Mr. Carrington-Carr and Miss Sweeney laughed and chatted, he even made a few fairly successful attempts himself. But mostly he just gazed at the gardenias on Miss Sweeney's jacket.

After luncheon he explained to her, or tried to, about the zoo letters and what he had done and hadn't done, mostly the latter.

"I see," she said, hanging up her jacket. "Now why don't you just go out and talk to some of your animal friends while I get to work on this? It's a lovely afternoon. You might tell Lucy that I'm dying to meet her and shall, as soon as I get things straightened out—and give my best to Toby."



IN company with Keeper Gallagher he wandered about the Zoo, chatting with the animals. The horned toads said that their sand was too damp and cold. One of the hyenas protested that their meat was much too fresh. A boa constrictor mentioned a pain in the throat which he felt sure was caused by a chicken bone. William Wilmer made notes of all these troubles and promised to call them to the Director's attention.

Lucy was greatly pleased when he told her about the animal interviews that he was to write and told her that she was to be the subject of the first one.

"And you'll have your portrait painted by Mr. Bullington Livingston, the famous animal artist," he said.

"Why, that's just wonderful," she giggled, "but I must get a good mud pack and have my toenails really presentable, just some crude oil and a little sandpapering, you know, and perhaps a bit of whitewash."

When he re-entered the office, Miss Sweeney was seated in a big chair gazing at the view from the window. The low sun threw long dark shadows across the brilliant green lawns. Down on the lake the sails of toy boats glowed in the golden light, children's voices sounded far off, birds twittered over the evening meal.

"Isn't it beautiful?" William Wilmer said.

"It's the most beautiful office in the world," she answered. "To think of being paid to work here!"

William Wilmer glanced at the desk. Gone were all the disorderly piles of papers, the shoe boxes, the scattered telegrams. On the newly dusted surface were only a vase of blossoms and a stack of neatly addressed and stamped envelopes.

"Well," said Miss Sweeney, rising and putting on the funny little hat, "I guess we might as well call it a day."

"Can I—that is—could I see you—er—take you—Where do you live?" he floundered.

She was adjusting the hat in the mirror and spoke casually over her shoulder, "Why, at Mrs. Keeler's."

"Mrs. Keeler's!" he gasped.

She nodded. "Yes, I thought it would be more convenient. I used to live way downtown; it would have been an awful trip every day. And then if I was going to be your secretary, it seemed sensible to be at the same place. You might want to do some of your work at home. So this morning I took myself up to Mrs. Keeler's, engaged a room—she's a dear, isn't she?—and moved in, bag, baggage, typewriter, and flowers."

NOW began the happiest, most contented period of William Wilmer's life thus far. Within two days Miss Sweeney had all his affairs in perfect order. Keeper Gallagher, like everyone else, had become her eager slave. Being an intimate of all the park gardeners, he appeared at the office door each morning bearing an armful of flowers or blossoms.

She always received them with exclamations of joy and always said, "Oh, thank you, Mr. Gallagher. You're just *wonderful*!

William Wilmer soon observed that the way she opened her dark blue eyes very wide and breathed, "Oh—you're just *wonderful!*" wrought amazing results on everyone from the Director to the black panther. It had made a new man of Mr. Keeler. His energy was alarming, his dressiness dazzling. He even got a job—and kept it.

All this gave William Wilmer complete freedom to do his real work. At once he decided to have a personal chat with every animal in the Zoo. In less than a day he interviewed the entire population of the Large Mammal House, making notes on their personal histories, their likes and dislikes, and their complaints.

Miss Sweeney typed all his notes, correctly spelled and with the commas in the right places, and bound them in a neat folder. It was a proud moment for William Wilmer when he laid his effort on the Director's desk. Mr. Carrington-Carr read it through carefully. Then he spoke without any of his usual bantering air.

"William," he said, "this survey, when finished, will be one of the greatest forward steps ever taken in the study of Natural History. When you have surveyed all the other zoos in the country, you will have made a most tremendous contribution to the welfare and contentment of all captive animals. It is a fine and worth-while task and you have made a splendid start on it."

"Thank you very much," said William Wilmer, glowing with pride. "I want to get at the snakes tomorrow."

It was great fun doing the interviews for the magazine. Keeper Gallagher would bring out two camp chairs and while William Wilmer chatted with an animal, Miss Sweeney would jot down its remarks in shorthand as rapidly as he could repeat them.

Lucy, the first subject, was a most willing performer. She spoke of Burma and of her childhood in the jungle, of her first contact with men and her labor as a work elephant. She told her impressions of the long trip across the Pacific, of her seasickness, and her cold wet arrival in America. She told of her impressions of this country. And she complained of her foot trouble.

Miss Sweeney's pencil had been flying, William Wilmer had been translating rapidly, when he suddenly became aware of an old familiar rasping voice. "Why, hello, Wilmer," it was saying. "Quite a personage now, I see by the papers. The animals' pal and all that. *And* Miss Sweeney—well, well, a regular S., S. & C. Company Old Home Week."

For a moment the old familiar fear coldly gripped William Wilmer. Then he looked up at Mr. Twitch. He was astonished to see how insignificant, in the bright noonday sun, Mr. Twitch really was.

Mr. Twitch was still talking. "It just occurred to me, Wilmer, that you really need a manager and financial adviser. Now you know that my many years of experience with the S., S. & C. Company really fit me—"

William Wilmer looked hard at Lucy.

"Lucy," he said quietly in his animal voice, "there stands the meanest, most unpleasant man I know."

"Well, now, he certainly looks nasty," said Lucy, moving closer to the rails and tentatively reaching out her trunk, "and of all the horrid suits I've ever seen!" She sniffed shortly at the back of Mr. Twitch's collar. "Well, what do you think we ought to do about it?"

"I wouldn't like to suggest anything," he said. "But I was just sort of thinking. Now that pool of Ruth's—"

Ruth, the hippopotamus, lived next to Lucy, and her pool, though probably very delightful for hippopotami, could hardly be called sparkling or sanitary.

Skillfully Lucy slid her trunk under Mr. Twitch's collar, wrapped it around what he called his chest, and lifted him, screeching and wriggling, high in the air. Slowly she walked over to the dividing rail, held him awhile over the odorous pool, and then gently dropped him in, head down.

"Why, Lucy!" cried Ruth indignantly. "Of all things! I've gotten resigned to chewing gum and banana peels, but this is too much!" She plunged into one end of the pool as Mr. Twitch scrambled out the other.

Lucy raised her trunk high, trumpeting gleefully, and that was the last they ever saw of Mr. Twitch.

The interview with Lucy had been received with great enthusiasm by Mr. Pulpwood's magazine, and now Mr. Bullington Livingston was making the illustrations. Lucy enjoyed posing very much, but was somewhat disappointed that she couldn't talk with him.

"It's a shame, Mr. Wilmer," she declared. "I'd just love to learn something about art, but he can't talk a word of Animal. And, Mr. Wilmer, don't you think he's made my nose a little too long?"

He explained to Mr. Livingston that Lucy was quite sensitive about the length of her trunk, so the artist obligingly painted out several inches of it.

"Oh, that's ever so much better," she cried delightedly, "*ever* so much!"

WILLIAM WILMER was glad when the Circus came to town. He had signed a contract to act as Animal Consultant to the Greater Tingaling Circus, so as soon as they arrived, he went over to the Garden.

Having just come from winter quarters, the animals were all in fine health and spirits and had few complaints to make. There were the usual protests about their traveling accommodations, of drafts and so on, but nothing at all serious—except Walter.

Walter was the trained seal who played the cornet. Right now he was being very difficult. Mr. Tingaling was greatly upset and the trainer was in despair.

"It's just that he's an artist, Mr. Wilmer," the trainer explained. "He is a very great artist, and all artists are temperamental."

William Wilmer could see that the seal was in a highly nervous state, so he questioned him quietly in Animal.

"It's true, Mr. Wilmer," Walter cried, "I am temperamental and high strung and I just can't stand these crowds! People staring at you, clapping and whistling and making noises. And this continual traveling. My nerves are just ragged, I can't sleep at night, I've lost my appetite. And my music is suffering. Why, this morning at rehearsal I broke down twice in Cavalleria Rusticana. It's terrible, Mr. Wilmer, it really is! I know I'll go to pieces! I just *know* I will."

"Oh, I'm sure you won't do that, Walter. You're too great an artist. I'll come and talk with you as often as I can," Mr. Wilmer promised.

Mr. Tingaling presented William Wilmer with a box for the opening night, so he gave quite a party. Director Carrington-Carr came, very distinguished in evening clothes, and Mr. and Mrs. Keeler, the latter fairly sprouting orchids; Miss Sweeney, and Keeper Gallagher with his wife and five of the seven children. The youngest sat in Mr. Carrington-Carr's lap all evening and insisted on sharing her chocolate ice-cream cone with him.

Their box was right down on the ringside and in the Grand Parade and Spectacle all the horses and elephants, the donkeys, trained dogs, seals, zebras, camels, and giraffes saluted as they passed by. The bicycle-riding bear tried to greet them in the middle of his most intricate figure and almost suffered a bad fall, to the great delight of the audience.

Midway of the performance it came time for Walter's act. He did very well with The Star-Spangled Banner. The audience stood up and sang it and applauded wildly when it was over. He got through The Old Folks at Home well, too, but William Wilmer felt nervous and sympathetic when he started on Cavalleria Rusticana.

At about the fourth bar Walter struck a frightfully sour note. He bravely started again, but this time only played two or three bars before breaking down. For a moment he hesitated, then with a hopeless gesture dropped the cornet, flopped down from the stand, and clumsily galloped across the arena straight to William Wilmer's box. Frantically he hauled himself over the railing, scrambled into a chair between William Wilmer and Mrs. Keeler, and buried his face in his flippers. Tears streamed from his great brown eyes.

Mrs. Keeler put an arm around him and drew him close. "Why, the poor lamb," she cooed, "the poor lamb." She stroked his soft head, murmuring endearments, and slowly the sobs and tremblings ceased. His eyes closed, and throughout the rest of the performance he slept quietly, his head pillowed among Mrs. Keeler's orchids.

Toward the end of the show Mr. Tingaling entered the box, carrying the beautiful silver cornet. "Well, Mr. Wilmer, I just don't know what we're going to do about Walter," he said sadly.

"I do," Mrs. Keeler spoke up. "We're taking him home with us, that's what. There's a vacant room up on the third floor, and a bathroom with a great big tub that he can swim in. He'll stay up there with no one disturbing him and play his horn from morn to night, won't you, dearie?"

Walter wiggled his whiskers and slept on.

Arrived home, the still slumbering virtuoso was carried up to the third floor by Mr. Keeler and gently placed on the bed. Mrs. Keeler filled the tub.

"Keeler," she said, "there's two kippered herrings in the icebox. Run down and fetch them. The poor lamb may wake up hungry."

"Those are my breakfast kippers," he objected, but she interrupted, "Get the fish and don't stand there arguing. You'll have an egg—maybe."

Next morning William Wilmer was waked by the clear and accurate notes of Cavalleria Rusticana. Going up, he knocked gently and went in. Glistening from his bath, Walter sat in a chair, gazing out the window with an expression of supreme happiness.

"Oh, Mr. Wilmer," he burst out, "did you hear it? Not a single mistake. It was just as *easy!*"

"Yes, it was beautiful."

"This is just the loveliest room," Walter rattled on joyously. "So quiet and peaceful! I haven't slept so well in months. I've just had the most refreshing bath—I hope I didn't splash too much. And I hope the music didn't disturb anyone. I muted the trumpet."

"No, it was very pleasant to wake up to," William Wilmer answered. "Why don't you unmute it and play Reveille?" He opened the door, and as Walter sent the clear lilting notes of Reveille echoing down the stair well, they both smiled to hear the sounds of the rest of the household rousing, high-lighted by a tremendous yawn from Mr. Keeler's room.

"You might do that every morning," William Wilmer suggested.

"Yes indeed," agreed Walter, "and I could play Taps every night. I do play Taps beautifully, I think."

WALTER soon lost his desire for solitude. He did spend a great many hours in his room practicing, bathing, and napping, but more and more often he came flopping down the stairs to visit with Mrs. Keeler, whom he adored. Many evenings he would bring his cornet down after dinner and play, sometimes classical music, sometimes old sentimental tunes, and one memorable evening he played Irish reels and dances.

Keeper Gallagher and his wife were calling that evening and Mr. Keeler danced with Miss Sweeney and Keeper Gallagher danced with Mrs. Keeler. William Wilmer had never danced, but Mrs. Gallagher swept him up, showed him the steps, and before long he was stamping and swinging his partners as lustily as anyone.

Never in his life had William Wilmer had fun like this, and never in his life had he seen anything as fascinating as the way Miss Sweeney's coppery hair swung about her face and shoulders when she whirled and spun, or heard anything so lovely as her ringing laughter.

Then, when everyone was quite exhausted, Walter played Macushla, so beautifully that all the ladies cried and Mr. Keeler blew his nose very loudly indeed.

ONE morning at breakfast Mrs. Keeler said, "I just don't know what we're going to do about the poor lamb. Here it is getting warmer and warmer, and if I open the windows the neighbors complain about his practicing, and if they're closed he'll roast up there. He needs sunshine too, and fresh air. I do wish we lived out in the country."

At the Zoo, Lucy took up the same strain. "I don't know how much longer I can stand this city life, Mr. Wilmer," she complained. "I'm really a country girl, Mr. Wilmer. I'm used to *doing* something. Why, in Burma I used to pull a plow or a harrow all day and loved it. I could plow a straighter furrow than any elephant in the herd. And as for clearing brush or carrying logs or stones, why I could clean up an acre in a day. And then there was always a nice cool pool or a brook to bathe in and squidge your feet—"

Later, Director Carrington-Carr came lounging into the office.

"William," he said, "you'll simply have to do something to get rid of all this money you're accumulating. You'll have to buy a yacht or a country place or something."

"Everyone seems to be talking about a country place today," said William Wilmer, "Mr. and Mrs. Keeler and Walter and Lucy and now you. I'm perfectly willing—I'd love to have a farm, but I don't know how to plow or milk cows or anything."

"That has all arranged itself," Miss Sweeney said with her smile. "Mrs. Keeler really has never liked the city very much and, as you know, the boardinghouse has not been a great success. In fact, for years you have been her only boarder, until I came, and Walter. So she would just be delighted to go and cook and keep house if you decided to buy a country place.

"And then there's Mr. Keeler. You may not realize it, but he's an excellent farmer. He has talked to me a lot about it and showed me the ribbons he won at county fairs for all sorts of things. He really loves it. That's why he has never amounted to much here in the city."

"And there's Lucy," William Wilmer added excitedly. "She says she loves to pull a plow too, and carry wood and move rocks."

"Excellent!" cried Director Carrington-Carr. "Why, you won't have to buy a tractor! Lucy is yours for the summer, William. It will do her no end of good. She *has* been very unhappy of late."

"It all sounds wonderful," said William Wilmer eagerly. "Won't you buy a farm for me, Miss Sweeney?"

"Of course," she said. "I'd love to. But next week, you know, you have to start on your tour of most of the zoos in the United States. Mr. Carrington-Carr has decided to go along with you—he needs a vacation—and right now I have to arrange your schedule, get your tickets and reservations, and all that."

The next day being Sunday, the Keeler living room became a sea of newspapers, as both the Keelers, William Wilmer, and Miss Sweeney hunted through the real-estate sections of the Sunday papers, while Walter happily played Home on the Range on his silver cornet.

The next afternoon, perched on the newel post, he played The Soldier's Farewell as William, with several handsome new traveling bags, set off on his tour.

In Atlanta, Georgia, five days later, he was handed a telegram which said:

HAVE FOUND LOVELY FARM MEETS ALL REQUIREMENTS SHALL I BUY.

MARY SWEENEY.

"Goodness gracious, I never knew that," he said.

"Knew what?" asked Mr. Carrington-Carr.

"Her name is Mary," William Wilmer answered.

"You don't say so," said the Director patiently. (They were due at a Chamber of Commerce dinner in five minutes.) "Just who is it has such an unusual name, and is that all the information that telegram contains?"

"Miss Sweeney," he replied dreamily. "Her name is Mary"—and handed him the message.

The Director glanced through it and said, "Fine. Now please tie your necktie, or get a bellboy to do it, while I answer this; we're late already." William Wilmer had his first evening clothes and always had considerable difficulty tying the bow.

So while he struggled, Mr. Carrington-Carr took a telegraph blank from the desk and wrote:

"Of course. WILLIAM WILMER."

In Seattle there was a letter containing several snapshots. There was one of the house, which looked very pleasant indeed. There were pictures of the barn and the brook and the pool, and there was one of Miss Sweeney sitting on the front steps. William Wilmer put that one in his wallet.

The letter read:

Dear Mr. Wilmer:

Mrs. Keeler and I have been busy as bees getting the house in shape. It is very old, built in 1785, and I know you will love it.

Mrs. Keeler has leased her boardinghouse to a niece from Brooklyn and is busy packing her things. Mr. Keeler thinks you ought to move out just as soon as possible after your return, for it is time to begin planting now.

Yesterday we took Walter to see it and he just loved it. Ever since, he has been playing My Little Gray Home in the West. It always makes Mrs. Keeler cry, but she is really very happy. Keeper Gallagher says that Lucy can hardly wait to get to the country and that Toby misses you—as we all do.

Sincerely yours,
MARY SWEENEY.

It was the nicest and longest letter William Wilmer had ever received. He read it over a great many times; in fact at the Kiwanis Club luncheon in Denver he started to read it instead of his speech, causing quite a sensation.

THEY arrived home on a Thursday evening, a little over three weeks from the date of their departure. William Wilmer was struck by the bare cheerless look of the house, for Mrs. Keeler had packed all her favorite bits of china and pictures and sent them out to the farm. Trunks, boxes, and bundles stood about.

"We thought Saturday would be as good a day as any for moving," she said rather tonelessly. "My niece is coming from Brooklyn tomorrow to take over here, so we can go any time that suits you."

"Why, Saturday will be fine," said William Wilmer. He was considerably puzzled, for everyone seemed gloomy. Even Miss Sweeney had had very little to say.

Walter seemed the only cheery member of the household. He flopped around happily, but when he played My Little Gray Home in the West, Mrs. Keeler burst into tears and Miss Sweeney went hastily up to her room. Abashed, Walter climbed disconsolately upstairs and went to bed without even playing Taps.

"Goodness gracious," said William Wilmer, "nobody seems glad that I'm home—I don't quite understand it."

"There's a lot you don't understand," snapped Mrs. Keeler. It was the first time she had ever been cross with him, and he decided that he might as well go to bed too.

Next morning the atmosphere had not improved. Miss Sweeney did not think she would go to the office, unless he needed her especially; there was a lot to be done around the house and she had promised to help Mrs. Keeler.

Mrs. Keeler had little to say and Mr. Keeler just pulled his mustache and looked glum.

It was quite a relief to get away and greet Lucy at the Zoo. She was in great spirits, glad to see him back and bubbling with excitement at the prospect of the coming move. He showed her the photographs of the farm, and she fairly squealed with delight over the meadows and the brook. "Oh, it's just *too* wonderful, Mr. Wilmer!" she cried. "I can't wait to get there."

"Good gracious, Miss Lucy," he suddenly said, "I hadn't thought of it, but just how *are* you going to get there? I suppose we could get a big truck—"

"A *truck!*" interrupted Lucy indignantly. "Why, Mr.

Wilmer, am I a load of coal or something? Why, I'm going to walk. It's all been arranged. Mr. Gallagher has found a howdah in one of the buildings here and he and that nice Mr. Keeler tried it on me yesterday. It's very becoming, all red and gold. It will hold you and that lovely Miss Sweeney and Walter and his horn and your bags, and my lunch—just a half bale of hay."

"But isn't it too far to walk, Miss Lucy?" he inquired anxiously. "You've been having foot trouble, you know."

"Only eighteen or twenty miles, I hear," she said, "and gracious, Mr. Wilmer, that's just nothing. Why, I used to do thirty or forty miles in a day and think nothing of it. You've never seen me *really* walk, Mr. Wilmer. And as for that foot trouble, it's not half so bad as I've been pretending. The minute I get on some good soft grass I won't even think of it. But a *truck*—the very idea—I'd be so humiliated!"

Keeper Gallagher also was refreshingly cheerful. "Well, everything seems to be set, Mr. Wilmer," he said. "The howdah fits beautiful. Lucy'll be over to the house at nine prompt, and I'll be there with the jaloppy. The Director has give me the day off and I'll drive Mr. and Mrs. Keeler. The Police Commissioner himself was up yesterday with a permit and he's going to have two radio cars and two motorcycle cops to escort us. I only wish there was bagpipes. I love the pipers."

"Well, there's Walter and his cornet," William Wilmer smiled. "I guess we'll have plenty of music."

William spent the rest of the day puttering around the office and talking with the animals. Many of them had relatives in the zoos that he had just visited and he carefully delivered all the greetings and messages that had been entrusted to him. Toby seemed a bit disgruntled at the thought of his departure.

"Why, Toby," he said, "it's not very far and I'll be coming in every few days. And Mr. Carrington-Carr has promised to bring you out sometimes for week-ends. We can go woodchuck hunting. That ought to be fun."

"I guess it would," said Toby, brightening up.

William Wilmer felt much cheered up by his day. But at home that evening the gloom had thickened considerably. Miss Sweeney did not appear for dinner. "Headache," Mrs. Keeler explained shortly, "and no wonder, poor lamb." Which didn't explain anything at all.

William Wilmer vainly tried to interest someone by chatting about tomorrow's schedule and arrangements, but Mr. Keeler only continued to twist his mustache contemplatively, while his wife irritably opened and closed suitcases.

He finally gave up and announced, "Well, I guess we'd better turn in early. Tomorrow will be quite a day."

"It will indeed," Mrs. Keeler said forebodingly.

WILLIAM WILMER had expected to rise early, but Mrs. Keeler had packed his alarm clock and it was after nine when he got downstairs. Outside he saw Lucy, very proud of the red-and-gold howdah strapped on her back. Mr. Keeler and Keeper Gallagher had placed a stepladder against her side and were busily loading bags and packages. Quite a crowd had gathered and two radio cars were standing by. Walter sat patiently on the living-room sofa holding his silver cornet and a small bucket of fish for his lunch.

Mrs. Keeler, carrying a basket of china, greeted William Wilmer unsmilingly. "Well," she said, "we're about ready to go."

"That's fine," he answered. "I'll get my hat. Where is Miss Sweeney? I haven't seen her."

"You won't," Mrs. Keeler said shortly. "She's gone."

"Oh, gone on ahead, you mean? I don't blame her," he laughed. "Eighteen miles on an elephant is quite a ride."

"Listen, Mr. Wilmer," Mrs. Keeler explained. "She's not coming back—and she's not going to the farm—she can't. Don't you ever read the papers? Haven't you seen those gossip columns?"

She extracted a wad of clippings from her handbag and thrust them at him. "Well, here, read these," she ordered.

William Wilmer glanced through them with unbelieving eyes, for they were all about him and Miss Sweeney.

"The last one's the worst," said Mrs. Keeler grimly.

He read, half aloud: "'We understand that the insurance-clerk Tarzan and his Titian-haired charmer have purchased a ducky little country home. There's to be an elephant as chaperon, so everything's O. K.'"

"But"—he stammered—"what—why—I don't see—"

"Listen, Mr. Wilmer," Mrs. Keeler said, her patience stretched almost to the breaking point. "Don't you understand that a nice young girl like Miss Sweeney can't be traipsing around with a rich and famous young gentleman like yourself without being talked about? And don't you understand that she can't be moving out to your lovely farm unless she's—unless you're—"

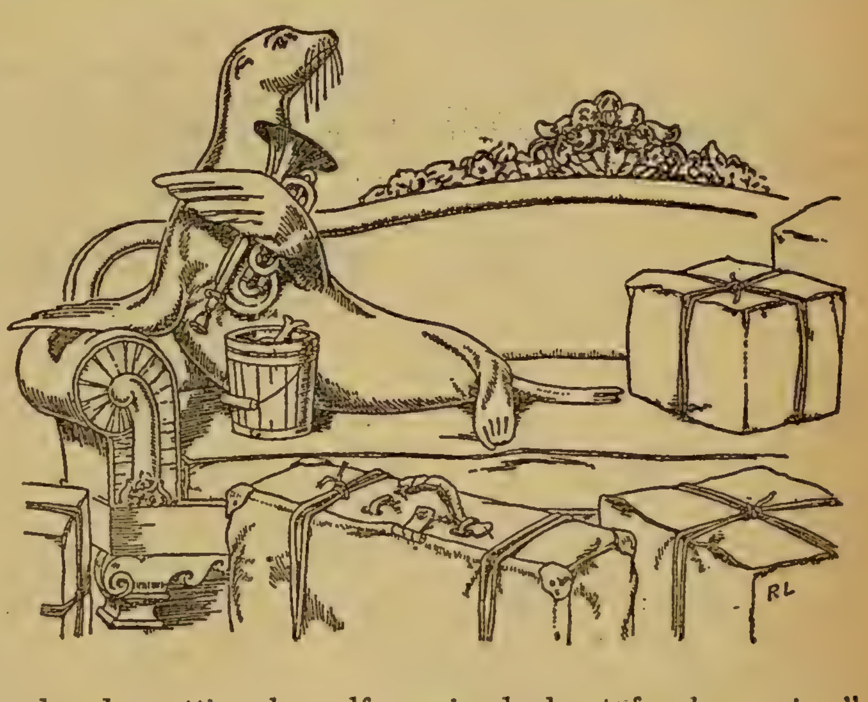
"Unless what?" he asked blankly.

"Good grief!" roared Mr. Keeler from the doorway. "Unless you're married!"

William Wilmer sat as though stunned. "But, goodness gracious!" he finally gasped. "*She*—Miss Sweeney—marry *me?* Why, I wouldn't dare—I never dreamed—Mrs. Keeler, you don't really think she would possibly consider—"

"I don't think anything," she snapped. "But I know that when a nice sensible girl like her, the dear lamb, cries her eyes out for three nights steady, there's something more than a hair-do on her mind. And packs and goes off in a taxi at the screech of dawn, not telling me where she's going or her new address even." She was snuffling now, mostly with irritation. From the sofa Walter moaned dolefully.

"And *you*," she rushed on, "*you* out talking to elephants and mayors and crocodiles as big as life, and too dumb or too scared to say four decent words to a dear, gentle slip of a girl that's been looking after you like a mother and only getting herself gossiped about for her pains." She kicked the basket of china viciously and fixed a baleful eye on Mr. Keeler, who discreetly withdrew.



Springing to his feet, William Wilmer removed the Deputy Commissioner's badge from his vest, pinned it prominently on his coat, and stepped quickly to the front door. A police lieutenant, lounging in one of the radio cars, leaped out hastily, ran up the steps, and, saluting, said, "Yes, Commissioner. Anything I can do?"

"Lots," William Wilmer said shortly. "Come in here. Now," he began when they were in the living room, "my secretary, Miss Mary Sweeney, is missing. I want her found at once—"

Within five minutes the teletype machines in every police station in the city and three adjacent states were clattering out the description of Mary Sweeney. In six minutes the occupants of every cruising police car in the five boroughs were eagerly scanning the sidewalks for a redheaded girl, five feet two inches, weight about one hundred and ten.

William Wilmer explained the delay to Lucy, who cried, "Why, goodness gracious, Mr. Wilmer, how terrible! Now don't you give me a thought. I don't mind waiting here the least bit. Why, I'll stand here for a week. I just won't move one step until that sweet girl is found! The very idea! I could do with a sip of water though."

So Keeper Gallagher brought her nine buckets of water and eased the straps which held the howdah, while William Wilmer paced the living room, Mrs. Keeler snuffled quietly, and Mr. Keeler hauled at his mustache. Poor Walter, sitting patiently on the sofa, his sad brown eyes fixed on Mrs. Keeler, who hadn't even spoken to him all morning, tentatively fingered his cornet, sighed deeply, and decided it was no time for music.

Inspector Dolan of the Mounted Division arrived and was most sympathetic. "If you only had time to tell her description to the horses now, Commissioner," he said, "they'd be a real help—they're that sharp-eyed, and there's nothing they wouldn't do for you."

An hour or so dragged by while William Wilmer paced the floor. Then suddenly he rushed to the street, sprang into the jaloppy, and called Keeper Gallagher. "The Zoo," he ordered, "quickly."

Two motorcycle officers who were standing by swung in ahead of them, sirens wailing, and Keeper Gallagher made the Zoo in almost no minutes flat. They skidded to a stop in front of the Lion House. William Wilmer leaped out, dashed through the building, and up to Toby's cage.

"Toby," he cried, "have you seen Miss Sweeney?"

"Certainly," yawned Toby, who had been taking a nap. "She was in here about half an hour ago. Seemed upset though—kissed me on the nose and scratched my ears, and then went out the door there, toward the offices. What's the matter? Anything wrong?" But William Wilmer was gone.

THE office seemed even more peaceful and cozy than usual as he burst in. There was a bowl of flowers on the desk, and behind the desk, in his chair, sat Miss Sweeney. A neatly written note, which she had evidently just finished, lay on the blotter before her.

She looked up at William Wilmer's wind-blown hair, his disheveled clothes, his gold badge all awry.

"Oh, hello," she said.

Her calmness and the naturalness of the office almost wilted the courage which had sustained him all morning. He began to blurt out a flood of explanation, of protestation and entreaty. In the midst of it he suddenly recollected Mrs. Keeler's ". . . scared to say four decent words to a slip of a girl."

Straightening his shoulders and speaking firmly, he demanded, "Will you marry me?"

"Of course," she answered quietly, "if you really want me to." Her nose crinkled slightly. "When?"

His heart gave a great leap. For a moment dazzling flares seemed to burst before his eyes. Then he resolutely gained control of his faculties.

"Right now," he said, glancing at his watch. "It's eleven thirty and the License Bureau closes at twelve—and Lucy's been standing there since nine."

"Oh, the poor darling!" she cried, springing up. She picked up the letter and tore it into small bits. "That was my resignation," she smiled.

He grasped her hand and they ran out to the car. As they clambered in, William Wilmer called, "City Hall—and we've only got twenty-five minutes."

"Twenty-five minutes," laughed a motorcycle officer, grinning at Keeper Gallagher. "Why, I could do it in twenty minutes—on roller skates. Stick behind me and if that wheelbarrow don't fall apart we'll do it in ten."

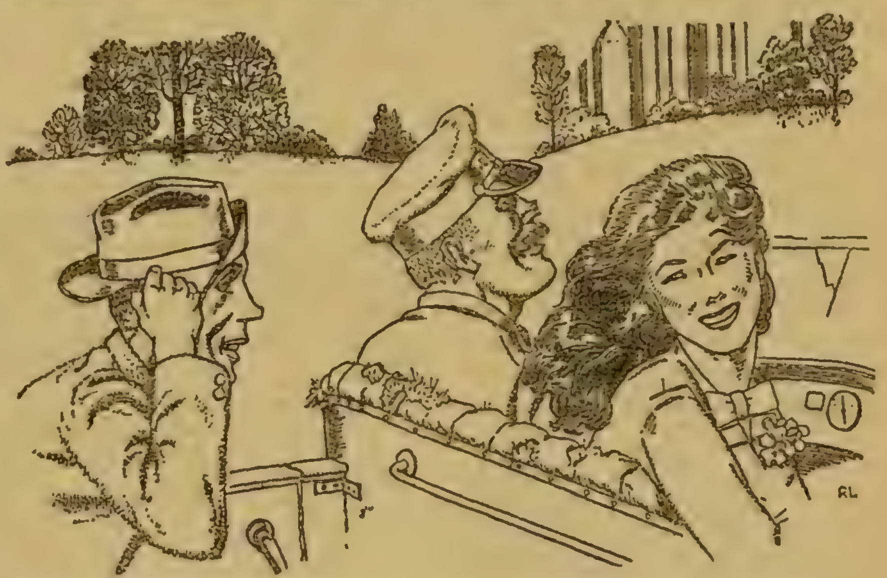
"Stick behind you!" jeered Keeper Gallagher, settling his cap firmly. "Just keep that kiddie-scooter out of my path, or I'll be climbing up your fat back." And as the motorcycle broke into a machine-gun roar and shot off with a spurt of gravel, "Glory be," he cried, "to think of having a cop ahead of you instead of behind you! This is going to be a *ride.*"

It was quite a ride—a ride that Keeper Gallagher recounted to his cronies for many a year. But William Wilmer never remembered much of it. He remembered that the car was well loaded with Keeler baggage and that they were quite squeezed on the back seat. He remembered the coppery glory of her wind-tossed hair, her radiantly joyous smile. He remembered the warmth of her hand, clinging now to his. He remembered Mrs. Keeler's iron skillet falling against his shin and being surprised that he felt no pain. Once, after a particularly hair-raising series of swerves between and around several buses, Miss Sweeney called, "Oh, Mr. Gallagher, you're just wonderful!"

As they whirled past one of the great jewelry shops on the avenue, William Wilmer cried, "Oh, goodness, I forgot. Shouldn't there be a ring or something?"

She nodded, and with her disengaged hand extracted a gold band that hung from a thin chain around her neck. "It was grandmother's," she called, "and mother's. I've saved it a long time—for today."

Three additional motorcycle officers had joined their escort en route, and with a final blare of sirens the cavalcade swung into the City Hall Plaza. They slid to a stop just as the hands of the tower clock pointed to eleven fifty.



The Mayor, attracted by the sirens, had emerged from his office to greet them in the rotunda.

"Can you—will you marry us?" William Wilmer asked breathlessly. "Have we time to get a license?"

"One thing at a time," laughed the Mayor. "Do I get to kiss the bride?"

"I don't see why not," Miss Sweeney grinned. "I've already kissed a Nubian lion this morning."

While they waited for the license, Miss Sweeney brought some order to her hair, and Keeper Gallagher and the motorcycle officer were summoned to act as witnesses. In a matter of minutes the license arrived, was filled out—and suddenly the Mayor, with great solemnity, was reading the service. Then everyone was shaking hands with everyone else and the Mayor was demanding, "My fee, madame."

"Why, Mr. Mayor," she cried, her deep eyes just a trifle moist, "you were just *wonderful!*" and kissed him.

"Come on, pop," said the policeman, giving Mr. Gallagher a shove, "and get that sweet chariot swinging. I'm just dying to heave some rice at you."

"We needn't go quite so fast now, Mr. Gallagher," the bride said, as they wedged themselves into the rear seat.

"O. K.," he smiled, "Mrs. Wilmer."

"Goodness gracious," gasped William Wilmer in a dazed voice. *"Mrs. Wilmer*—think of that!" The iron skillet crashed down on his other shin, and again he felt no pain.

The good news had evidently preceded them, for when they pulled up before the boardinghouse, Mrs. Keeler, arms outstretched, flew down the steps. Mary flung herself into them and they both wept joyously.

Walter, barking happily, struggled down the steps carrying his cornet and his bucket of fish, now half empty. He skillfully negotiated the stepladder and ensconced himself in the very front of the howdah. Lucy snatched up the last wisp of her luncheon hay, flapped her ears, and trumpeted shrilly. Mary climbed nimbly up to her place; William Wilmer, less nimbly, followed her; the ladder was removed. The Keelers wedged themselves into the jaloppy.

The neighbors cheered and deluged everyone with rice. The silvery notes of Walter's cornet burst into the Wedding March.

At first the going was slow, for the streets were crowded with week-end traffic and everyone wanted to get a look at the wedding party. However, when they reached the Parkway, Lucy took to the grass shoulders and their speed increased.

"My goodness, Mr. Wilmer," she called happily, "but it's delightful to feel real grass under your feet again! Didn't I tell you I could *really* walk? Just you wait until I get limbered up and I'll show you what speed is."

Mrs. Keeler had packed them a basket of lunch which was now opened. William Wilmer was too excited to eat much, but Mary devoured her share and part of his with great relish. "I didn't have any breakfast," she confessed. "I was too busy packing—and running away."

"Don't mention that," he shuddered. "It was too awful."

Walter finished his fish, yawned happily, and leaned out to wave at the Keelers, who had drawn up alongside. Mrs. Keeler called that they were going on ahead to start dinner, Keeper Gallagher stepped on the gas, and amid derisive toots of the policeman's siren they clattered off up the road.

"Officer," William Wilmer called down, "I don't think we'll really need you any more. Could you do anything with half a cold chicken and some ham and stuff?" He lowered it down. "Thanks a lot."

"Thank *you,* Commissioner," beamed the policeman. "Good luck to you and the lady."

LUCY'S strides grew steadily longer, until her fast steady walk was almost a lope that never varied or slackened. The sun was warm and the howdah had a pleasant rolling motion that was most restful, once they were used to it. Walter, after several yawns, stretched out with his head on Mary's lap, and went to sleep.

She said drowsily, "Our road turns off about five miles from here. It's called the Blue Valley Road—you can't miss it—but you'd better tell Lucy—in—case—you—go—to—sleep—" Her head rested on William Wilmer's shoulder and she also slumbered.

He called softly to Lucy to tell her about their road. "That's all right, Mr. Wilmer," she said. "I'll see it. Don't you worry a bit. Why don't you take a nap too? You've had quite a day!"

"Oh, I don't feel the least bit sleepy," he laughed. "I'm too excited and happy. Don't hurry *too* much, Miss Lucy," he added—for she was breathing rather heavily by now. "You haven't had much exercise for a long time, you know."

"Oh, this is nothing, Mr. Wilmer," she called. "I'm a little out of condition; my wind isn't what it used to be; but it doesn't bother me, and my feet feel just fine. Besides, I'm so anxious to see the farm—and I'm sure you are, aren't you, Mr. Wilmer?"

"Yes indeed," he answered happily.

With every mile his spirits rose to greater heights of happiness. The sick despair of the morning, the lost desolate hopelessness seemed years away.

Lucy's voice burst into his thoughts. "This is it, isn't it, Mr. Wilmer?"—as without any slackening of speed she swung into the Blue Valley Road. The roadside grass here was deep and lush; Lucy occasionally swept up a trunkful and tossed it into her mouth without the slightest break in her swinging stride.

Mary stirred, then came awake and pushed the disordered mop of hair from her face. "It's funny," she said. "I knew we were nearing home. The second road on the right is our road."

Walter, too, waked up, yawned, looked around happily, and moved up to the front of the howdah. He clapped his flippers together, picked up his cornet, and sent peal after peal of silvery notes ringing across the quiet countryside. He played The Light Cavalry Overture, and A-Hunting We Will Go and The Caissons Go Rolling Along in double time.

"That's just lovely, Walter," Lucy puffed. "There's nothing like music to lift your feet," and lengthened her stride.

Mary was wide awake now. Her eyes sparkled as excitedly as William Wilmer's. The mass of her hair blew back with the speed of their progress. "Here's our road," she called suddenly. "Tell her—quickly." He called, just in time, and Lucy took the corner like a speedboat rounding a buoy.

Theirs was a dirt road and Lucy squealed with delight. Her great flat feet squelched out fountains of dust in such clouds that Walter had a sneezing fit and had to give up his musical efforts.

They were going up a slight rise, and as they approached the crest Mary breathed, "It's coming now!" As they reached the brow, Lucy, with sure animal instinct, slowed down and came to a momentary halt, sniffing with outstretched trunk the smell of Home.

William Wilmer held his breath. Below them the setting sun flooded the valley with a light that seemed almost a golden mist. In a slight hollow lay a broad stone-and-white-shingled house sheltered by towering elms and maples, their dark shadows striping across emerald green lawns. Up behind the house a great red barn reared its bulk.

They saw details: a thin column of blue smoke rising from one of the many chimneys, the meandering course of a willow-shaded brook, the gleam of a pond, a purple-blue fog of lilacs by the kitchen, a tall slender pear tree clad in white blossoms. They saw the weary jaloppy being unloaded by Keeper Gallagher and a shirt-sleeved Mr. Keeler.

Then, with a shrill trumpeting, Lucy galloped wildly down the slope. Walter, as well as he could, blared a fanfare. The howdah rocked like a small boat in a storm-tossed sea. They thundered over a wooden bridge, swirled into the drive, and came to a halt on the lawn.

With a deep sigh and heaving sides, Lucy knelt down, and they stiffly descended from the howdah, as Mrs. Keeler rushed out from the kitchen. Mr. Keeler and Keeper Gallagher hastened down to unload the bags.

Eager to show her treasures, Mary grasped William Wilmer's hand and rushed him toward the house; but they were halted by an outcry from the others.

"Carry her over the doorstep," Mrs. Keeler insisted. He did.

They made a tour of the house. William Wilmer could hardly take in the details. But he could sense the comfort of the broad fireplaces, of the deep-set windows, and the great stuffed sofas and chairs in his study.

Mr. Keeler was clamoring for his approval of the outer premises, so they went out and he had the wonders of the barn explained.

"Goodness gracious," he said, as they walked back to the house, "this isn't—this can't all be—ours?"

"Every scrap of it," Mary smiled. "Every stick and stone and blade of grass—and me. And there isn't even a mortgage. Come now—I want to show you my favorite view."

THEY stood at the top of the pasture looking down over the whole farm. The sun had set but the golden light still lingered. Dimly they could see Lucy's huge bulk wallowing and splashing in the pool; in the still air her grunts and squeals of satisfaction carried clearly up the hill. They saw Mr. Keeler still busy around the barn and the blue smoke of Keeper Gallagher's pipe. They saw the warm light of candles glinting on silver and china in the dining room. They saw Walter, sleek and shining after his swim, cavorting about the kitchen porch, saw Mrs. Keeler come out and stop to play with him.

Mary looked carefully at William Wilmer. Weeks in the sunshine interviewing animals had browned away the pallor of those years of servitude in the Safe, Sane and Colossal office. His hair, which used always to be limp and meekly parted, seemed to have thickened; it was alive and almost curly now. His shoulders, which had been getting a little rounded, were now broader, his back erect.

Lucy reluctantly heaved herself out of the pool, shook thoroughly and, raising her trunk high, trumpeted her contentment. Then she eagerly trotted toward the barn and supper. From the kitchen porch they caught the silvery glint of Walter's cornet, and a moment later the lilting notes of Mess Call floated up the slope.

The very short nose, slightly sunburned now, crinkled ever so entrancingly, the black-lashed eyes widened and their blue deepened until it matched the evening sky.

"Oh, William," she breathed, "you're just *wonderful!*"

"Thank you," said William Wilmer. "Thank you very much."

THE END.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By JOSEPH ANTHONY

IN THE last war, British and American authors alike loved to portray their soldiers as utterly fearless souls who went over the top with a high contempt for danger, while making speeches that read like the engraving on a memorial plaque. This time, our writers have been given a better chance to find out what war is like. They are putting some of the adrenalin of honest fear into their printer's ink.

Richard Tregaskis

Stronger than Fear, by **Richard Tregaskis**, is a magnificently vital study of the actions and emotions of one American infantry officer in the last phase of the fighting in Germany.

"Paul Kreider had been wounded twice . . . And he didn't particularly want another cluster for his Purple Heart . . . He would probably never be the same Paul Kreider who charged ashore at Gela, in Sicily, eager to get into the great adventure . . . When the news correspondents used to nose around, looking for stories, somebody would always tell about Kreider, the One-Man Gun Crew, who was just crazy with courage."

But Captain Kreider was "a different, an older and wiser, Kreider now." He hadn't turned into a coward. He wanted to do his duty. But he also wanted to come home some day to the wife and child whose pictures he carried in his wallet . . . And then came a house-to-house push through the ruins of a bitterly contested German town. Duty meant pushing up front, making himself a target for invisible snipers.

In the story of how battle-weary Captain Kreider met this test, Mr. Tregaskis dramatizes brilliantly the idea that courage does not consist in fearlessness but in the conquest of fear.

Published by Random House, N. Y. Price $2.

WHAT the South Americans Think of Us is a symposium by four leading authorities—**Carleton Beals**, who writes on Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia; **Bryce Oliver**, on Brazil and Uruguay; **Herschel Brickell**, on Venezuela and Colombia; and **Samuel Guy Inman** on Argentina and Chile.

Samuel Guy Inman

This is what Mr. Inman has to say about our not-so-good neighbor:

"Argentina is the brilliant, successful, spoiled, adolescent child of the American continent. She is giving us the same trouble today that we, in our adolescence, gave Europe. She long ago became the glamor girl among the nations. In the old days she was rich enough and brilliant enough to order the big nations around. She has not yet discovered that the Old World is dead, and that she herself now has a few wrinkles in her face. She does not realize that in international society today there are no longer favored blondes whose independent action is protected, whatever may be their conduct."

Mr. Inman and his colleagues point out that South America doesn't accept our good-will policy at face value. A recurrent theme throughout the book is that our business representatives in Latin countries haven't been as understanding as the British or as systematic as the Germans.

Says Mr. Oliver: "Brazilians have been laughing for a century and more over the time-honored custom which causes each succeeding generation of North Americans and Europeans to rediscover that 'Brazil is the land of the future.' "

Published by R. M. McBride & Co., N. Y. Price $3.

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

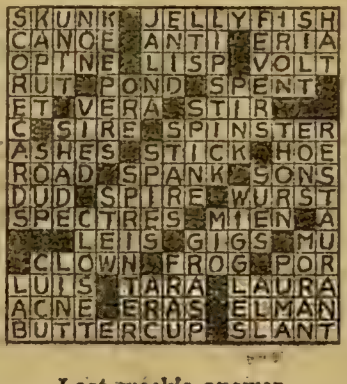
BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

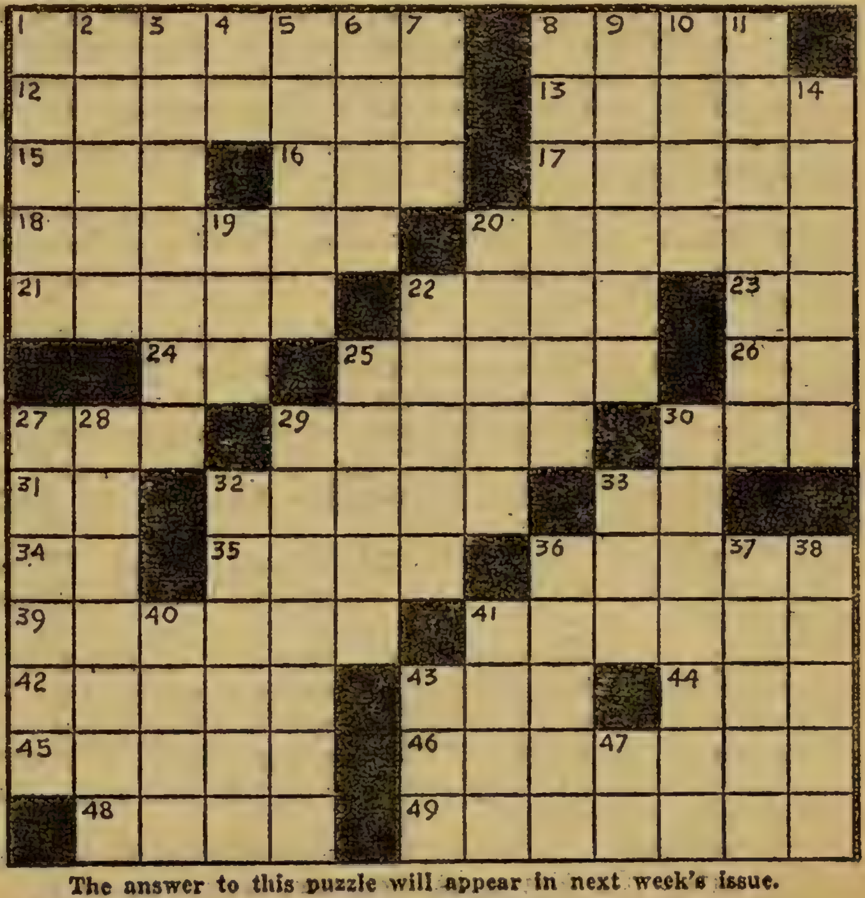
1 What French modern painter is known for his "primitives"?
8 A pagan god
12 The taking of what island has cost the United States about 40,000 casualties?
13 The I. C. C. fixes railroad whats?
15 A seeing eye
16 You associate a brewmaster with a what?
17 What gal's name means Of Noble Birth?
18 What Scottish cattle rustler became the hero of a book by Sir Walter Scott? (two words)
20 Who said in 1920 if we didn't accept the League of Nations we'd be in another war in twenty years?
21 Lip razz
22 Gundar Hagg's specialty is the what?
23 Short cheer
24 What note would you sing in a drinking song?
25 Name an excellent sugar substitute
26 Abbreviate the pink-elephant disorder
27 What baseball manager recently fined one of his pitchers $500 for a "soft" pitch?
29 What workman accepts John L. Lewis' wage increases but not his political advice?
30 The government expects us to get a lot more what out of things?
31 Of, in French
32 The doughfoot will probably not go for long whats in the postwar world?
33 Oll Korrect (abbr.)
34 The scrap metal from what dismantled New York City thing did not go to Japan, as rumored?
35 Mrs. Eddy said all whats are mental?
36 Complete: "The harp that once through —— halls," etc.
39 A pitcher's curves are also what?
41 What place of a Marine victory, nicknamed Bloody, isn't even gazetted in the encyclopedia?
42 Name the "Russian" cloth
43 What cherished feminine object flies during battles?
44 An egotist is also a Great what? (two words)
45 What zodiacal constellation is no longer in its original spot, but has moved into Pisces?
46 What character appears in five different Shakespearean plays?
48 The Marquis de whom has given his name to the term sadism?
49 What devices're used to make joints watertight?

VERTICAL

1 Name Franco's Christian-hating allies in the Spanish Civil War
2 What's known as Rubbertown?
3 What opera star sang One Meatball on the radio?
4 Horse players are never what?
5 Taste
6 We're advised to swing and what with Sammy Kaye?
7 Gobble the gunk
8 Rollin' Home is what?
9 Name one of the greatest of English astronomers
10 American inventor
11 What did Gundar Hägg fail to break on his recent trips to America? (pl.)
14 Name a windy building in Washington
19 Ire for dough (anag.)
20 Rhine, May, and Lachryma Christi are whats?
22 Capuchins and Trappists are whats?
25 High spots
27 What Russian city did the Germans hold in both World Wars?
28 Name the world's greatest money handlers
29 Samuel Dashiell Hammett wrote a mystery entitled The what Falcon?
30 Name a Soviet Republic that has one of those three Russian votes in the World Security Assembly
32 Complete: —— Victory
33 What's a non-sinkable propeller?
36 Name a product of a Queen of Wonderland
37 Expect
38 Aegean island
40 Lily Pons first soloed in a what?
41 The meat of what fish is known as turkey of the sea?
43 Drudge
47 What abbreviation is associated with Stonewall Jackson?


SKUNK JELLYFISH
CANOE ANTI ERIA
OPINE LISP VOLT
RUT POND SPENT
ET VERA STIR
C SIRE SPINSTER
ASHES STICK HOE
ROAD SPANK SONS
DUD SPIRE WURST
SPECTRES MIEN A
LEIS GIGS MU
CLOWN FROG POR
LUIS TARA LAURA
ACNE ERAS ELMAN
BUTTERCUP SLANT

Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

"WHAT'S LEFT TO Discover?"

"Gee," says the boy to the old gun, "I wish I could have been along with you on those turkey shoots. I wish I could have helped you blaze the trails and chart the rivers.

"I wish I could have lived when you were new. There were places to explore then, surprises around every bend in the stream. What's left to discover now?"

WHAT'S left? A whole new world of things, Son.

Lift up your eyes for a minute and you'll see that men are still pioneering on the unending frontiers of science and production.

Exploring among new alloys, creating new fuels, discovering new ways to mass-produce, they are finding new methods to make thousands of good and useful things.

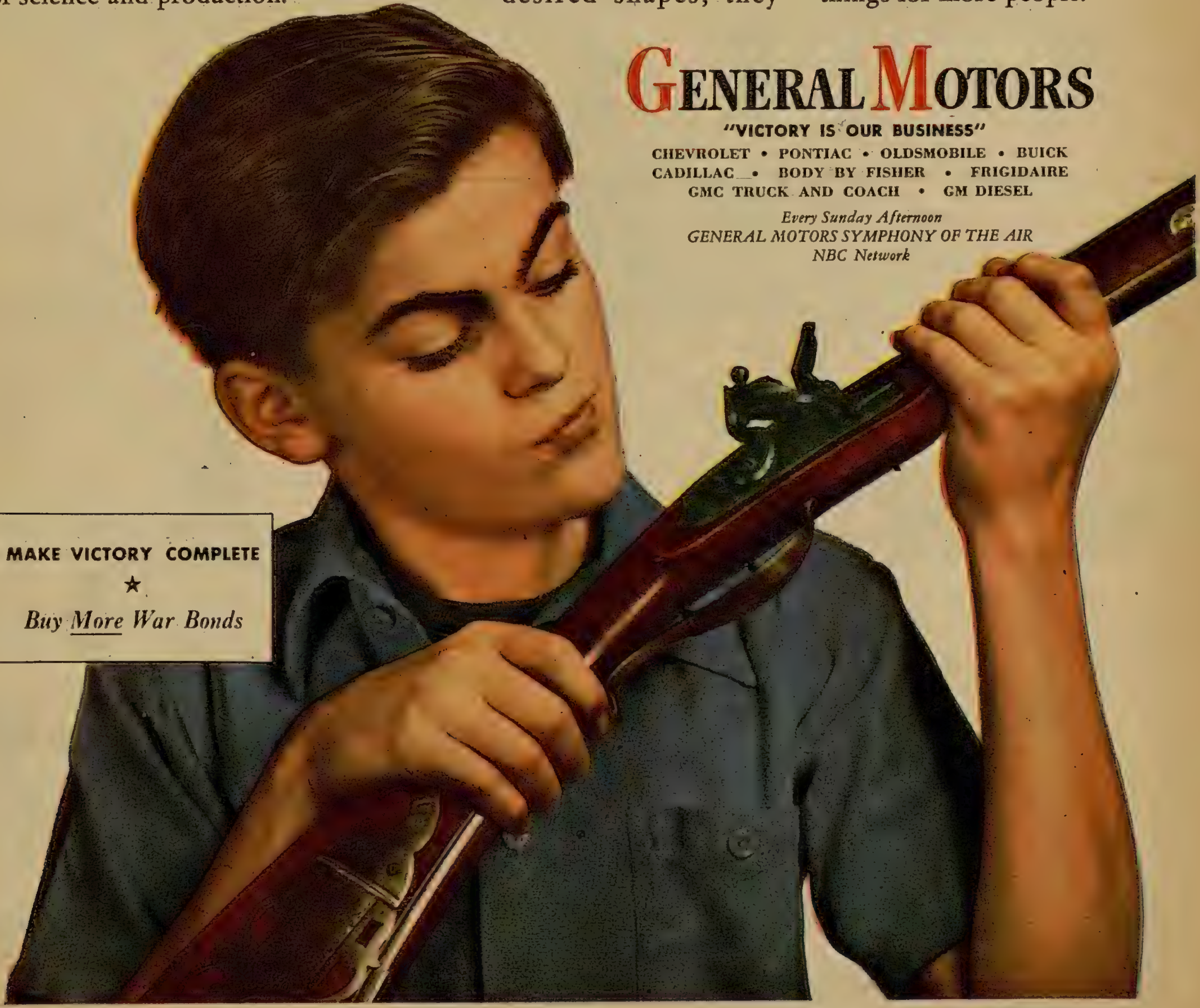
Some time ago, for example, General Motors engineers developed a better way to make small parts for cars and refrigerators.

Instead of cutting these out of solid metal, they first reduced copper, tin and iron to powders, fine as flour. Then by pressing and baking these into desired shapes, they produced parts in greater number, with more speed and at lower cost.

Perfected in peace, this process proved so useful in war that it saved valuable time in the production of many vital war weapons.

In the peacetime years to come, many things will be improved by just such pioneering.

For this spirit of venture, this thrust into the unknown, is the thing that made America great. We will need all we can get of it in building a better peacetime world filled with more and better things for more people.



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THE SCRUBBY COB

Continued from Page 33

I just wrote a poem about him, that's all."

"No, that is not all." A majestic official, His Majesty's agent, stalked to the group. "I would like to see that curious document."

When the Reverend handed it to him, he pointed toward the house. "Take the fellow in there. I would like to talk to him without this rabble looking on."

Jabez was dumfounded as he stood in the parlor of the O'Lynn house. He faced the Navy agent, Captain Pontypool, who sat behind a table like a justice. Behind him stood his tough clerk who, judging from the pistol butt under the skirt of his coat, was also his bodyguard. Mr. O'Lynn and the crowlike Reverend Crump perched on an oak settee. Mrs. O'Lynn stood in the doorway with her daughter, whose eyes darted from one grim face to the next all around the room.

Captain Pontypool took snuff, unrolled the poem, and said, "How did you happen to mention Buckman's Tavern in this jingle?"

Jabez rubbed his wet forehead. He did not know why he had written the poem at all. It was a whim, an outpouring of his spirit and—apparently—a lunacy.

He said helplessly and honestly, "Buckman's just happened to come to my mind, sir. The last day or two I've heard it mentioned by this man or that." He was speaking the truth, but he realized with a sudden qualm that Buckman's Tavern had just become a very important spot on the map. There had been much talk about the British making a sortie to capture the two Massachusetts delegates who were stopping not exactly at Buckman's but at Clark's parsonage near by.

The Crown official nodded, satisfied. "Of course everyone's talking about it, and about Worcester. But I notice you don't mention Worcester. You mention Boston Neck."

"Worcester's too far to ride, sir, just for a drink," Jabez said truthfully, and added, with his chin up, "although my horse could do it! A hundred miles won't tire a Narragansett, or his rider either."

"You parry the point. Buckman's is too far for a drink too, but you mentioned it because you purposed to give out this information, perhaps even to have the poem published so all Boston could read it!"

"Yes, sir—I mean no, sir! I never thought of having it published. The horse is unknown. Even his name is unknown except to Mr. Larkin's household. So why publish such a thing?"

The Reverend Crump cleared his throat. "I believe this lad. I can vouch for him. I used to see him down on Clark's wharf loading Narragansett pacers for the Indies. The seamen couldn't get the nervous little beasts up the gangplank, but this boy could. He loves them and that's why he wrote the poem."

"A sympathetic speech, Reverend," Captain Pontypool said. "But my clerk advises me that he saw this man at Edes' printing shop some days ago. What has a hostler to do with a printer, especially a rebel like Benjamin Edes who is on the British black list?"

Jabez gaped. "Well, sir, yes, I— You see, I thought the poem would be of interest —perhaps to horse lovers—"

"And perhaps to treasonable Whigs, since it betrays General Gage's plans in the very first line!" Pontypool roared. Hearing a gasp from Mrs. O'Lynn, a more heartrending gasp from Precinda, he said in a milder voice, "This young scamp will get a fair trial, of course. But meanwhile we have a prison ship in port ready for just such rebels. He'll get not the pillory but the Preston."

"This is going too far!" Mr. O'Lynn cried. "He was only reading some nonsense to my daughter. He's no spy. Ask the Reverend."

JABEZ glanced at the door and at the crowd out there, restive shadows in the dusk. He could not escape that way, nor could he crash through the lead-paned windows.

Pontypool turned to his clerk. "I want this fellow arrested. Major Grandon is billeted across the street. Call him."

"But the major has left for Boston, sir," the clerk said. "Everyone who is billeted hereabouts has reported for duty."

This argument gave Jabez time to act. Jumping backward for the kitchen door, he crouched as the clerk rushed him. The clerk was busy drawing a pistol from under his coat when Jabez floored him.

Captain Pontypool was on his feet. He lurched toward the hostler, but Precinda slid a Windsor stool against his shins and he sprawled. The Reverend Crump hopped crowlike to his feet, but the moral aspect of this brawl took a moment's thought. It was Mr. O'Lynn who chased—or rather followed—the fugitive and Precinda into the kitchen.

The girl caught Jabez's arm as he started out for the back yard. "In here!" she said, pushing him into a lean-to behind the kitchen where the milk crocks and cheeses were kept.

Pontypool burst into the kitchen wigless and puffing. Precinda faced him and said brightly, "He ran behind the barn and over the hedge, I fear."

Her father gulped. A contradiction would mark his daughter as a rebel who had abetted a spy's escape. He swallowed hard. "Yes, I'm afraid he got away, sir."

When Pontypool ran out, bellowing at the crowd, Mr. O'Lynn opened the dairy-room door. Across his shoulder Jabez could see Precinda's eyes dancing. And beyond her slim shoulders he saw the parlor door where the Reverend Crump and Mrs. O'Lynn were dragging the clerk to a settee. The clerk looked dead.

Facing the fugitive, Mr. O'Lynn said, distracted, "If I hide you here I'll get the gallows myself."

Precinda spoke calmly despite the caterwauling outside as the crowd followed Pontypool around the barn: "We'll hide him anyway, if we all get the gallows."

Mr. O'Lynn came to a decision because of a frightened call from his wife. He slammed the dairy-room door, bolted it, and left Jabez a prisoner in the lean-to.

It was possible to break down the door, but it was wiser to wait and listen. Jabez sat between a hogshead and a rocking-horse churn, nibbling cheese. He heard the hubbub of voices give way to the tolling of church bells. He wondered what had

(Continued on page 58)

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"I prefer this end of the pool, myself"

Your first sip of rich Paul Jones proves that authentic, hearty flavor is still the secret of a superb whiskey.

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SLOW DOWN
with a
"SLOE-UP"*

RED HORSE
SLOE GIN

RED HORSE
SLOE GIN

* Pour 2 ounces Red Horse Sloe Gin into 8-ounce glass. Add ice. Fill up with lithiated lemon or lime sparkling soda. Stir briskly until frothy head foams.

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Chicago, U.S.A. 60 Proof.

(Continued from page 56)

happened to that clerk. The "passing bell" would give three strokes for the death of a man; but no, it could not mean that. Perhaps the clerk, instead of dying, was staying for dinner.

It was after dinner that Precinda came into the chilly dairy-room with a hot posset and an oyster pie.

"What happened to the clerk?" Jabez asked.

"He woke up after an hour," Precinda said happily. "We fed your horse and stabled him, but there's a grenadier out there on watch. Captain Pontypool posted him before he left. They are going to watch for you at Mr. Larkin's too. So you can't try to get home. You'll be safe right here."

She was a bit too optimistic, Jabez decided, when he heard the beat of hoofs out in front of the house.

"Drink your posset and eat your pie," she said, then slipped out. The doorbell tinkled. There followed a prolonged dispute, then again the clunk of hoofs dwindling away.

This visitation was of serious import, Jabez learned as soon as he finished his supper. Mr. O'Lynn opened the door. His wife and daughter stood behind him in the kitchen.

"So! It's true," O'Lynn said. "You are a Whig spy!"

Jabez mumbled helplessly, "What do you mean, sir?"

"Captain Pontypool has just heard that a hostler at the Province House told another hostler about Gage's plans for an expedition. A barmaid overheard them and it was easy to suppose the spy would cross to Charlestown to take the news to Buckman's Tavern. Hence the alarm is all over town that you knocked down a Crown official's clerk and escaped when they attempted to arrest you!"

"But I'm not the hostler you're talking about!" Jabez pleaded. "If I wrote a poem telling of the British sortie, why would I show it to a Tory's daughter?" This was a cool bit of logic and O'Lynn let him finish. "I know nothing of a sortie except what all Boston knows. Troops have been leaving barracks and billets and heading for the Commons all day. I don't know where they're going any more than you do."

OUTSIDE there was a tread of marching feet, a barked command. Precinda ran to the kitchen window. "Grenadiers, a whole squad of them!" she cried.

When the doorbell tinkled, O'Lynn said, "See what they want." Then he stared hard at Jabez and said, half to himself, "There is not proof enough. I shall not let them take you to the Preston for merely writing a poem."

When he closed the door, Jabez could hear the clank of tankards in the parlor. Those redcoats were staying a while, it seemed. At least an hour passed before the dairy-room door opened softly.

Precinda was alone and radiant with excitement. "There's a frigate anchored in the Charles. They want to be sure that no one crosses over from Boston with the secret, but they think a hostler got across and they're determined to catch him. So I'm afraid you'll have to stay all night."

This satisfied Jabez. They stared at each other and both laughed excitedly. He longed to take her in his arms. She may have known what he longed for as she said, confused, "Your horse will have to stay all night too. The soldiers said so to Mr. Larkin's postboy just now."

So Mr. Larkin had sent a postboy for his horse! "It's the first time he ever worried about the little padnag," Jabez said, puzzled.

"I don't know what it's all about, but Mr. Larkin is at Colonel Conant's, and that's where the Reverend Crump went tonight. And he took his saddle horse too. Why would he do that when it's only a short walk?"

"The Reverend inclines to gout," Jabez suggested.

"And he inclines to meetings where Whigs are hatching treason, my father said."

Jabez's mind raced. Hatching treason, the frigate Somerset in the Charles, the Reverend Crump taking his saddle horse to a Whig meeting, and the secret that was out —Buckman's Tavern! "I'm not going to stay all night," he said abruptly. "I've got to get that horse to Mr. Larkin, come what may!"

"But how will you get past that sentry?"

"If I had a musket, I'd show you how."

She thought a minute; then: "Don't you dare leave this room till I come back."

He heard her arguing with her parents. Evidently their guests had left, for Mrs. O'Lynn's voice was unmodulated as she said, "Give that young rake a musket! And to shoot one of the King's men? I think not!"

MR. O'LYNN put a stop to the altercation by ordering Precinda to her room. Then O'Lynn opened the dairy-room door.

"I understand you want to go home. It would be best perhaps for all of us. With the lamp out in the kitchen you could risk slipping into the yard and through the hedge behind the barn."

"Not without my horse, sir."

"In that case the sentry will see you, so will Pontypool's clerk, who is riding up and down eager to pistol you on sight."

"Mr. Larkin wants that horse tonight, sir. I am determined."

"It sticks in my craw to see you hurt, but," he shrugged, "follow me."

O'Lynn turned down the kitchen lamp. It left a comfortable darkness even out there in the yard, for the moon had not yet risen. "I shall give you time to saddle your horse, and a little extra time to think over this rashness. As for the sentry, do not venture from the barn until I go out and talk to him. It may be possible to beguile him with a mug of hot flip."

Precinda's voice came softly in the dark: "Here's a surtout for you to wear. It's turned bitter cold."

Jabez could barely see her slim form and the long triple-caped topcoat she held for him. He squirmed into it and groped for her hand, which he found.

O'Lynn said grimly, "I expect your mother knows you are giving this fellow my surtout?"

"Mother went to bed with a headache," Precinda said.

"Little wonder. And I thought you had gone to bed too." O'Lynn took Jabez's arm. "The surtout may serve as something of a disguise, come to think of it. So now get out."

"Yes, sir. And thank you all for your tenderness." Jabez gave the girl's hand a squeeze, then slipped out into the dark.

Glancing through the barn door, he saw that the light was on in the kitchen again. Mr. O'Lynn would be heating flip for the sentry, so there was time enough. That extra light filtering in helped Jabez find currycomb and brush.

As he groomed his little horse, he wondered, not without cause, if this was to be the last time. He worked fast and each circular swipe brought back memories. Here was this haunch where he had put a blister of hog's lard and turpentine, working all night, with his colt in the next stall. Here was this neck and knee and shank, and this chest where he had listened to the horse's lungs repeatedly one night. That was the time they found Jabez sitting

(Continued on page 60)

"WHAT'S THE CONNECTION BETWEEN LAYER CAKE 'N COAL?"

WELL, JIMMY, coal makes baking powder — and that's what helps make your layer cake so light and fluffy! In fact, almost everything you eat owes something to Bituminous Coal. Food packing plants depend on coal to supply heat for cooking and processing . . . to supply electricity to run the machinery.

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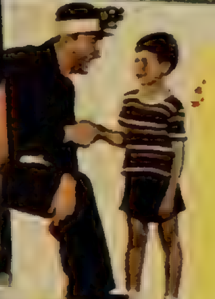

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(Continued from page 58)

on a stool asleep, his head pillowed against the colt's chest.

"But you've got to get along without me now. You're tough! Not beautiful, but tough as a Yankee! Mr. Larkin always rides his coach horses in Boston, but maybe some day you'll get to town!"

He threw on the saddle, and then, to his consternation, a beam from the risen moon slanted through the door, spotting him.

He blinked at the street and found it crowded with groups of men, boys, even women. The whole town seemed awake and tense. They were watching the Charles, where the anchored Somerset was winding in the young flood. Jabez could see the sixty-four-gun frigate and he had the feeling that her guns were trained on him alone.

IT was right then that Mr. O'Lynn took a steaming mug out to the sentry. The redcoat drank, not hearing the nimble clunk of hoofs as Jabez led the pad to the barn door. Someone in the crowd yelled. The sentry dropped his mug, picked up his musket as Jabez vaulted to the saddle.

Over his shoulder as he swung for the hedge behind the barn, Jabez saw a horseman riding into the yard. Moonlight winked on the round glazed hat of Pontypool's clerk who was trying to jump his horse over the hedge. The horse bucked, but the rider hurled a pistol shot timed with the roar of the sentry's musket.

Jabez did not know which shot hit him. But the impact of the slug knocked him forward so that he rode crouched over the withers. Behind him a dozen men raced on foot and he saw two more redcoats down the road in front of him. The padnag, responding to his lurch, turned into a meadow, untracked, crossed the meadow and swung into the courtyard of Colonel Conant's house.

Postilions left their work and ran to him. They had been saddling half a dozen thoroughbreds which, Jabez noticed, were as good as any in Charlestown. In comparison, his own pad looked scrawny when he pressed him up to the picket line.

"Tell Mr. Larkin I brought his horse," he said as he slumped from the saddle.

When the postboys helped him to the barn, he wondered if that shot had cracked his shoulder blade.

"What's the matter, lad?" A crowlike figure had followed him in and was standing in front of the oatbin where Jabez sat.

"Just my shoulder, Reverend. Can you use the padnag, sir? He's good on rough roads."

"We have horses aplenty to choose from," the Reverend Crump said. "Let's have a look at that shoulder."

"The slug burned through all three capes," said a postboy.

The Reverend sent a stableboy for the doctor. "You can take my horse and bring Dr. Stark back. Bear a hand now!"

"What'd they shoot you for?" another postboy asked.

"For writing a poem about that pad out there," the Reverend chuckled. "Wenching and poetizing brought you to a pretty pass, my lad."

"What'd you write a poem about *that* horse for?"

If Jabez had known why, he had no time to say, for a crowd was clattering up the road hot on his tracks.

Through the stable door he saw three redcoats. And he saw the glazed-leather hat which marked Pontypool's clerk. The latter walked his blowing, limping horse, followed by a crowd of men, boys, a few women. Two of the men, stanch Tories doubtless, had fowling pieces. Even one of the women carried a gun.

A grenadier sergeant called to the postilions at the stable door, "You didn't see a rider pass just now? It's high treason we want him for."

"There he goes yonder!" the clerk shouted, then held his swollen jaw, which his shout had twisted. The soldiers took up the hue and cry, chasing that stableboy who was riding for the doctor. This proved a good herring on the trail, except for one who was not so easily fooled. As the crowd of Tories went trooping off, this one slipped behind a hedge, and witnessed the whole scene that presently took place.

"If they only knew!" the Reverend laughed. "They're missing a bigger fish than you, my lad. Hollo! Here's a good welt on your shoulder, but that's all."

"Those three capes on the topcoat saved me, sir. She thought I'd catch cold—speaking of Precinda O'Lynn, sir."

The Reverend hurried out, and the air, Jabez noticed, seemed to tense with the coming of a momentous event. From the Conant manse a group of men stepped out, following a stocky middle-aged man whom Jabez recognized as a Mason who rode express for the Whigs.

"A girl gave us flannel to muffle our oars so we could pass that frigate," the stocky man said.

"When we saw the lanterns in Christ's spire," said one of the group—it was Jabez's master, Mr. Larkin—"we were of a mind that the troops will be crossing to East Cambridge, Phips' farm perhaps."

Jabez's heart thumped with excitement as he ran out to the court. He saw the express rider's square bold face under the bobbed hair. He wore a short surtout and heavy riding boots and spurs, hence it could be guessed that he was going to take the news of the British sortie right now.

Jabez saw him stop at the picket line of horses, his thick clever hands reaching out as if to embrace them all. Although he was a silversmith by trade, this express rider knew horseflesh. He had a Narragansett mare of his own in the barn behind his Fish Street shop.

"I'll take this one," he said, pointing to Jabez's little horse. He knew the kind of tough tireless pacer he wanted that night!

The crowd watched him mount, then stood in silence as Revere rode off.

Jabez's face was lifted, his mouth gaping in a pantomime of wild exultant cheering. The Reverend Crump and Mr. Larkin saw him, and the latter laughed, "Where's that poem that got you into your mess, lad?"

"I lost it, sir. The Tories got it. I'll never see it again."

"No matter," said the Reverend Crump. "There'll be others written, no doubt." And he might have added there would be canvases painted and copper prints etched and songs sung, perhaps more than for any other horse in the world.

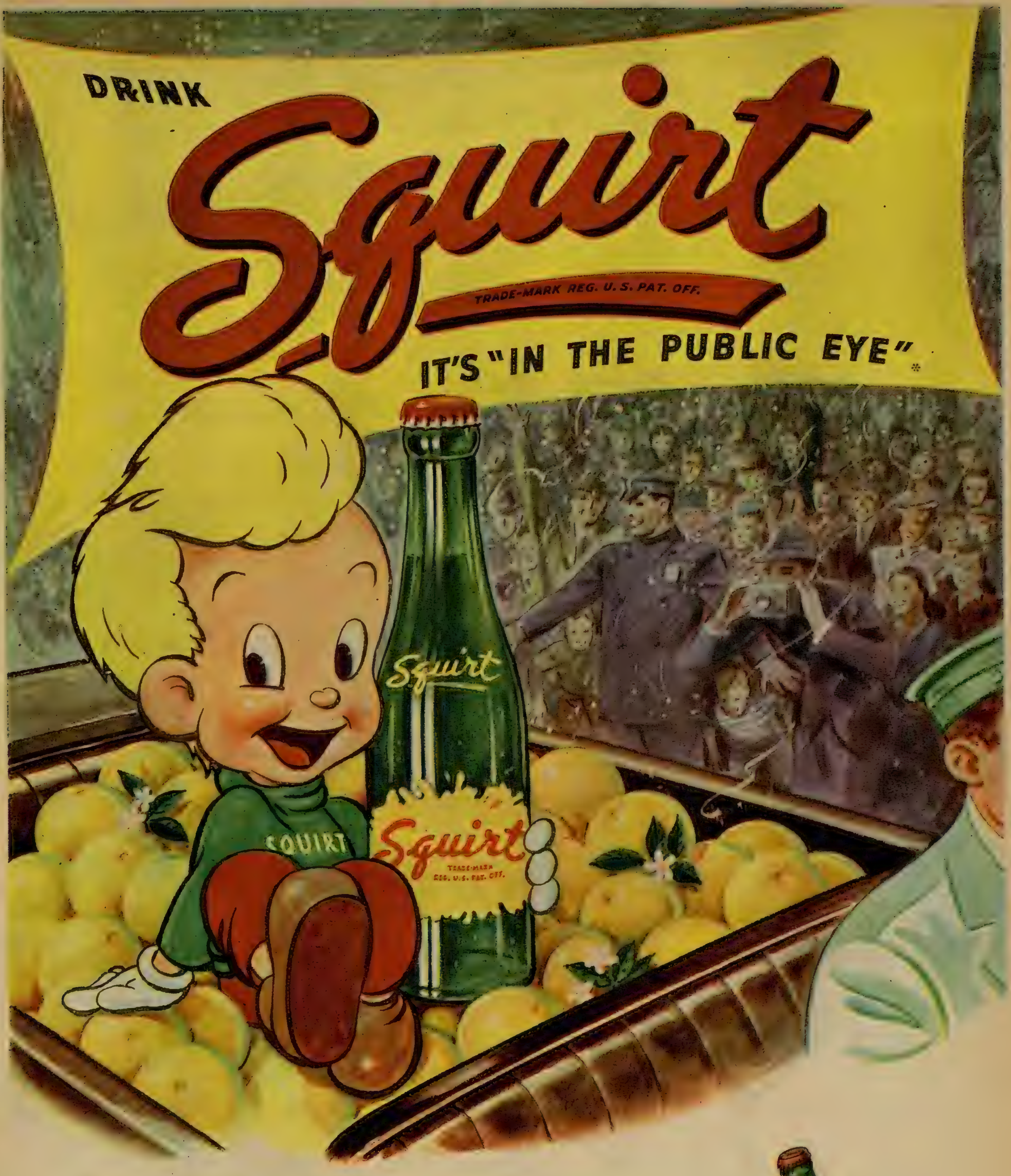
FROM behind the hedge came the one Tory who had dropped out of the chase. This was the girl who had carried a gun. Jabez saw her face under the hood of her cardinal as she came out of the shadows of a blossoming tree. "Here is a musket and a powder horn," Precinda said. "But your surtout—you should be wearing it! You'll catch your death of cold."

"I have it, and I'll wear it until I come back to you. But that will be after this war, which may last a long time."

"However long," she said, "I'll wait."

This time he hugged her. Her cardinal cape gave the appearance of butterfly wings as Precinda O'Lynn flitted home in the moonlight. Jabez Hubbard went in the opposite direction with his musket and powder horn. Heading for Medford on foot, he crossed the Mystic River to report to the captain of the minutemen.

THE END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HORLICK'S *the Original*
TABLETS—POWDER

DON'T WRITE OFF THE CHINESE ARMIES YET

Continued from Page 27

said, "and I was going to do my best to keep this division in there fighting this time."

General Lee, though, was a fighter after the colonel's own heart—and probably as ruthless as any Japanese commander. He'd lost most of five divisions in major battles, beginning with the bloody Shanghai campaign in 1937 when one of his regiments came out with an officer and two men as sole survivors. Defending Changteh in 1943, General Lee's division took a murderous going over from this same 116th Division, one of whose columns was now advancing on the motor road. So General Lee was out for revenge.

His division met the oncoming enemy near Tungkow, sixty air-line miles west of Paoching. The Japanese had cut swiftly through initial Chinese resistance between Tungkow and Paoching, and they expected to continue right on to Chihkiang. But General Lee had carefully planned his defenses, and he had air support. The 116th's road column found itself suddenly stalled.

The Japanese still had superior power, however, and by moving at night to escape American air attacks, took Tungkow after several days' hard fighting. It wasn't a profitable advance, for General Lee had retired to secondary defenses with his forces intact and quantities of captured weapons and ammunition.

Now Lee drove the Japanese off the motor road immediately west of Tungkow and forced them to use the difficult mountain trails. This he accomplished by leaving suicide squads in two tunnels just outside Tungkow. One of these squads held to the last man; some men from the other were rescued later.

When the Japanese road column moved into the mountains, it expected to connect with the other 116th Division column which had been moving in the mountains north of the road all along. But the second column ran into another Chinese division and was thrown back at Paima Shan (White Horse Mountain), so the road column had to take on General Lee's division alone.

Lee moved his division back slowly, exacting a high toll from the enemy and capturing more and more Japanese supplies. Colonel Tomkies estimated that the division took more arms from the enemy than it got from the Americans. The Chinese now actually had superior fire power. But the enemy kept driving, and finally reached the northeastern slope of Green Rock (Chingngai). If they had surmounted its ridge, they would have been on the motor road again at Kiangkow, only four hours' drive from the Chihkiang air base. It was the crisis of the western Hunan battle.

The fight raged on Green Rock for three days and nights. Japanese took Chinese positions at night and were driven out again in the day. Much of it was bloody hand-to-hand combat. Casualties on both sides mounted, and Chinese food supplies —never good—dropped until men were eating grass. Yet the Chinese held on, and then, to the amazement of all, particularly the Japanese, counterattacked and drove the remnants of the once haughty 116th all the way back to Tungkow and beyond.

The Japanese lost 3,000 killed in the twenty-one days' fighting between Tungkow and Green Rock Mountain. They lost an additional 1,000 in the brush with the other division on White Horse. They abandoned 235 corpses in a small area within fifty yards of the Green Rock ridge they tried for three days to take.

In comparison with the 116th's casualties, the Chinese suffered less—General Lee's division losing only about 2,000 killed. This was something new in the China war, as was the defeat of a crack Japanese division by two smaller Chinese divisions. American air support helped greatly, of course, and so did the tactical advice of American training officers like Colonel Tomkies. The victory also represented a marked improvement over last summer's Salween campaign, when Chinese commanders often ignored American suggestions about protecting their flanks or using cover in attack.

ANOTHER very definite morale boost for the Chinese foot soldier in this battle was quick motor evacuation of wounded by Americans. Americans had done this to a limited extent at the Salween, but this was its first big-scale use in any major China battle. Medical aid has always been a sort of blind spot in the Chinese military mind, and its lack has contributed heavily to China's manpower losses in this war. Because of this, the C.C.C. program ranks medical-aid training and improvement of hospital facilities as important as infantry or artillery training.

Fortunately, in the short time before the

JOHNNY SHOEMAKER SEZ..

"Where there's smoke, there's 50 people lined up to buy cigarettes. • • •

Achilles was the first guy to appreciate a good heel. If he'd lived in these times, I reckon he'd be in the shop asking for Hood Suprex Rubber Heels. • • •

Yep, and you don't have to know who Achilles was to appreciate the long-wearing qualities of Hood Suprex Heels in these days of shoe rationing. Just look for the Hood Arrow."

LOOK FOR THIS ARROW

HOOD

HOOD RUBBER COMPANY
a division of
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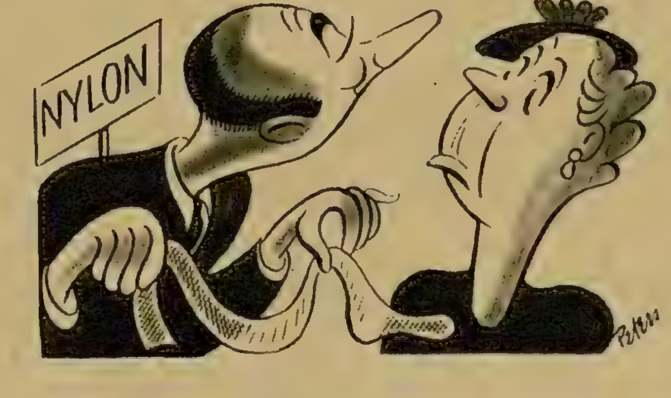


COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

nO.P.A.: When rationing is over.

GAVELCADE: A parade of court judges.

STURCHIN: A young sturgeon.

dROARings: Funny cartooms.

THIGHROID: A misplaced gland on your hip.

SEW-P: For washing needles.

HARBORDASHER: Guy who furnishes hats for bell-buoys.

UNYOUNG: A meek leek.

CANNYBAL: A shrewd savage.

PERCHASE: Buying a bird cage.

Japanese struck, Colonel King had Chinese military hospitals in the area reorganized, moved up to the few main motor roads, and staffed with American Army medics. When the fighting began, he put every available American vehicle, sometimes the last jeep or weapons carrier at his own headquarters, into emergency front-line evacuation. All supply trucks to the front brought back wounded. Even so, many wounded in mountain areas still had to be carried in litters for days before reaching a motor road where American vehicles could pick them up. If they reached an American-staffed hospital alive, their chances were good. The main forward hospital, headed by Colonel Paul G. Hansen of St. Louis, handled more than 5,000 wounded, of whom only two died. Colonel Hansen did this with only part of a U. S. Army portable surgical unit, but it was better than anything the Chinese troops had ever seen, and they appreciated it.

TWO other factors in the western Hunan battle deserve mention. One was the important role which Chinese guerrillas, co-ordinated with General Wang's armies, played in disrupting Japanese rear communications. There is a belief in some sections of American public opinion that the only effective guerrillas in this country are those operating under the Yenan Communist government. The Japanese, who failed to get supplies to their ill-fated Chihkiang expedition, know differently.

The second point was the bringing into western Hunan of part of the seasoned American-trained and -equipped Chinese troops who had fought through the Burma campaign. These troops, now known as the Chinese New Sixth Army, were flown into Chihkiang with their pack animals and full equipment by American transport planes—a remarkable job in itself. It was hoped that they might be able to stem the Japanese if the regular Chinese armies couldn't. But even as they arrived, the ragged regulars began pushing the Japanese around, so the fattened and elite New Sixth took no part in the action.

By May 10, five weeks after the Japanese drive began, all enemy forces were retreating in none too good order and Paoching's own capture looked promising. The northbound enemy column had never traveled very far from Paoching, having been stopped cold early in the battle.

The Japanese had sent in replacements, of course, to try to avert the disaster—but disaster it became nevertheless. And before the end of May the Japanese started what looked like a general withdrawal from the south China corridor. First they gave up the salient west of Liuchow, then the former American air-base city of Nanning, athwart the corridor. By allowing the corridor to be cut, the enemy virtually abandoned all his forces left in the south—Indo-China, Thailand, and Malaya—because with the Pacific sea lanes under American control, only the land corridor remained as an escape route for those forces.

Whether the western Hunan defeat itself forced the Japs to relinquish the south China corridor, no one can say for certain. It is generally believed here, though, that the Japanese already had planned to withdraw their corridor forces and consolidate for a continental showdown in north China and Manchuria. The try for the Chihkiang air base would then have been an attempt to effect this withdrawal with minimum danger from air attack. Their failure to knock out Chihkiang forces them to run that aerial gantlet, a fact of which Colonel Dunning's fliers are reminding them daily.

There can be little question that much of this Chinese success is traceable to the military reorganization begun by Generalissimo Chiang after the Stilwell affair last October. This principally included the appointment of a new, efficient War Minister, General Chen Cheng, and the consolidation of understrength divisions.

There is much to be done yet, both in the American equipping and training program and in improving the supply situation within China. The plight owing to the latter was illustrated grimly enough when General Lee's troops were reduced to eating grass on Green Rock. In fact, Chinese troops in western Hunan got little more than rice and salt, without vegetables or meat, during or before the battle. Chinese supply machinery recently has been reorganized, with a new Chinese Services of Supply working jointly with the U. S. Army Service Forces. But transportation is still a headache, which is obvious once you've seen the mountain terrain of this country and the precipitous contortions of its few roads. Off the roads, where supplies must ultimately go, there are only narrow one-man trails for coolies and fairly hardy pack animals—though coolies are preferred because of the scarcity of fodder. Air supply, as in Burma, may be the best answer for future Chinese campaigns. This was emphasized when a cargo plane flew back to Kunming in three hours. The road trip had taken five days.

Despite the problems ahead, the western Hunan victory has cheered American officers in China. To quote Lieutenant General A. C. Wedemeyer, our China theater commander, "The future looks a lot better in this theater."

But whether Chinese-American military co-operation keeps improving or relapses into the past, there are still at least 7,000 good Japanese in western Hunan today.

THE END

IT'S *YOUR* FOREIGN POLICY

Continued from Page 29

sistant Secretaries, meets regularly, compares notes, and reviews the latest international developments—and eventually decides what will be proposed as foreign policies.

This whole procedure is comparatively new in American government. As Walter Lippmann points out: "We must face the fact that for nearly fifty years the nation has not had a settled and generally accepted foreign policy. This is a danger to the Republic. For when a people is divided within itself about the conduct of its foreign relations . . . it is unable to prepare adequately for war or to safeguard successfully its peace. Thus its course in foreign affairs depends . . . not on reflection and choice but on accident and force."

Today, the State Department is doing its utmost not only to establish a foreign policy and form lasting bonds of friendship with other countries, but also to reflect the will of an aware and enlightened people.

THE END

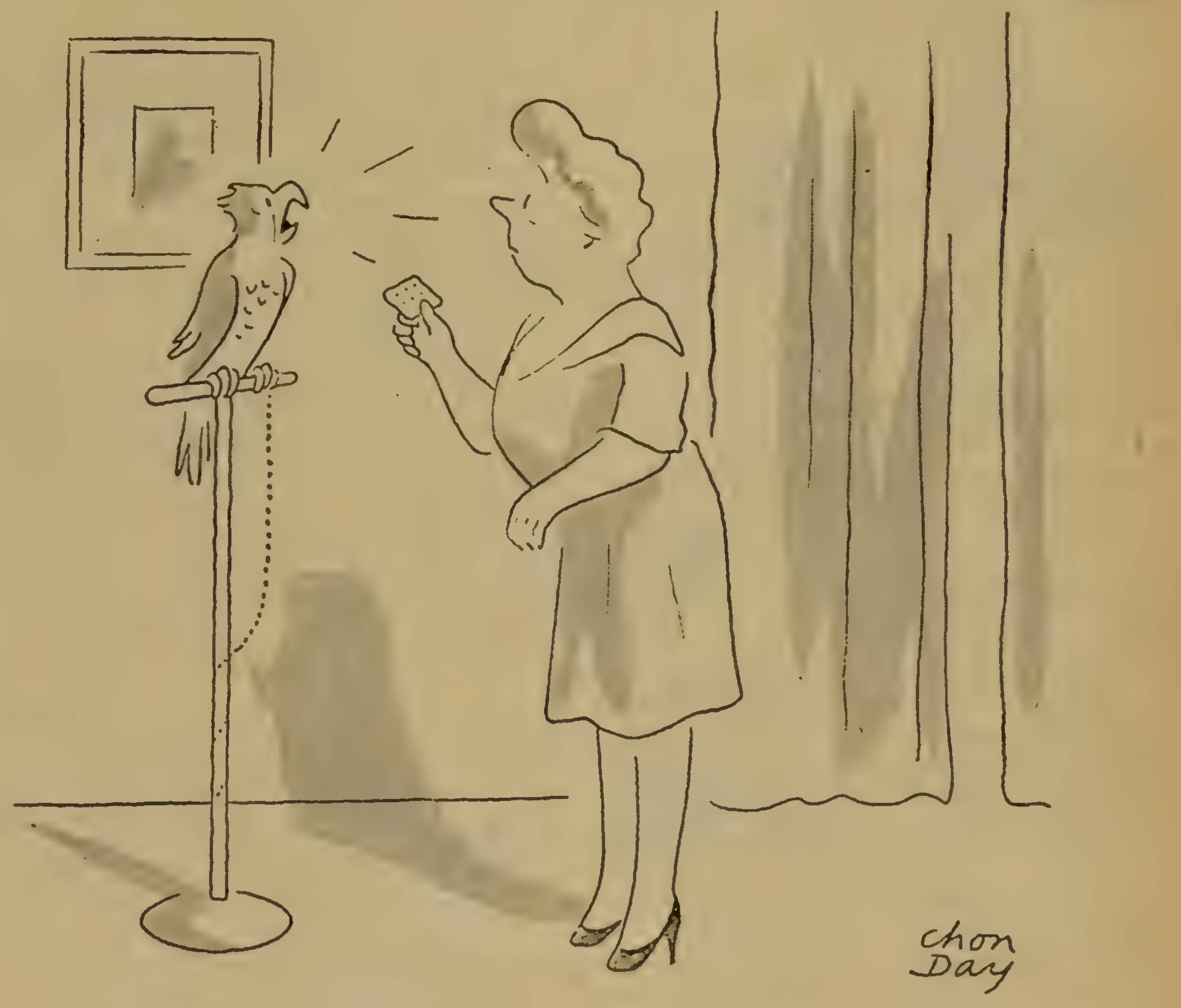
* * *

How many men rode into "the valley of death"?

Although Tennyson's classic poem, The Charge of the Light Brigade, states: "Into the valley of death rode the six hundred," actually the brigade consisted of 673 men, of whom 478 lost their lives.

* * *

Advertisement



"*Crackers! Always crackers! I want Wheaties with milk and fruit!*"

Polly's only repeating what lots of folks say every day. Wheaties, you know, are America's favorite whole wheat flakes. Chuck-full of good nourishment, grand "second-helping" flavor. You say, "I want Wheaties, milk and fruit"—tomorrow morning. Try it, famous "Breakfast of Champions."

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE
*F-N TEST?

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1. "It's F-N, the test for men!" Scratch your head—if you find dryness or loose dandruff you need Wildroot Cream-Oil. Buy the large economy size.

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LIKE THIS WITH NEW
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2. A little Wildroot Cream-Oil can do a big job for your hair. Keeps it well groomed all day long without that greasy, plastered down look! Your hair looks and feels good!

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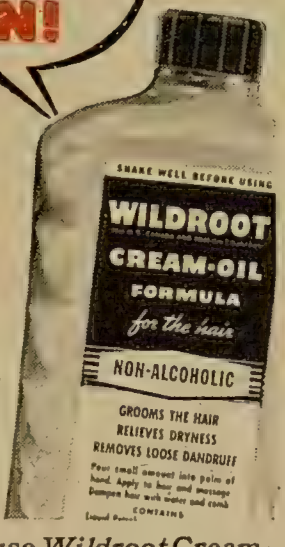
3. Refined LANOLIN has long been prescribed because of its soothing qualities, and because it resembles the oil of the human skin. A little Wildroot Cream-Oil goes a long way. Get it today from your barber or drug counter.

SPECIAL NOTE
TO WOMEN...

Thousands of women use Wildroot Cream-Oil to remove loose dandruff, relieve dryness, and help beautify their hair. Try it before a shampoo . . . also after a permanent wave to relieve dryness. Excellent for training children's hair.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS NOW!



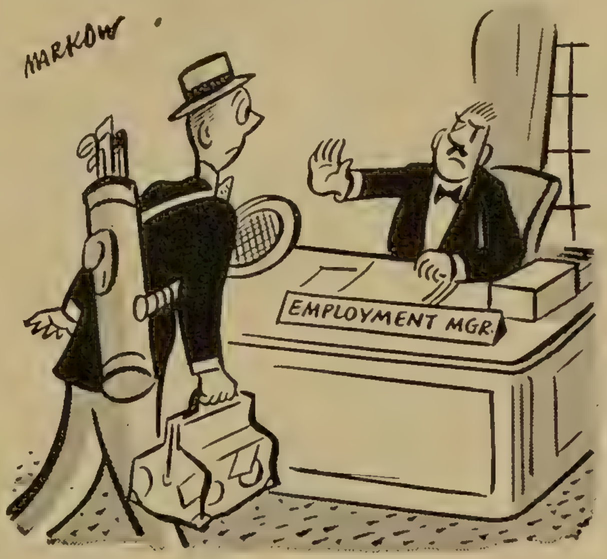
THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

SGT. WM. LEAHY, *China.* You win your bet. Britain's Royal Navy in the Pacific is operating under the command of Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, U. S. N. It is probably the first time in history that a large section of the Royal Navy has ever fought under the command of a foreign admiral.

* * *

H. J., Atlanta, Ga. You are not entitled to get your old job back again at this late date. The G. I. Bill of Rights, in guaranteeing that benefit to vets, specifically states that if you want your old job back, you must apply to your former employer within ninety days after your discharge. If you felt you wanted a six-month vacation before going back to work, you should have consulted him first, and tried to make such an arrangement with him. Too late now, though.



Too late!

* * *

Sgt. Ben Schneider, Atlantic City, N. J. While there were more men fighting this time, fewer U. S. soldiers were killed on this V-E Day than were killed on Armistice Day, 1918. On the last day of World War I, 213 American soldiers were killed and 1,114 were wounded. This time, V-E Day saw only one Yank killed and only twelve wounded.

* * *

Cpl. Sidney Schwartz, Germany. Write and tell your wife not to worry because someone stole her family-allowance check. She should notify the Office of Dependency Benefits, giving your name, serial number, and the month for which the check was due. A new check will be issued.

* * *

Don Kent, Seattle, Wash. There is no automatic pension for World War I vets. That is nothing more than a scuttle-butt rumor which has been making the rounds lately.

* * *

Richard Baldwin, Stamford, Conn. Vikasol is apparently the solution to which you refer. It was discovered by Alexander V. Palladin, the Russian biochemist, and is a vitamin-K solution which has proved successful in stopping capillary bleeding and in speeding the healing of wounds. If we had never gotten anything else from the Russians in return for our lend-lease equipment, this would indeed have been sufficient repayment, because the use of vikasol by American doctors will save, conservatively speaking, thousands of American lives each year.

* * *

B. Robinson, S1/c, Pearl Harbor. You need have no fears. If anything should happen to you, your mother will get all the money from your government insurance. That money cannot be attached for your debts under any circumstances, no matter how much you owed when you enlisted.

* * *

Pvt. Bob Glover, El Paso, Tex. If you are discharged with a service-connected disability, and you receive a pension, that money will be exempt from taxation, including personal income taxes.

* * *

Cpl. Jack Greene, Denver, Colo. You may convert your government insurance after the first year to either an ordinary life policy, on which you pay premiums for life, or a twenty-payment life policy, on which you pay premiums for twenty years and become paid up for life, or, lastly, a thirty-payment life policy which is similar to the twenty-payment life policy, except that your premiums continue for thirty years. Yes, your government insurance may be converted while you are still in the service.

* * *

R. Smith, Chicago, Ill. The official Third Infantry Division song your brother wrote to you about is called The Dog-Faced Soldier and the lyrics are:

I wouldn't give a bean
To be a fancy-pants marine—
I'd rather be a dog-faced soldier like I am.
I wouldn't trade my old O. D.s
For all the Navy dungarees—
For I'm the walking pride of Uncle Sam.

I'm just a dog-faced soldier
With a rifle on my shoulder
And I eat a Kraut for breakfast every day.
So feed me ammunition,
Keep me in the Third Division—
Your dog-faced soldier boy's O. K.

Note to all sailors and marines: Old Sarge did not write the song, so if you want to complain about the reference to your service, write to the Third Infantry Division Association, P. O. Box No. 74, Benjamin Franklin Station, Washington 4, D. C.

This department of Liberty is for your convenience. It is here to answer your questions about the Armed Forces. No names will be used without express permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

AN ADMIRAL LOOKS AT UNIFICATION

Continued from Page 23

Surely no one will say that the knowledge that they're naval officers first has interfered with our fliers' effectiveness as naval aviators.

Then there are the marines. Many people don't understand the marines. Perhaps the simplest thing is to say that they're soldiers who can go to sea without getting seasick. But marine aviation is an integral part of naval aviation, not a separate air force within the Navy. Marine fliers operate from carriers as naval aviators do, and their effectiveness is shown by the excellent close-in support they give in amphibious operations. When marines go ashore they can best be covered by their own fliers, who know Marine tactics. It is then a mutual operation, with the marines in the air understanding perfectly what the marines on the ground are trying to do, and vice versa.

BEFORE we decide on unification, we'd best make sure we don't lose the benefit of certain special training and *esprit,* such as the marines have.

At least one witness before last year's hearings thought that the marines should disappear as a separate unit and become a part of the Army. An earlier attempt to telescope the marines into the Army was made in 1867, when the services were being reduced after the Civil War. The corps had been established in 1775, in the light of British experience, and had kept its separate existence even when the Navy as a whole was under the administration of the War Department. The 1867 merger plan was rejected, and the Congressional committee recommended instead that the corps be strengthened.

"It's just that he's so happy for you, silly!"

It would seem to me just as logical for the Army to be telescoped into the Marine Corps. Indeed, a Navy spokesman at the hearings suggested that if Congress must have a consolidation, it consider merging the whole military organization into the existing Navy.

We shall have, as he pointed out, the largest Navy the world has ever known, with its naval air force and marines, with many years' experience in two- and three-dimensional warfare, and with machinery for common procurement. That could be a nucleus for a larger force in case of another war.

I cannot pretend to peer very far into the future. It may be that we shall live in a sort of Buck Rogers world and that men will wage war by sitting deep underground and launching missiles against each other across vast distances merely by pressing buttons. But that won't be for quite a while. Some minor prophet has said that the Navy's role will be reduced in the future to carrying heavy freight. With this I cannot agree, despite the progress of long-range bombing.

IN the immediately foreseeable postwar period the flat-top will play an important role. As Admiral Mahan taught, no nation can be strong without sea power, and in the new concept of sea power the carrier occupies a central place. The carrier will be needed to ferry the fighter—always a short-range plane—close to the point of combat. Men in great numbers, and their equipment, still need to be transported by sea, and must be protected by naval air power. The airplane has been the best weapon against the submarine in this war, and will continue to be.

If guided missiles are needed in future operations, they can be launched from carrier planes. Such a plane, for instance, can leave the carrier deck, approach its target, release its guided bomb, return to the carrier, and repeat this several times a day.

But, I want to reiterate, the Navy's effectiveness depends upon an integrated control of its own aviation, both ship based and shore based. Given this, the Navy will continue to be America's first line of defense.

THE END

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ALL THE WORLD OVER

Continued from Page 37

upstairs, back to the little room that was still Johnny's room. Mac knew everything about it—the starched white curtains, the hooked rugs on the painted floors, the pictures on the walls. But there were two beds.

"Sleep well, my dear—" Suddenly the little woman turned and ran, and Mac knew that she was crying. Why? Because Johnny had married a foreign girl off the streets and sent her home to live with them? Sure. Mac had seen the look in Johnny's father's eye. He'd known, too—just as Thorn had said he'd know. She could imagine what he and Johnny's mother would be saying to each other presently, in the dark.

"Johnny—Johnny!" she said aloud.

She was calling on him for help—to hold her close. The room made him feel close. His school pictures were on the wall. She could look at them now.

There he was in a group of footballers. And there was a snapshot of Johnny and a girl sitting under a tree close to each other. The girl wore a white dress and her arm was linked through Johnny's. Mac took the picture off the wall and carried it to the light over the bureau. She recognized the eager smiling girl's face. She'd seen it before, smiling too, but pale as death.

She stood quiet for a long time. Then she opened a drawer and put the picture in it, face down. Presently she switched out the light and crept into Johnny's bed. She knew it was his, because it was old and battered and he'd carved his initials on the headboard. "I'll be thinking of you there," he'd said that last day in the hospital. "Maybe I'll be there waiting for you."

Maybe he was.

"Johnny—Johnny, please come soon—"

And then a funny little thing happened. The door opened a crack, letting in a streak of light. Against it she made out Jimmy's bullet head.

"Hi!" he whispered.

"Hi!" she whispered back.

"I'm sorry I was rude. I didn't mean that about your aitches. I guess we sound darned funny to you too. Is it O. K.?"

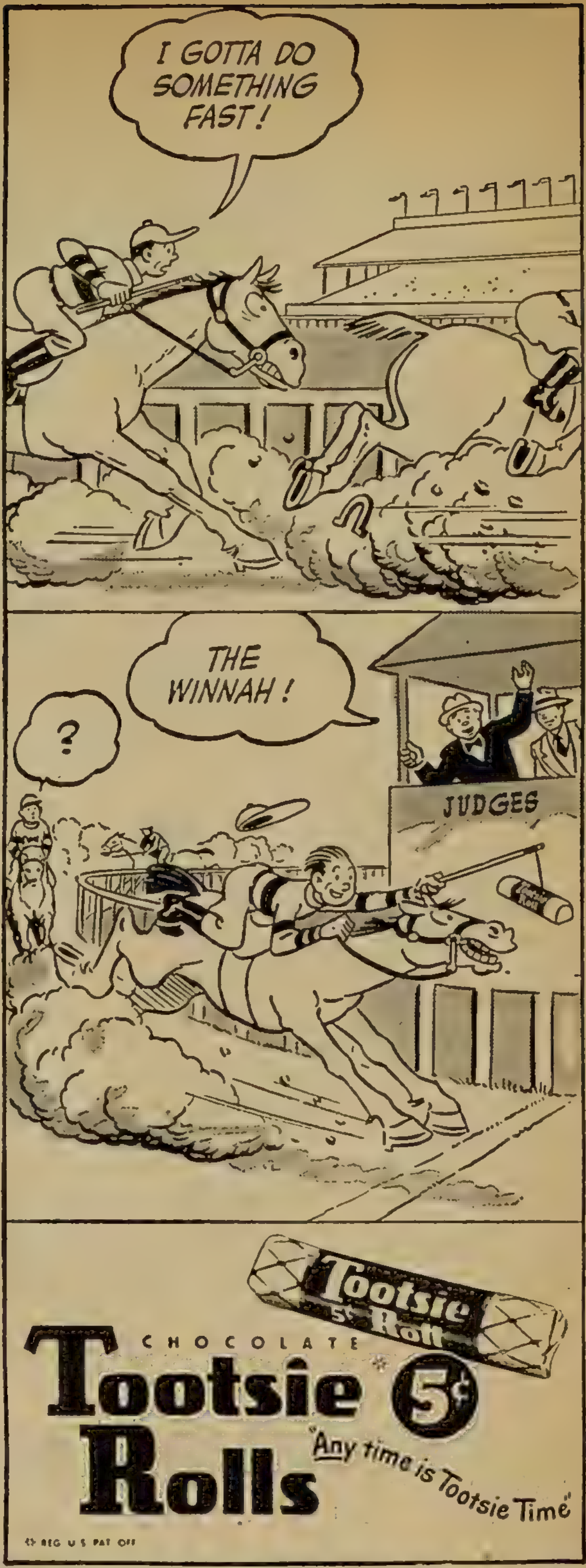
"It's O. K., sonny."

The door closed again. She put her face down on Johnny's pillow and sank without a struggle into a deep velvet sleep.

I'M loco, Thorn Bradley thought—clean off my rocker. He climbed out of the hot dusty train onto the sun-scorched platform. A fellow traveler, overtaking him outside the depot, stuck his head through his flivver's window. "Want a lift into town, sailor?" Thorn shook his head. The fact was he liked the feel of the hard steady earth under his feet, the smell of it, and of the green fertile land stretching all around him. He kept on thinking of more names to call himself for making this damn-fool trek across half a continent, giving the land a chance to get its fangs into him again.

The sea was a long way off now. The land encompassed him. The mountains were like arms, gathering him in. He thought, the pain mixed with a queer excitement, how his mother's eyes would have lighted up at sight of this verdant valley. He could hear her voice: "These are dandy crops, son. They know their stuff in these parts—"

The town lay white and sleepy in a nest of green. The wise guys said of returning soldiers that they'd be too restless to settle down on their old stamping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grounds. But Thorn guessed that Johnny would come back to these tree-shadowed streets like a lost-and-found kid to its mother. He wouldn't want to stir again. Thorn went into the corner drugstore. He needed a cold drink, and a drugstore was as good a place as any to ask where Johnny Moore's folks hung out and whether Johnny's foreign wife had come home to them. He wasn't clear in his own mind why he had to know, or what he meant to do about it anyway.

But he didn't have to ask questions. He'd just ordered himself a drink when he saw her standing in the doorway. She was like a sore thumb—so impossibly wrong that it was almost funny. In spite of the heat she wore her beret, pulled down rakishly on the thick unruly hair. The famous ersatz-rayon dress had been ironed out of its creases. But she was still all dolled up with lipstick. And her eyes still had their hunted beauty.

"Where the 'ell do you come from?" she asked.

"A bench in Central Park, little old New York," Thorn retorted. "I don't let my girls run out on me—not without a fight," he added.

The truth was, as he knew now, that he'd had to be sure that she'd vamoosed after someone better heeled than a mere third mate was liable to be. Then he'd have been able to brush her off with a shrug. She hadn't. She'd beaten her way home—at least to Johnny's home.

"Buy you a coke," he said.

He took her by the arm as he had done before and steered her to a side table. He could feel the soda jerker's eyes goggle after them. By midday the whole of Cherry Creek would know that Johnny's wife had brought a boy friend trailing after her. "So you made it under your own steam," Thorn said. "I wonder why."

There was a quiver of laughter in her voice.

"Why do you wonder? Wot the 'ell—hell—'as it got to do with you?"

"Let's leave hell out of it. And if you're going to aspirate your aitches, aspirate them. Or let 'em be. Do one thing or the other. You make me all confused. How d'you like our coke?"

"Muck," she said.

"Well, I'll admit it isn't good old 'alf-and-'alf. But anyway it's not half warm either. Where and how's Johnny?"

He wasn't looking at her. But he knew that she had drawn inwardly away from him as though he'd hurt her. She said quietly, "I dunno. They don't know neither. 'E's on 'is way, I guess."

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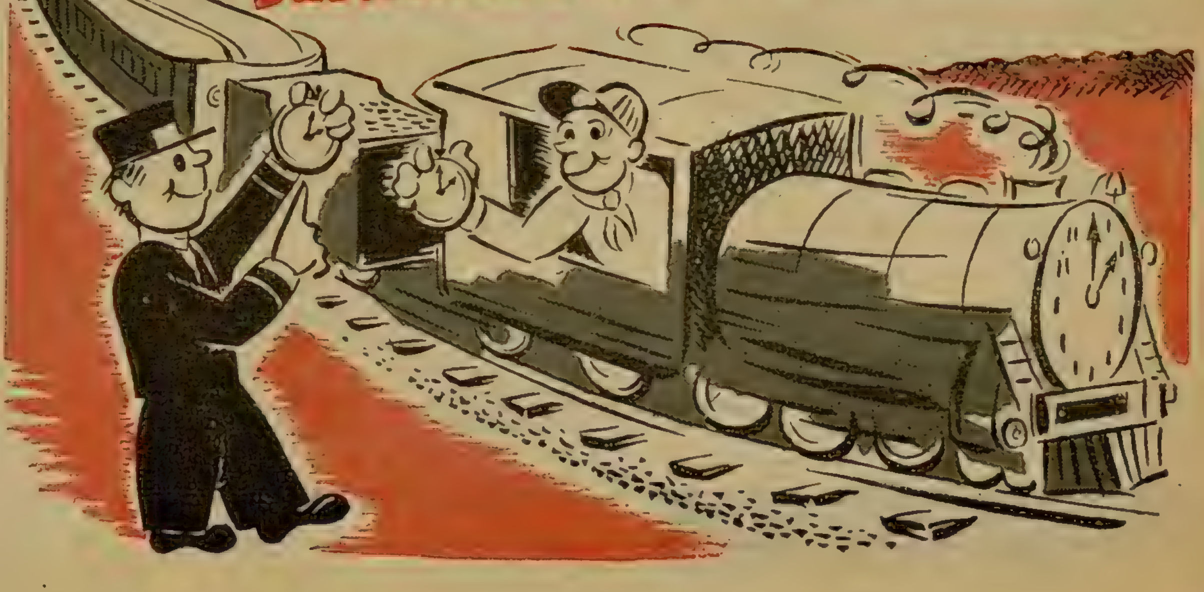

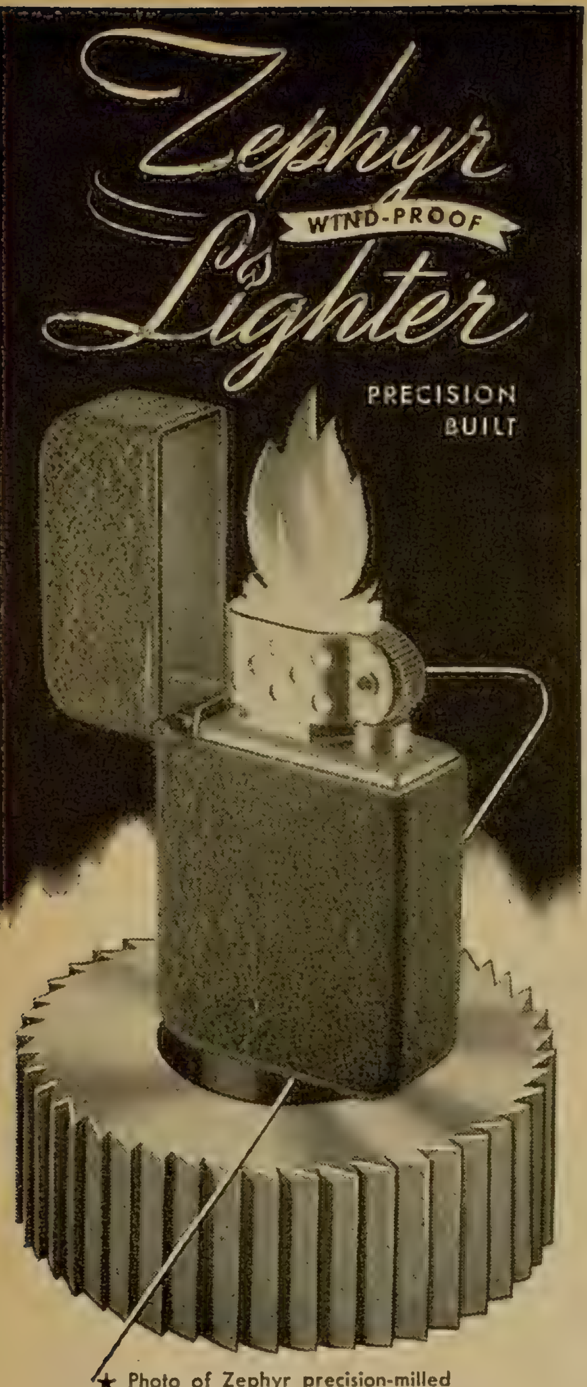

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"How are you making out—with them, I mean?"

"I ain't." She took another sip of her drink and he saw her hand. She was holding the glass so hard that her knuckles stood out white. "I was a damn fool, Thorny."

"So are we all," he said.

"I—mean, to think I could. They—they won't look at me, Thorny, not straight. They won't even talk to me. They try. But it's no soap. We 'aven't anything to say. They won't even talk of Johnny. And the old man knows—"

"Knows what, Mac?"

"Me," she said tragically.

He nearly offered her a cigarette, and then remembered Cherry Creek and didn't.

"I wonder."

"Sure. Johnny knew too. I didn't kid him, Thorny. It just didn't matter—over there. Johnny knew I'd taken it on the neck. We was in the soup together. Johnny said once, 'You and me's buddies, Mac. No matter 'ow we says it, we talks the same language.' That was after I'd told 'im about pa and ma—and Sonny."

Thorn said gently, "Tell me, Mac," and saw the flicker of her heavy lashes. She put her head back.

"Sonny being my kid brother. The night I got 'ome from the factory—late 'cause I 'ad to walk it over the worst mess you ever saw—they was digging 'em out—bits of 'em. They found pa under 'is old sign, 'Fish and Chips.' But they never found nothing of Sonny but 'is right 'and that 'e used to tuck in mine when we crossed the street together. I went back to the factory. Punched the old time clock right on the beezer. But at night—well, I didn't 'ave nowhere to go but the Rest 'Ouse—no one to gab to but a lot of strangers—" She laughed to herself. "You asked something about the clergy of our parish, Thorny. But I didn't 'ave no parish left. It was busted flat, and the clergy—a nice little chap 'e was, like a mouse but with guts like a lion—'e was busted too. The factory manager spoke for me. 'E wrote Johnny's C. O. that I was a good girl and that my folks were decent. They was too, Thorny. They'd 'ave turned in their graves knowing wot 'ad come to me. But I couldn't 'elp it. I 'ad to 'ave someone warm and livin' and lovin' to 'old on to—just for a little. Sometimes I 'ad to make myself see pink elephants not to see worse—pa and ma and Sonny's 'and—"

"Shut up!" Thorn ground out.

Damn her. Damn her to hell! She'd shoved him back on that raft. He was looking into his buddy's eyes, mad and piteous, as he had looked into them in that last frantic encounter. The raft overturned and when he clambered back he was alone. Mac was alone too. She'd seen her world go under.

HE went on: "It's O. K. by me, Mac. But it won't be O. K. here—not even with Johnny; maybe not even for Johnny. His folks haven't had the ground knocked from under them. They don't understand."

"They don't want to," she said.

"They don't dare." He laid his heavy hand on hers. "I do. I've taken a licking too. Get out, Mac, before you've messed up the whole works, for yourself and everyone. I've got a pocket of money laid by. I could buy us a bit of land and start again. You and me could make the grade."

She stood up. She said simply, "I love Johnny," and waited for him to answer that one. He hadn't any answer. She turned and tap-tapped out of the dim store into the glaring withering sunshine.

JOHNNY'S mother had said to call her ma, like Johnny did. Mac had tried and had seen her shrink as if she couldn't

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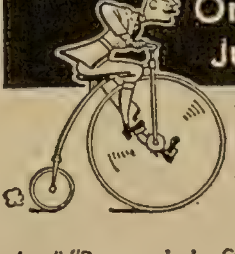

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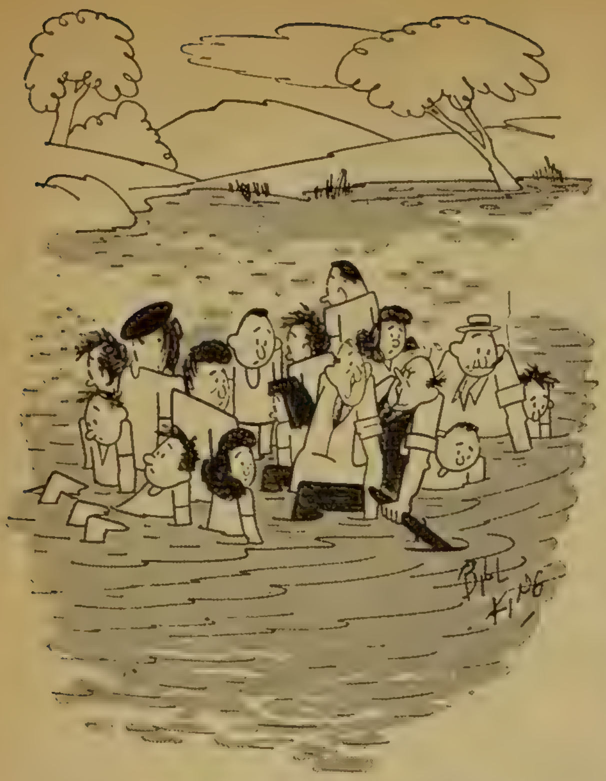

"I told you we should have rented two boats!"

bear it. So Mac hadn't tried again. Johnny's mother didn't want her round, helping with the chores. Mac didn't understand all the newfangled gadgets—the electric washer and the electric this, that, and t'other. (They'd be glad of a bit of soap where she came from.) So Johnny's mother had said patiently, "Why not go out and take a look at our town, Margaret? You can't get lost in Cherry Creek."

But you could feel lost—so damned lost you knew you'd never find your way again. For a moment, running into Thorny, she'd felt better. Almost safe. But it didn't last. Thorny didn't know where he was going either. He was nuts too. He couldn't help her. So she went on walking, down one tree-lined street after another, headed for nowhere, with the dreadful heat making her head feel like it was swimming in a sick yellow haze.

Somebody spoke to her. The voice said, "Hello!" and she turned and saw the dark-haired girl in the white dress. The overhanging trees made a pattern of shadow on her pale small face. She didn't wear any lipstick. Her lips were pale, too, like she'd been very ill. But she was a pretty little piece. She said in a low voice, "You're Johnny's wife."

This was Johnny's girl—his Cherry Creek girl—who said, holding out her hand, "I'm Katey Rogers. Johnny and I used to go to school together. I thought maybe you were feeling strange and lonesome." She added, "Johnny would have liked us to be friends."

"Thanks," Mac said. She sounded stiff and unfriendly, almost scornful. She couldn't help it, any more than Katey Rogers could help that hurt sick look in her eyes. There was pity in them too, and pity was something Mac had never stomached.

She turned and walked on and the girl kept step beside her.

"Maybe Johnny told you—about me?" Katey Rogers asked.

"No, 'e didn't," Mac said. It was the truth. Actually he hadn't talked much about anyone, only about things and places. He'd talked about what he called "eats" and his ma's cookies. Things like that seemed real to him. But the folks, he'd said, puzzled like, didn't. He didn't seem able to lay hold of them. "I never 'eard of you," Mac said.

"Oh." There was a little aching silence. "I guess you plan to live here, don't you, with Johnny's folks?"

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"Johnny planned to. But I guess we'll move on somewheres—on our own."

"Don't you like us?" the girl asked.

"'Ow the 'ell should I know? I don't know you—"

"You must give us time."

"There ain't so much time as you think," Mac said—"not for some of us." Then she went on, out of her bitterness, "But I'll tell you one thing. You won't like me—not in a thousand years."

"Why not?" Katey asked, simple as a little girl. "Johnny liked you."

"That's different," Mac said. "Johnny and me belong."

It was as though she'd lashed out with her fists at her companion, seeking out a weakness, an unguarded place where she could be badly hurt. But Katey Rogers didn't hit back like she ought. She was a gentle, soft creature, the sort that Johnny would naturally have cottoned to in his easygoing lighthearted days—before they got him in the neck. But not afterward—not over there. Not with the banshee alert wailing in his ears and the *crump-crump* of the bombs blasting his damn-your-eyes cockiness to smithereens. But then that was all over now. The London lights were on again. Johnny was coming home—maybe not all at once, but slowly, surely. His eyes would blink at first at this bright sunlight. But they'd get used to it. It was his sunlight. Maybe—the thought pierced her mind like a sharp poisoned knife—maybe he'd look at her and see her as his dad and ma saw her, not any more his buddy amid death and ruin, but a tramp he'd picked up out of the muck and dumped among them.

"Margaret"—the girl actually used her name like they were friends—"there's something I've got to tell you. Johnny and I were to have been married. But he wouldn't let me marry him till he got back. He said something might happen to him—"

Mac let out a strident little laugh.

"A lot 'appened to a lot of us."

"He never even wrote me. I guess it was just too difficult. I guess he didn't know"—she faltered pitifully—"that I would have understood—"

"You couldn't understand—" Mac flung at her—"not if you lived a thousand years. He just didn't remember you. You was outsiders—the whole boiling lot of you. That's it—" She had found the right word at last, and with a bitter triumph, "Outsiders!" she said again.

Maybe the girl felt like keeling over too. She stopped and held on to the post of a white garden rail.

"I wanted you to know that it's all right, Margaret. I'll always love Johnny. But it won't hurt him—or—or anyone. I wanted to be your friend. I could be—if you'd let me."

"I 'ates your guts," Mac said.

She walked on, alone now, stumbling, blind with wild hopeless tears.

SHE knew now what scared her. It was the feeling of being watched. Everyone watched her. But they didn't look at her—not straight. The people she met on the street stared down at their own feet or into the far distance. But when they were past she guessed that they turned and looked after her and whispered, "Johnny's wife!"

She could almost hear the scornful pitying click of their tongues.

She wanted to run—run for her life, as she had done one frantic night when it had seemed the Jerries were after her and no one else in the whole world.

Instead, she walked slowly, swaggering a little.

Johnny's home felt almost like a shelter, shielding her, a place into which she could crawl and hide.

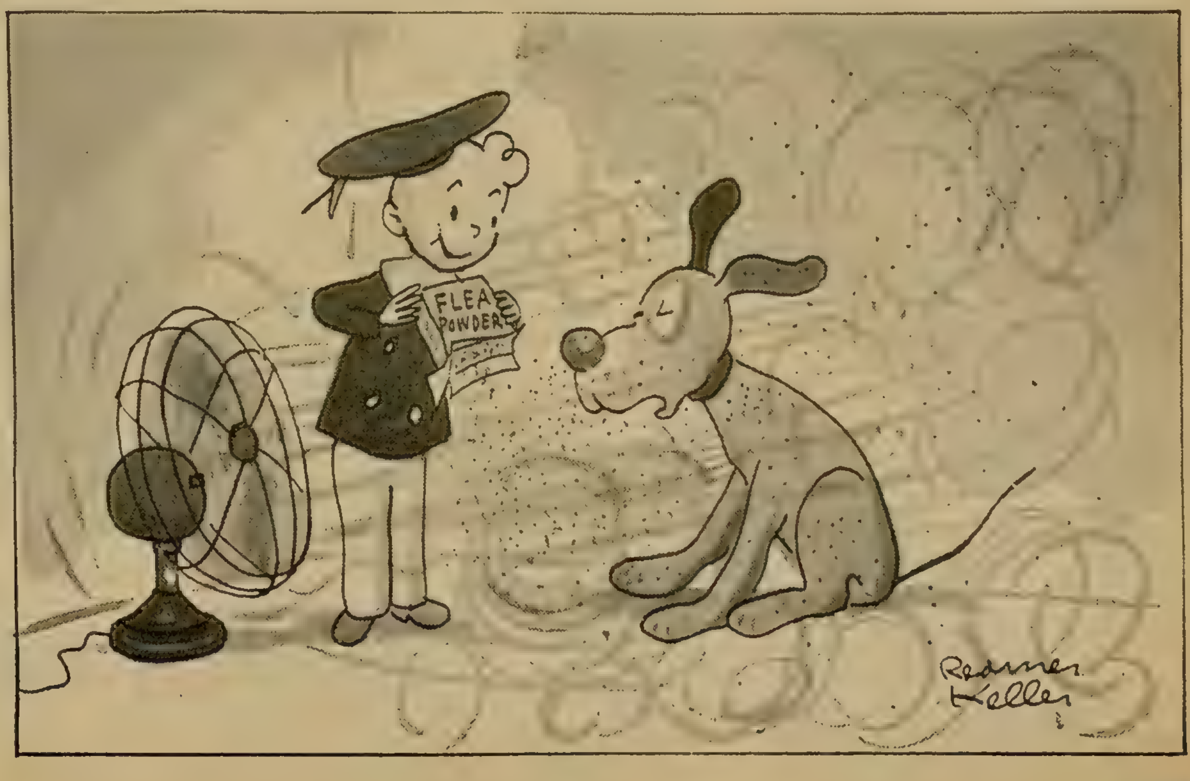
She found some steps in the shade back of the kitchen and sat down, her sweat-stained face hidden in her hands. It had been good, seeing Thorny. He was tough all right. He didn't kid himself—not about himself or her or anything. Yet he'd come after her. It had been worth his while. He'd cared that much. It gave her a little comfort to know that he had cared at all.

She heard Jimmy whistling down the street. Suddenly the gay little sound broke off as though he'd just remembered that there was trouble back home waiting for him and which he had forgotten. She wished Jimmy had gone on whistling—at least, that it hadn't been the thought of her that had stopped him. She heard him go up the front steps slowly, heavily, like there was lead in his boots. His mother chirped, "Hullo, Jimmy!" making believe it was a hell of a fine world; and he called back, "Hullo, marm!" like he had lead in his heart.

The two of them were in the kitchen back of her. They talked so low she couldn't hear what they said. She didn't want to hear. But presently a man's strong

(*Continued on page 72*)

HARDTACK



Asado in the Argentine

1 **"I asked for it!"** writes a Yankee friend of Canadian Club Whisky, about an *asado*—or barbecue—at a cattle estancia near Buenos Aires. "Having seen a steer lassoed with the three-pronged gaucho boleadores, I opined that was rough on the steer... whereupon my hosts demonstrated, with me as the target, that the properly-thrown boleadores grip no worse than a strong handclasp.

2 **"But that was child's play** compared to my first fling at *la sortija*, popular asado game. They suspend a neckerchief ring from a thread, then you ride at it full tilt. The object—to spear the ring with a slender dagger.

3 **"Time out** for feasting came none too soon. And what a feast!—in a way, almost an historical occasion. For, so I was told, the gaucho is a vanishing type. Today's Argentina moves on wheels—and wings.

4 **"Today it's a land** of great mechanized ranchos and wheat fields, and already an industrial giant too. And it's an air-minded land, to which tomorrow the great Pan American Clippers will fly you from home ports in just one day.

5 **"But don't expect all your** thrills here to be Argentine-made. For, whether in Buenos Aires or out on the pampas, you'll find hosts offering you Canadian Club just as proudly as it's served at home!"

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(Continued from page 70)

deep voice added itself to theirs and she couldn't help but hear.

"Where is she, ma?"

"Out somewheres. She wasn't any use about the house and I thought it would do her good to get out a bit."

"What are we going to do, ma? We can't go on like this. I can't take it—"

"You've just got to, Jeff. We've got to give her time."

"Time!" He gave a sort of laugh. "Time won't help."

Mac stood up. There was a back staircase to her room. Johnny's room. "Johnny! Johnny!" she whispered to him. But it was no good. Even if he'd answered, stood right there in front of her, it wouldn't have been any good. He'd look at her as they all looked at her, not really seeing her at all. He'd see what his dad saw.

She stuffed the battered suitcase with her few poor things. She wouldn't leave even a note behind. There was nothing that she could say to them. But she knew what she would do. She'd bum a ride to the next town and hock her gold ring and the diamond wrist watch Johnny had given her out of his bewildering lavishness. Somehow she'd beat her way back where people still scrabbled among ruins, went cold and hungry, who wouldn't remember anything of her but that come hell or high water she'd punched her time clock on the dot. Maybe Johnny'd come after her and find her where they'd found each other. He'd never find her here.

"So long, Johnny!" she whispered to his bed, his picture, everything that was his. "So long, buddy!"

She went down the back stairs like a thief. They were still talking in the kitchen, almost in whispers.

On the dusty sun-scorched road outside the town a car overtook her and drew up. A man's tanned good-humored face grinned down at her out of the window.

"Where are you headed, sister?"

There was only one town that mattered to her now.

"Lunnon," she said.

"Never heard of it. But it looks like you're on my way. Step aboard, sister. Let's go!"

THE dusk came up suddenly. It jumped out at you from nowhere. The mountains grew black and cold and closed in on you, like enemies that had been waiting.

The man at the wheel tossed her suitcase out after her. The lock broke and the contents spilled out pitifully. The man's face was red where she had struck him.

"You damned wildcat! You make wherever you're going on your own two feet."

Then he was gone in a cloud of dust.

She wasn't angry. She had no right to be. She looked like something she wasn't—not any more. She was just Johnny's wife. But no one, except Thorny perhaps, could believe that. The man in the car had merely made a routine gesture. But he shouldn't have called her "Wonderful." It was like he'd prodded her on a raw nerve. She'd lashed out blindly.

One by one she gathered up her possessions. She sat down helplessly on the road bank and the dusk turned to night about her. She was really alone now. But there were worse things than being alone. And maybe there was something in what that nice old darky had said: "The Lord God, He goes right along with you wheresoever." It seemed more likely out here under the stars. They were wonderful stars, much brighter and bigger than she'd ever seen them. But they were the same

(Continued on page 74)

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New York, N. Y.

(Continued from page 72)

stars, Johnny had said, that had looked down on them in a dark battered city.

"If you cry now, my girl," she whispered to herself, "I'll lick the tar out of you."

She dug her fists into her eyes, like Sonny had done when he didn't want to let on that he was hurt or frightened. So she didn't see the car lights probing along the roadside till they blazed straight into her face. She shot to her feet then, teetering on her high worn heels, bracing herself to meet and defy the burly shadow that loomed up over her.

"Thorny—'ow the 'ell—"

"Cut out hell for once, Mac. You lunatic, running out on me again—"

He caught hold of her by the shoulders, and for a moment she leaned against him for warmth and comfort. She was so very tired. He lowered himself and her gently on the dusty bank. "I got to worrying about you," he said. "Don't ask me what the hell you had to do with me. I wouldn't tell you if I knew. But I just worried. So I looked up Johnny's folks. There were things about you I could tell them that you wouldn't, you upstage, stubborn little piece. You'd gone. Vamoosed. Without a word. They were all broken up, Mac—too sick and scared to know what to do next. So I jumped into their car and beat it after you." He shook her gently. "That was the damnedest thing to do, Mac. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"I'm not," she said. "I 'ad to get out. And I'll bet they're glad. They will be. Johnny too, maybe, one of these fine days."

"Johnny's dead," he told her.

He waited, it seemed for a long time. He wondered if she had stopped breathing, she was so quiet. He turned a little and saw her face in the starlight. It was a ghost's face—the face of a young innocent girl who had died too.

"It was on the way home, Mac. Pneumonia. They—his folks—got word just before you landed on them. They were so rattled, so broken, Mac. Then they pulled themselves together. They thought of you, strange and lost among them. They made a plan—not to tell you, not at first, not till you'd had time—"

"Time!" she echoed.

"—time to feel at home among them. The whole town was in on it, Mac. It was a sort of plot to take care of you—to sort of spread a carpet so that you shouldn't stub your heart too hard."

She was remembering. The little old darky. The way he'd looked at her. Johnny's girl, the small pale face, the hurt and pitying eyes—the way she'd held back the blow that would have brought the stranger and the enemy to her knees.

"I called 'em outsiders," she said harshly.

"They weren't that, Mac. Not any of us are. We're all in it together. You and I have been right down to the bottom. But they have been in it too—up to their necks."

He drew away from her. He sat with his arms locked about his knees. He told her of himself and his mother and the lost land. He even told her of the raft and of his buddy's eyes that he couldn't close even in his own sleep. "Up to our necks," he said finally— "one way or another—the whole human lot of us."

"Poor Thorny!"

"My chin's up." He asked, "How's yours?"

Her face was lifted to the light. The old secretive look was there. But now it was coming out into the open.

"Up, too. Johnny ain't dead—not all of him. I've got a bit of him here inside me. I got his kid—"

"That's great, Mac. He'd be glad. It'll comfort them too."

"It's nothing to do with them!" she cried out in last fierce protest. "It's just mine and Johnny's—it's just him and me—"

"Them, too. A bit of their son—all that's left to them—"

THEY sat for a while longer in silence under the stars. It was growing cold and he slipped off his coat and put it about her shoulders. "Got to take care of Johnny's wife," he said.

Then he lifted her to her feet.

"Where are we going, Thorny?"

"Back," he said.

She tried to push him away from her. "I can't—I won't."

"You got to. They held the line for you, Mac. They played ball. Now it's your turn. It's up to you. You've got to let them have their share."

She said seriously, "I'll be so damned alone—"

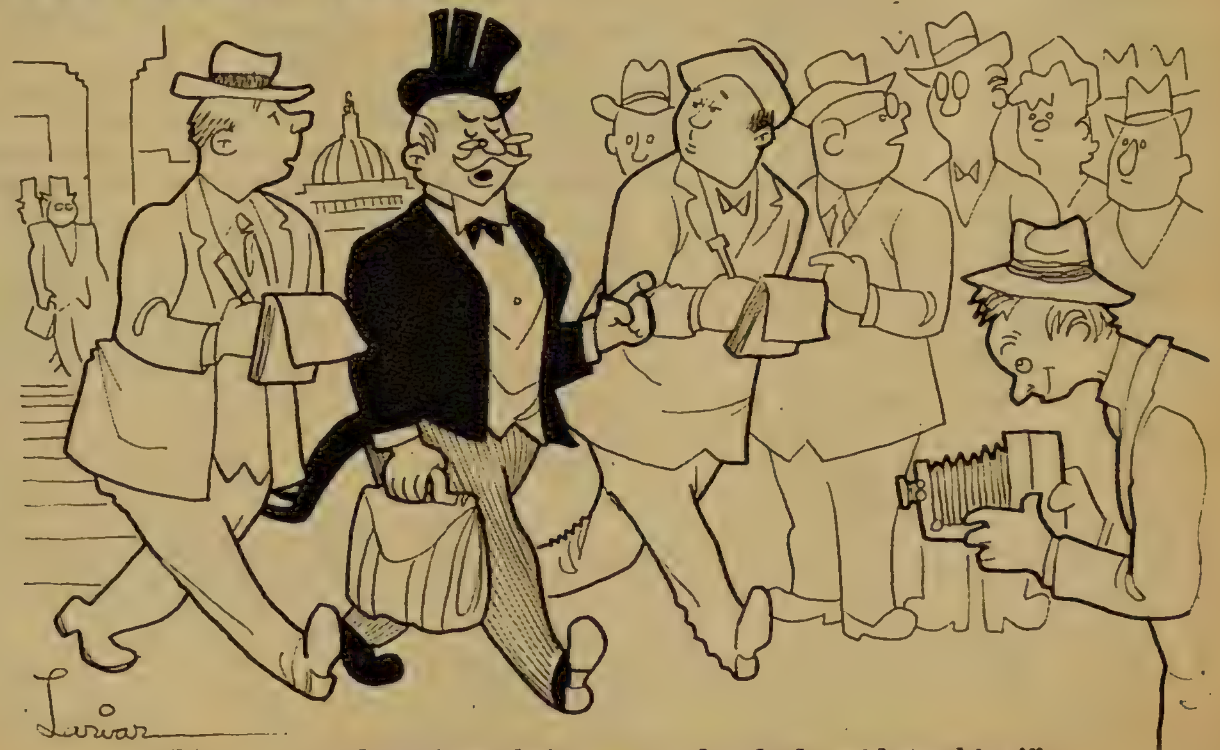
"You won't be. I'll be around. When you're ready, Mac, I'll come for you. We'll make the grade together." He put his hand in her thick hair and tousled it as he had done once before. "Is it O. K.?"

She waited a moment, looking at him in the starlight.

"Sure—it's O. K.," she said.

THE END

THE HOME FRONT



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HOLLYWOOD'S HORSY SET

Continued from Page 31

jolt, and the horse wasn't allowed to repeat, but Costello had a sensitive stern for the next few days.

Each Boyle horse specializes in one or more stunts: to bolt, rear, kick, lie down, or eat the roses off milady's hat, on cue. Drew Stanfield, the trainer, cues his charges by waving a stick. Vocal direction is taboo: the microphone picks up the lowest mumble.

At times a horse's miscue provides unexpected comedy. For a scene in The Virginian, Red Cloud, hearing a whistle, was to back out of the brush, go over to a prop tree, and look up. The tree had low-hanging branches wired on, the trunk and leaves shellacked to give it an appearance of life. Spanish moss hung from the limbs of the tree.

To direct his horse and still stay out of camera range, Stanfield had to hide in that shellac-slippery tree.

Red Cloud heard the whistle and came over to the tree, but when he looked up he spotted the moss, which looked like a delicacy to him. Unable to see Stanfield's frantic gestures, Red Cloud took a mouthful of moss and yanked. Down came the limb, and Stanfield with it. Repairs consumed two costly hours.

THE horse that can learn to untie a knot, pick a handkerchief from a man's pocket, or eat the village gossip's straw bonnet is rare indeed. At these stunts Sheik and Juaquin are specialists to the point of being nuisances. As Boyle talks shop with a director, they follow him, nudging his pocket for the carrots with which he rewards them. But the day Sheik nipped the flap off the pocket of Boyle's fancy sports coat, the director made up his mind he didn't want any cloth-eating equines in his picture.

Even rarer is the white horse suitable for picture work. Most white horses are albinos with light-colored eyes extremely sensitive to the strong lights under which they must work. An albino soon learns to shut his eyes before the camera. He may even go blind. Equally bad, the black-eyed white horse often was originally a dapple gray whose coat turned white with age. And youth is as important to picture horses as it is to human stars.

Boyle covered the Pacific coast for a white before he found Shamrock, a perfect specimen of pure-bred Arabian. His natural white coat has a silver sheen, and his black eyes and black eyelashes prove he's no albino. For three years he was the star of Boyle's stable.

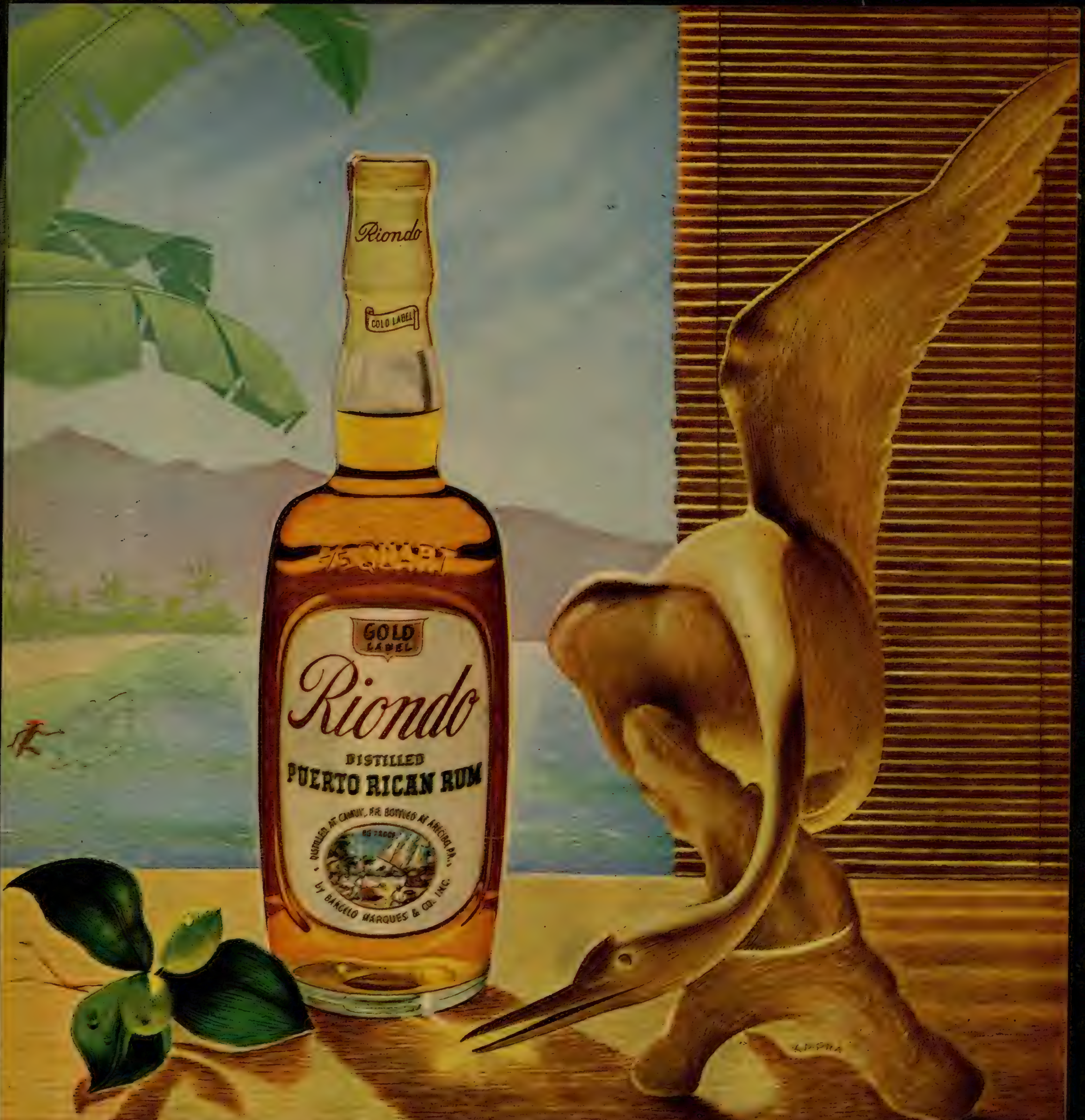
But success went to his head. "He developed bad habits, pawing in his stall until he darned near lamed himself," Boyle related sadly. "He rubbed his flowing white mane along the side of his feedbox until it was a mere fringe."

His star status ended on location in Arizona when, with Drew Stanfield ill and unable to work, Shamrock loftily refused to take any direction from the assistant trainer.

Boyle sold Shamrock to Republic studio for use by one rider who can supervise his habits. But the horse had been a good investment. Boyle had paid $400 for him, worked him intermittently for three years at $100 a week, and sold him for $1,000. Now he is searching for another white to replace his former star.

Specialty horses are paid according to a scale set by the Motion Picture Livestock Association, of which Boyle is president. A

(*Continued on page 78*)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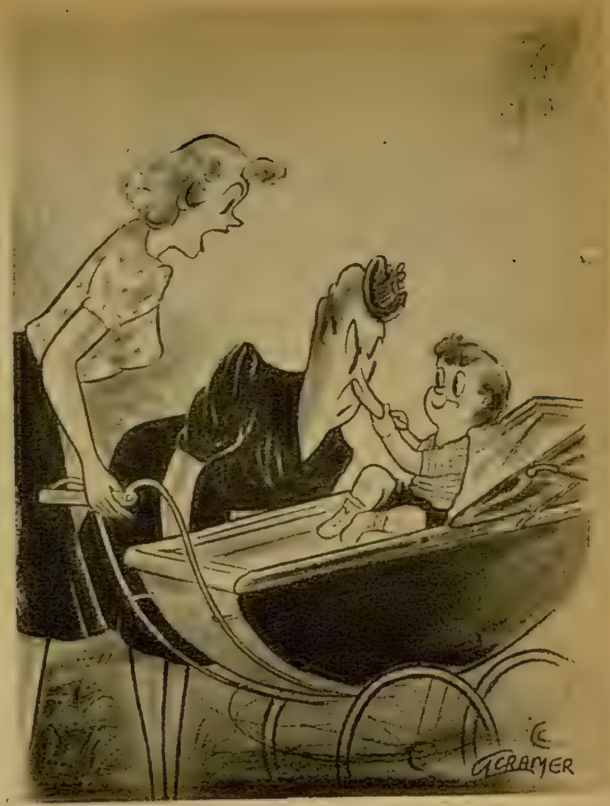

"You shouldn't offer him things to play with!"

(Continued from page 76)

kicking horse gets twenty-five dollars a day, a rearing horse ten dollars a rear, and a falling horse twenty-five dollars a fall. The horse extras get five dollars a day.

At one time Boyle owned the only two trick falling horses in the industry. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer had bought and trained them for The Cossacks at a cost of about $3,000.

After that picture they remained idle, eating a hole in the studio budget. Boyle bought them for $100 apiece. A week later, M-G-M needed two falling horses, and rented them back for the going price of $100 a fall.

Formerly, producers seldom bothered to hire trick falling horses for such shots. They used the running-W, a fiendish tripping device of airplane wire several hundred feet long with one end attached to a horse's forefeet, the other anchored to a stake in the ground. Invisible to the camera, the rider carried the wire looped, playing it out as the horse ran. The rider knew when to expect the fall and was prepared. Unfortunately, the horse was not.

The Hays office outlawed the running-W several years ago. Today, some horses are trained to take a fall without hurting themselves, but scenes of falling horses are deleted from pictures whenever possible.

For scenes in which a horse is killed, the trick rider now is shown falling off the horse on a jump. The camera shifts to the horse when it is on the ground, but for this shot, a lay-down horse that plays dead doubles for the original steed.

THAT apparently simple action—getting a horse to lie down and stay down—is the hardest of all, according to the trainer. Horses seldom lie down longer than fifteen minutes at a time, and you can't make much footage in fifteen minutes.

Duncan, a lay-down horse, twenty-six-year-old pet of Boyle's stable, holds something of a record. For one scene he lay still for an hour and a half at a stretch while action went on around him.

Stampeding horses is another difficult picture assignment. Two men can handle a stampede of 100 cattle, but it takes twenty-five to stampede 100 horses.

In a desert scene for Sudan, made near Gallup, New Mexico, 250 head of horses were used. Indians from a near-by reservation were hired as extras. Indians are good horsemen, but in some cases more than one Indian had his eye on the same horse.

In the resulting confusion the horses stampeded and took to the hills, where it took half a day to round them up.

Jack Boyle is no Hollywood cowboy wearing chaps and a ten-gallon hat. He is an alert, soft-spoken, dapper young business man who grew up on his grandfather's half-million-acre ranch in Texas and owned cattle ranches in Texas, New Mexico, and Wyoming before coming to Hollywood.

When the cattle market broke in 1919, cowboys streamed to Hollywood to earn easy money riding in Westerns. Boyle, who could ride before he could walk, joined them in 1023.

At that time every studio operated its own ranch and owned its own equipment and livestock.

Boyle's break came when he borrowed two horses on a fifty-fifty basis and rented them to Jack Moore, Paramount's ranch manager, with himself as wrangler. Once he was in, he got the chance to double in riding scenes for Jack Holt, Warner Baxter, Eddie Cantor, and other topnotchers of the time.

Doubling for Cantor in Kid Boots gave him the stake with which he bought out Moore when Paramount disposed of its ranch two years later. With his own few horses and rigs, he set up an independent business that now includes a few work oxen and Brahman cows, his horses at his San Fernando ranch, a herd of cattle at a ranch farther up in the mountains, and the most complete assortment of rolling stock to be found outside a museum, from chariots and carretelas to barouches and broughams, plus all the harness and trappings to go with each outfit.

A FEW years ago the racing bug bit him. His Mickey O'Boyle was a well-known bangtail at West Coast tracks, but Mickey was a quitter. When he finally decided to win, he paid $97.80—and Jack didn't have a cent on him.

Racing was taking too much of Boyle's time, so when he lost Mickey O'Boyle in a claiming race he abandoned his racing stable.

Another Mickey O'Boyle, a thoroughbred stallion, is being groomed, but he will race for motion pictures only—or so Boyle says. Mickey O'Boyle II was to have made his debut in Salty O'Rourke. But Raoul Walsh finally got the directorial assignment. He wanted a sorrel horse with white face and legs, and Mickey is a bay. Since Salty O'Rourke is filmed in Technicolor, a dye job was out of the question and Mickey O'Boyle was out of a job. Just another headache of the picture-horse business, Boyle reflects.

His biggest headache and the one to which he attributes much of his graying hair is shoeing his charges. The village smithy no longer stands under the spreading chestnut tree. The blacksmith comes with his portable fire, anvil, and apron—when he comes. But his kind is fast disappearing, and those who remain are all old men.

Keeping 150 horses shod is no sinecure, and baby must have shoes. Boyle hopes some of the Army lads who have been shoeing mules will stick to their lasts when they come back.

The average usefulness of a horse in the movies is about ten years. But when feebleness and old age creep up on him, he is spared the glue factory. Instead, he is painlessly dispatched with strychnine injected in a vein.

At Boyle's ranch, the beautiful Nevada, once the pet of the stable and a veteran ridden by all the Hollywood great, stands cast in bronze, a monument to himself and his movie successors.

THE END

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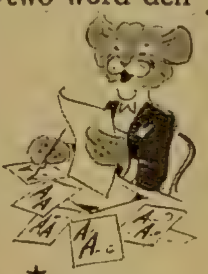
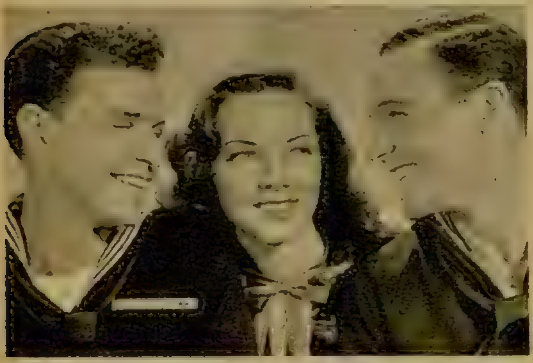


* * * *

Here's the picture with everything: Stars, a good story, gifted direction, music, dancing, *and* that certain something to make you completely content.



First for the stars. "Anchors Aweigh" has Frank Sinatra, Kathryn Grayson, Gene Kelly, and Jose Iturbi.

* * * *

From FRANK SINATRA you get four numbers, duets with other principals, and—shiver our timbers!—some fancy footwork as a bonus! From honey-throated KATHRYN GRAYSON you get the title song, a Spanish number, six popular arias, and that smash song, "All of a Sudden My Heart Sings"!

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From the three you get romantic escapades with complications of hilarity. From JOSE ITURBI you get music—by a 100-piece band, a symphony orchestra, a Hollywood Bowlful of 18 grand pianos!

* * * *

From these four—and from Dean Stockwell, Pamela Britton, "Rags" Ragland, Billy Gilbert, Henry O'Neill—you get the merry musical story of two sailors on leave in Hollywood with nothing on their minds but what you'd expect.

* * * *

Isobel Lennart's screen play provides many a gay situation which George Sidney's direction and Joe Pasternak's production turn into sheer delight.

* * * *

Technicolor enhances the beauty, gaiety, and charm of it all.

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It doesn't take a prophet to forecast the success of "Anchors Aweigh". It's a nautical nifty from M-G-M's top musical drawer.

—Leo

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

Colbert's harem—No. 1: Dick Foran; No. 2: Don Ameche.

GUEST WIFE

(United Artists)
Claudette Colbert, Don Ameche, Dick Foran

IF you like to laugh, you'll like Guest Wife. It's as simple as that. This is a comedy that maintains a lightning pace from start to finish with hilarious situations and excellent dialogue.

The story is a graybeard which has been shaved and spruced up. Actually, it's based on a "kibble"—a word invented by Dick Foran and Don Ameche meaning: If you can't explain something, tell 'em something else.

Fortunately this is the only inventing Ameche does. He is no longer playing Alexander Graham Bell. As a prize-winning foreign correspondent, Ameche has thrown away the telephone, and the change is a vast improvement.

Joe Parker (Don Ameche) has kibbled his boss into believing he was married while on an assignment in the Far East. The boss showered the imaginary bride with presents and gave Joe a substantial bonus, and Joe is faced with a real problem on his return home. He has to produce a wife for the boss to gush over—or else.

On his way to New York he stops in Ohio to visit his college pal, Chris Price (Dick Foran). He explains the kibble, and Dick convinces his new bride, Mary (Claudette Colbert), to pose as Mrs. Parker until Joe can get his next assignment.

Publicity and tense situations pile up on Mary until she, too, decides to kibble and get Chris back. Joe Parker, meanwhile, is unaware of her discontent and attempts to reach the same end by his own means.

Dick Foran has a few bright spots, but the film is carried by Ameche's nonsense and Miss Colbert's wonderful sense of comedy.

There are a few bit spots in the picture which add little to the story but add much to the fun. Irving Bacon, a shoe dealer from Mary's home town, has a mirthful scene in a night club when he crawls under tables to examine shoes. Dancing guests sit down and discover him making all the ingredients for a small riot. Another night-club scene has Miss Colbert grabbing for prize balloons floating from the ceiling, and the spectacle of women tearing each other apart for little trinkets is a ludicrous one.

Guest Wife is full of this kind of slap-happy foolishness. It hasn't any world problems, no "message"—just laughs.

Claudette Colbert, the happy bigamist, battles for a prize.

JOHNNY ANGEL

(RKO)

George Raft, Claire Trevor, Signe Hasso, Hoagy Carmichael

THE Liberty serial, Mr. Angel Comes Aboard, has been made into a two-fisted picture that packs a mean wallop. The Nazis have been dropped from the story, but the action hasn't been slowed up by their absence.

Besides the suspense, the shooting, and the roughhouse fighting, the picture has two notable attractions. Miss Signe Hasso is blossoming out as a star in her own right. Soft of voice and pleasing to look at, she is never outshone by Raft. The other attraction is Hoagy Carmichael, who has left To Have or Have Not but is still at his piano and still playing Hoagy Carmichael, which is a better-than-fair treat. His rendition of Memphis in June, a Carmichael composition, is one of the high spots in the picture.

George Raft as Johnny Angel is the Raft of the old days. He hits hard, fights often, and appeals to the ladies. He appeals to Claire Trevor to such an extent that she attempts to kill her husband and ends up in the jailhouse.

Raft's father, another merchant-marine captain, has disappeared under mysterious circumstances. His ship was abandoned and no one was on board when Raft found it floating in the Gulf. His attempts to solve the case lead him on a merry round of night clubs and fights. Carmichael is his constant companion by reason of having a cab always waiting, and Miss Hasso becomes his companion at the finish of the picture.

Hoagy Carmichael as Celestial O'Brien.

The story has a surprise ending which is good enough to send a tingle up your spine. It is one mystery that doesn't give itself away in the first half, and the solution satisfies.

RKO has an intended threat to the Bacall-Bogart team in Raft and Hasso. Just how strong is hard to determine. As a team they show up nicely in Johnny Angel, but a lot of credit must be given to Carmichael, who is a gap-filler extraordinary.

Claire Trevor as Lilah, a scheming blonde, manages to misbehave in fine style. Margaret Wycherly does an excellent turn as a sinister secretary, and Marvin Miller is disgustingly lifelike as a weak-spined husband.

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Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

BLUEPRINT OF A BIRD: That bird of a blueprint drawn up by national poultry leaders, meeting in Chicago, will get the bird from housewives, even though it tells the world all about the noble all-white-meat chicken of the future. A $5,000 award will go to the poultryman who breeds the best bird, and it is thought that three years may be necessary to evolve such a gastronomical joy as this ideal table chicken whose outsize breast is to be well filled with tender, succulent flesh. Besides providing more meat, our forthcoming feathered friend is to mature rapidly and the breeding stock must maintain high egg production. Ah, well, we can at least dream, even if we can't buy chickens.

LADIES' DAY: With the arrival of more than 8,000 veterans on seven heavily loaded transports in one day, it was revealed that the Army, making a concession to battle-weary troops, had provided WACs to direct the men as they debarked at the various New York piers. An officer explained that the men were tired of taking orders from male M. P.s, but that women were such a pleasant novelty, they didn't mind obeying orders from them, though the men *did* punctuate their obedience liberally with winks and whistles.

ON THE JOB: A recent survey by the Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor shows that 80 per cent of the women employed in and around Buffalo plan to stay at work after the war ends. In England the same realistic attitude of women toward wage-earning prevails. Eighty per cent of Britain's women workers are expected to hold onto jobs, despite the fact that early in the war feminine war workers generally expressed the urge to go back to homemaking as a career. Now, however, it seems they all want to make sure of their rent and bread, with or without butter, while waiting for husbands or sweethearts to get established after their return from the wars. Many women have had to assume financial responsibilities because of dependent children, parents, and sick husbands. Others have acquired a taste for independence that only money earned can bring. No matter how generous and thoughtful a husband is, once a woman gets accustomed to a weekly pay check of her own, she hates the idea of parting with it.

HIGH FASHIONS: Custom-made coats and capes designed by Omar Kiam and Sophie were presented recently in an advance fall showing of furs. There was much lavishness in the working of precious pelts. They were used horizontally in the generous sleeves of one coat, while shirring in another heightened its look of luxury. One black broadtail coat could be worn with a platina-fox ruff and natural fox muff, if you could afford the rather showy frosting. A black Persian lamb had vertical insertions of black ribbon, and a greatcoat of soft nutria was designed to cope with the toughest weather by means of its detachable nutria vest. . . . If you lean to the bizarre, and have the legs for it, you might want the preposterous gray cotton velveteen "dress shorts for summer evenings," to be worn with a ruffled blue shirt.

THEY SURE COME TO THE SURFACE: John Littlepage of Washington, D. C., says his father, Thomas P., authored the following aphorism, which might well be the slogan of Alcoholics Anonymous: "When you try to drown your troubles in alcohol, you only give them swimming lessons."

COZY NEW YORK: Dr. Samuel Standard, bike-riding surgeon of Murray Hill, was dining with his wife in a restaurant, when a lady left her companion at the next table, and came over to the Standards'. They had never seen her before, and were somewhat startled, though pleased, when she said to Mrs. Standard, "The back of your dress is unbuttoned. I hope you won't mind if I fix it for you." And they say New York isn't neighborly!

ALL AROUND THE NECK

I dote upon each relative
With whom I eat and sleep and live
In this, our Lilliputian house.
I love my offspring and my spouse
So much, that I would rather be
On ice if they abandoned me.

Why is it, then, I'd like to know,
They can infuriate me so?
Why should these arms about my neck,
Whose tight embrace I would not check,
At times antagonize and smother
My spirit more than any other?

RETURN OF THE NATIVE: Stanley Adams, director of the War Production Board's consumer durable goods division, predicts the return of the civilian washing machine to retail stores by September, while refrigerators should be back by the end of the year. He said the WPB is encouraging manufacturers to concentrate for the present on medium- and low-priced lines. It's a nice thought anyway, even though we know there won't be enough to go round.

THE CANARY FROM CUBA

Continued from Page 21

week, but he plays semipro ball Sat'days and Sundays. You got it?"

"This far," I says.

"O. K. So I send him up and he's another Dizzy Dean. Only dizzier. But up to now, this year, he wins ball games and the management is pleased. I am—er—temporarily reinstated. But—" he breaks off, overcome with emotion.

"Jasper," I says soothingly, "take it easy! What's up with Roberto?"

He sighs. "Roberto and his girl are having a fight. The dame takes to riding Roberto in the ball park, like you must of heard, since you empire them last two games he pitches. He is very temperamental, particularly where she is concerned. Just leave her open her yap and he goes higher than Ben Franklin's kite."

"So I have seen," I says.

"Beyond that," says Jasper, "all I know is that the front office will tie the can on me if Roberto finally turns out to be a lemon."

Well, all this could be true. I feel very sorry for Jasper.

"Which is why," he goes on, "I am building up on this beer. I am on my way to see this babe of Roberto's. I understand she slings hash in Willie's Weary Weasel, a feeding joint down the street. And, Herman—" He hesitates.

"Yeah," I says.

"It's like this, Herman. Ever since you come in here, I been thinking. Wouldn't you go along with me and help me make this skirt see reason?"

So he puts me in a spot. It does not do for an umpire to mix up in the private life of any one ball club. But here is Jasper Rails going to lose his job maybe. Also, he is looking at me with eyes like an abandoned cocker spaniel's, and—aaagh, I guess I'm just a softy.

"Jasper," I says, against my better judgment, "if it makes you feel better, all right. Who is this female girl?"

He all but falls on my neck. "Herman," he says, "you are a good man. A bum empire, but a good man. As for the girl, her name is Myrtle Zepheisen. Leave us get going, Herman!"

WELL, we go down to Willie's Weary Weasel and request an audience with Miss Zepheisen. As luck has it, same is just coming off duty. She deigns to sit with us at a table in the back.

This love of Roberto y Gomez's is a big tomato, with chest measurements to confound Chas. Atlas. She has bronzy hair, blue eyes the size of walnuts, and it is easy to see why, when in shouting form, she overtones Ebbets Field.

"Miss Zepheisen," Jasper says, "Rails is the name. Old Brooklyn scout. Maybe you've heard—"

"Call me Moit, boys," says Myrtle.

"Myrt, it is," says Jasper. "Leave me introduce my friend, Herman Getze."

The blonde's smile dims. "Hoiman Getze, eh? So you're him! Well, lissen, you thieving bum—"

"That'll cost you fifty," I cuts in automatically, on account I am accustomed for years so to reply to such a remark.

Which is good for a laugh and restores harmony.

"Now, Myrt," says Jasper, "we come here on behalf of my protojay, Roberto Madero and/or Gomez. Which is his last name I do not rightly know, but maybe it should ought to be Gomez, seeing the Gomez winds up the parade."

"With me," Myrtle says, "the whole name of that Havana hobo is mud."

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"Myrt," says Jasper, "you been making that clear. But we do not know why."

"Huh!" says Myrtle. "I'll tell you in two woids: He stinks."

Jasper looks doubtful. "That," he says, "is a mooted and disputed question. Some hold Roberto is a second Christy Mathewson."

"Oh, maybe he pitches all right," Myrtle shrugs, "but the pernt is, can he sing? And the answer is no!"

This puzzles us. "I didn't know Roberto is a singer," Jasper says.

She sniffs. "He ain't. Alongside him, a jackass sounds like Caruso."

"Hold it!" I says. "Do I understand, Miss Zepheisen, that your argument with Roberto concerns singing?"

"Hoiman," says Myrtle, "you hit your head on a nail. You know what that big tramp has the noive to say to me? 'When we marry,' he says, 'I do the pitching and the singing in this family.' 'Oh, yeah?' I says. 'And what do I do—rake clams?' 'Ha!' he says. 'You? You fry the frijoles and shut up!'" She emits a hoarse laugh. "And me practically an operatic divan."

"So!" Jasper says. "You sing too?"

Myrtle makes a noise like a file on a nutmeg grater. "Do I sing? Does Et'el Moiman tear the blues apart? You wanna hear?" And before we can stop her, she lets fly with Oh, Promise Me.

It swells out over Willie's Weary Weasel and the carnage is awful. Jasper Rails hastily waves Myrtle to silence.

"O. K.!" Myrtle subsides. "But how did you like that?"

"It was beautiful, Myrt," Jasper says, "but couldn't you just go out in Prospect Park and chime in with the birds instead of losing ball games for the man you love?"

Myrtle smacks the table. "Who says I love that slaphappy hidalgo? Maybe I do oncet, but now he is doit under my feet. And for what he says about my singing he pays through his nose. I got that box for the rest of the season. And I got plenty dough saved up. So when the Dodgers go on the road, little Moit goes on the same trains. And I'm riding Roberto every time he pitches. I'm riding him not only out of Brooklyn but out of the National League." A crafty look enters her eyes. "And my plan'll woik on account I got the Indian sign on Roberto. He is very alloigic to my verce."

Well, this devilish program appals Jasper and me. And the worst is, Myrtle holds all the aces and face cards. Roberto cannot take the way she boos him without flying into a Spanish spasm. And she knows it. Furthermore, she is adamant.

As for giving up her "art" just until Roberto pitches the Brooks to the pennant—don't be funny, boys! In vain Jasper pleads. No soap. The only basis on which Myrtle will do business is if Roberto agrees to close his clam and leave the singing end to her.

CUNNINGLY, then, Jasper plays his last card.

"Myrt," he lies, "I am an old Brooklyn boy and you are a young—ah, very young—Brooklyn girl. Honest, now, ain't you got no civil pride?"

But Myrtle is a lap ahead of him. "I catch, Mr. Rails," she says. "You appeal to my leryalty. Well, leave me tell you! Nobody is more leryal to Dem Bums than me. But the way I figure, Brooklyn is a cinch for the pennant, with or without Roberto. I have stated my toims. And now you gents must excuse me. I got to go home and practice my scales."

"You lousy old swordfish," Jasper says under his breath.

The last card is a bust.

"Jasper," I says slowly, "we have here a clash of egos."

"Yeah?" says Jasper.

"Yeah," I says. "Now look! It is clear that we do not arrive anywhere unless either Roberto or Myrtle gives up singing for the duration of the pennant race. This is my considered opinion."

"Well, you heard Myrt, Herman," he says.

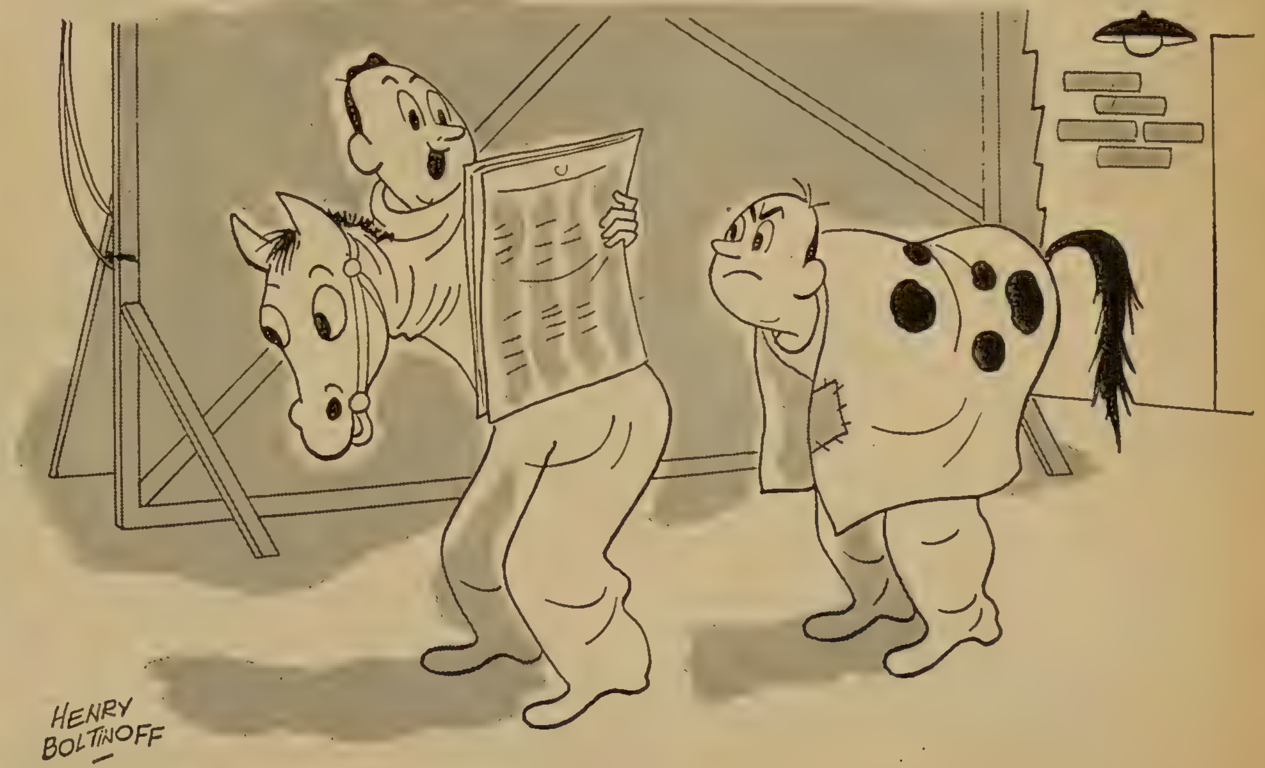
"Never mind Myrt," I says. "We still got Roberto. And Roberto has two strings to his bow—pitching and singing. But Myrtle only has one. So—I am just thinking out loud, Jasper—but maybe if you was to butter him up about his pitching and at the same time appeal to the caviar instinct which is inmate in every Spanish heart—well, Roberto might agree to softpedal the singing for the season."

Jasper clutches my sleeve. "That's a great idea," he says. "Where in hell did you get all that education, though?"

"In the high school in Menominee, Michigan," I says. "Does Roberto live hereabouts, Jasper?"

The spectacular spick inhabits a third-floor back in a third-rate hotel near by.

"Hiya, Cy Young," Jasper says cordially, as we bust in.



"Look at these swell reviews! They say *you* were wonderful!"

Roberto is playing solitaire and he is cheating a mile a minute.

"Who ees thees Señor Young?" he says. "A peetcher? Well"—he beats his chest—'he no peetch like Roberto."

"I mention Cy in passing," Jasper says smoothly, "only on account he hits the all-time record. He pitches twenty-two years, in eight hunnert seventy-three ball games. And he wins five hunnert eleven of 'em, averaging twenty-three a year. But I'm telling you, Roberto, he ain't got a thing you ain't got."

"Cairtainly not," says Roberto with scorn. "He is the palooka."

This stops Jasper momentarily. "Well," he says, "me and Mr. Getze—"

For the first time Roberto seems to realize it is me. He glares. "Getze!" he shouts. "Ha! He not know the ball from the strike. I cut the throat."

"Now, now, Roberto," Jasper says, "business before pleasure. Leaving Cy Young, we want to ask you a question. Is it true that you—ah, impugn the singing voice of Miss Myrtle Zepheisen?"

"Sure," Roberto says calmly, "I—how you say?—eempugh the voice. That is what the voice is, phew!"

"I am surprised at you, Roberto," says Jasper, "and you a Spanish gentleman! Honest, now, don't you think you should ought to go and see Myrtle and apologize to her?"

Roberto stares at Jasper. "Who, me? Roberto? Apologize?"

"Yeah," says Jasper. "Suppose this silly dame does warble her dopey head off. What's it to you, the greatest pitcher in the world?"

"That ees right," Roberto admits "But seelly dame? Dopey head? Thees I not like. Only I, Roberto, can geev the lady eensult. But I no apologize."

WELL, it looks like my idea is a wash-out. We proceed nowhere fast. And then Jasper Rails seems to get a brain wave.

"While we're at it, Roberto," he says, "maybe I should ought to put you wise to something. But I don't know if—"

Roberto is intrigued.

"Speek up!" he orders.

"Well," Jasper says doubtfully, "it's in confidence, you understand, but—but Rickey don't go for singing."

"Meestaire Reecky?" queries Roberto. "The señor who own the Brooklyns?"

"None other," says Jasper. "He just can't stand singers, particularly on his ball club. He's got a—a phobia, the poor guy. Against singers."

"Thees ees too bad," Roberto muses. "Meestaire Reecky, he ver' fine señor. I no weesh I make Meestaire Reecky unhappy."

"Sure, I know," Jasper says. "You wouldn't want to do like Dixie Walker done, would you? A season or so ago Dixie sings on the radio. Just oncet, mind you! And—"

"Ha!" Roberto's eyes light up. "Deexie? He great ballplayer. But he no seeng like Roberto."

"Good gosh, no!" says Jasper heartily. "All I'm telling you is, Dixie takes a hitting slump after that."

"So!" says Roberto.

"Yeah," Jasper says. "Well, Roberto, I hate raking it up, but you did drop a game or two lately—and, brother, did you have hard luck! But we don't want Rickey getting no funny ideas. So I'm asking you, couldn't you lay off singing till you win the flag for the Brooks? Better yet, till you pitch a coupla games in the World Series?"

"No-heet games," corrects Roberto. "I peetch two no-heet games een the World Series. I plan eet that way. But—ah, hokay. Meestaire Reecky no like seenging,

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then I no seeng. I weesh Meestaire Reecky would be one happy caballero. But I steel theenk that, for a seenger, thees Myrtle Zepheisen, she steenk."

Well, we're under the wire. Until—

Jasper Rails is a real pal of mine. But even his doting mother perjures herself if she claims he has brains.

"Good boy!" says Jasper. "And you got something there. Myrtle stinks all right. On ice." He pauses and—OW! "Funny thing, Roberto, but that's just what she says about your singing. Heh-heh! Small world, ain't it?"

So he does clap a hand over his mouth. Too late. Roberto gets up slowly. "Myrtle say that?" he inquires.

Jasper looks at me like a little lost child. But what can I do—now?

"That," Roberto howls, "I not take. Now I peetch, now I seeng, now I do like I damn pleese. That is final. Out, out, out!" He spills us toward the door. "Me, Roberto? Steenk? Ha!"

I LEAD Jasper Rails, a broken man, back to Hogan's.

"Herman," he keeps repeating, "they can have my head for a doorstop. Right in my hands, it is, and I muff it."

"Well," I says, "the important thing, from your angle, is that Roberto be pampered and pandered to. So what say we try working on a new tack? If Myrtle will not give up singing of her own accord, we must humiliate her into so doing."

"Be yourself, Herman," says Jasper. "How can you humiliate a girl like Myrtle?"

"By convincing her," I says carefully, "that her voice is not fit for human consumption. Listen, Jasper!" And I outline a plan which results from a thought flashback to my childhood in the Middle West.

"Gee, Herman," Jasper says, as I finish, "if it works, I don't know."

I shrug. "We can but try," I says. "Next thing is to talk to Hogan."

Well, I do not see Jasper again till the following Wednesday. And Jasper is pretty low, because that afternoon Myrtle gives Roberto the business once more. And, sure enough, she retires him in ignominy, likewise the sixth inning. The Brooks drop the game.

But Jasper has a good report.

"I done like you says, Herman," he informs me. "I see Myrtle and I tell her Roberto issues this challenge to a singing contest, loser to hush his mush for the duration of the season. She falls for it. 'Yeah?' she says. 'Well, you tell him I'll meet him anywhere, any time, and sing him clear back to Havana, Cuba.'"

"And then?" I asks.

"Then I give Roberto the spiel that Myrt's going around saying he's scared to sing it out with her. And you know Roberto! He goes off like a fire alarm. When he can talk again, he wants to cut the throat. But he can't wait to top Myrt's high C. So it's all set for Sat'day night, in the back room at Hogan's."

"The important item?" I pursues.

Jasper winks. "In the bag. I got a friend works out there."

Come Saturday night, it falls to my unhappy lot to collect Myrtle Zepheisen. I usher her through a side door into Hogan's back room. Jasper Rails has Roberto there.

Myrtle and Roberto comport themselves like a couple of alley cats converging on the same fish carcass. Roberto glowers. Myrtle grinds her teeth. They could be the two principals in a grudge fight.

Outside in the bar there is glass-clinking and ribaldry. But this quiets as, through the closed door, we hear Hogan address the clientele.

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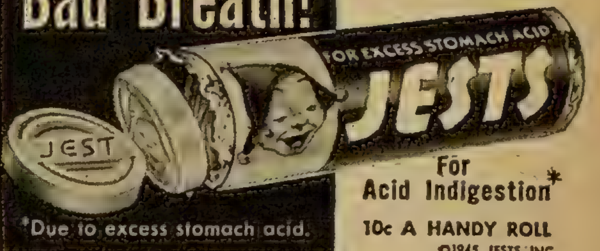

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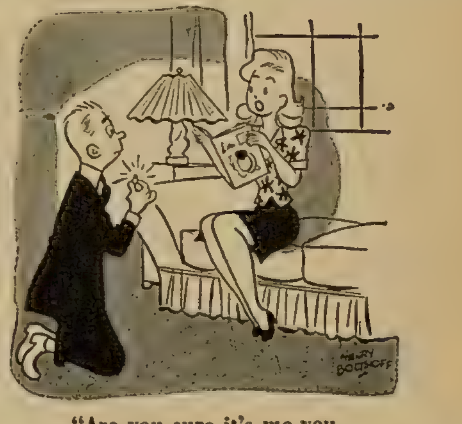

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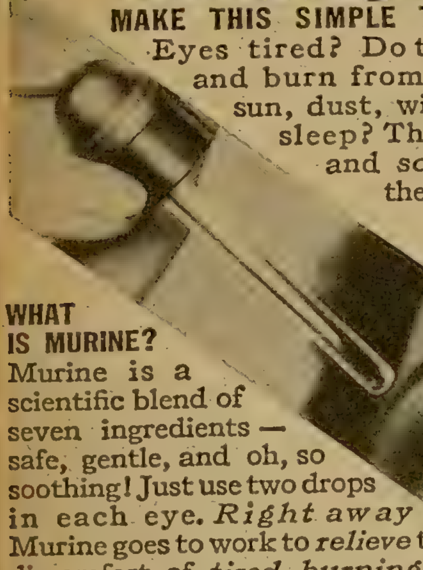

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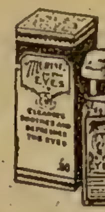

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be hearin' in a minute. An' whin the singers finish, I want yez should applaud in gintlemanly fashion. The winner iv this contist is the singer gittin' the most applause. I sez applause, mind yez! The fur-r-st man indulgin' in horse laughin' or ither raucousness gits trun out on his ear, so!"

Anyhow, Hogan comes back pretty soon and sets the door to the yard behind his establishment ajar.

"Git on wit' this now!" he commands.

Roberto de Madero plus Gomez leaps up. "Thees night," announces Roberto with dignity, "I seeng—"

"How do you get that way, you Spanish omelet?" Myrtle files protest. "Ladies foist. I'm a lady, ain't I?"

"Look, Myrt," Jasper says anxiously. "In his country the men go first. It's an old Spanish custom."

Myrtle sneers. "O. K.," she says. "Leave him do his stuff! Then, after you bring them loots out there to with smelling salts, I will hold 'em in t'rall with the Boid in a Gilded Cage!"

So we're off. "I seeng," says Roberto, "from the Barber from Seville."

Thereupon Roberto renders a number featuring some guy he calls Feegaro. In fact, it does not feature much else. But Roberto's voice, though it lacks the volume of Myrtle's, is still loud enough to get him a job with a building demolisher any time.

And the boys out front eat it up. The applause is deafening. Roberto grins, bows, and retires.

THEN Myrtle Zepheisen goes up to bat. And, for my dough, the denizens of the Genesee Valley quake in their trundlebeds.

It is a terrifying experience. Myrtle does give with the Bird in a Gilded Cage, and she puts all she's got into it. Which is plenty. Jasper and me quail, and Roberto wipes off the confident grin. Even Hogan's rock-bound visage twists in agony.

It's over at last. Myrtle strikes a pose and coyly puts two fingers behind one ear. And—

There is not a sound. The hush of the grave broods over Hogan's.

Myrtle's jaw drops. She gapes in a stunned way. But Hogan tips me a wink and opens the door to the bar.

Compared to that oasis, the North Pole teems with inhabitants. The place is completely deserted. There is a row of beer glasses in all stages of fullness or emptiness. But not a man is present.

"But-b-but!" begins our Myrtle, and then the tears splash.

She stops, though. At this tense moment an alien voice says, "Oink!"

All eyes flash to the back door. There, edging inquiringly into the room, is a snoot. Or a snout maybe. Even as we gaze, it is joined by another snoot.

"Oink, oink," says the second.

"Well, now, did yez iver!" exclaims Hogan, and throws the door wide on a brace of hogs.

Maybe it is not much of a gag—getting a loan of these hogs through Jasper's friend at the abattoir and tying them out back of Hogan's; having Hogan tip the boys off to fade when Myrtle sings; fixing Dinny to beat it around and lead the pork up to the door. But Jasper and me claim extenuating circumstances.

There's Jasper's job, Roberto's career, and the future of the Dodgers. All going sour because one screwball dame puts the bee on a guy with an overload of temperament. It's the greatest good for the greatest number. And, cheap stunt or no, it looks like it's working perfectly to give Roberto a club over Myrtle's head.

"Oh!" Myrtle gasps. "Oh-h! I was never so shamed and youmiliated."

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Jasper tosses me a gloating look. We're home in a breeze. It's a cinch Myrtle will not have the crust to show up at the park again and razz Roberto out of ball games.

Which is about the time Bobby Burns is vindicated for that crack about plans ganging aft with glee.

It's Roberto who does it.

"Ha!" bellows Roberto, bending double with merriment. "Ha-ha! Ho-ho-ho! When she seeng, the peeple go—the peegs come. She theenk she ees the born prim-from-the-donnas. But she is the born—how you say? caller-from-the-peegs? Hog caller? Ha! Ha-ha!"

Myrtle is just at the door. But now she wheels. Her eyes are blue lightning flashing behind slits. She takes three steps and starts one from her knees. It takes Roberto flush on the button.

The male attendance jumps, all but Mr. Gomez. He merely quits guffawing as his legs turn to rubber. Then he hits the deck, flat on his back.

Señor Roberto Pedro Pablo de Madero y Gomez is out like a light.

For a second Myrtle stands triumphant. But suddenly her eyes widen, horrified.

"Oh, gee!" shrieks Myrtle then. "Maybe I killed him. Do you think I killed him?"

"It ain't your fault if you didn't," snaps Jasper Rails. "And him the best fire baller we got since Van Mungo."

Myrtle drops to her knees. All in a second she is a changed girl. "Speak to me, Roberto!" she implores.

Roberto speaketh not.

"Darling," wails Myrtle in anguish. "Oh, sweetie-pie, don't go die on me! I'll do anything you say, Roberto. I'll lay off hollering at you out of that box back of thoid. I'll—"

"Feegaro, Feegaro, Feegaro, FEEGGAR-R-ROW," says Roberto, from out the next musical world.

Myrtle rocks his head gently. "Anything, anything," she pleads. "I won't sing. I'll just shut my yap and fry frijoles."

"Frijoles?" Roberto opens one eye. "An' you no seeng no more?"

"Not a note," babbles Myrtle. "My golden verce is stilled forever. Oh, Roberto darling, won't you please live—just for Moit?"

"Leev?" Roberto sits up, affronted. "Eef I no leev, the Dodgers feenish een the secon' deeveesion. That no good. So I leev," he adds magnanimously. "An' you no seeng, then I seeng and I peetch. I peetch like—how you say?—hell!" He bangs his manly chest.

"Darling," croons Myrtle, "you're wunnerful."

Roberto speaks a P.S. "I peetch the pennant all the way into Brooklyn," he says sternly.

P.P.S. He does.

THE END

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WHAT THE G. O. P. NEEDS

Continued from Page 19

united action. The prime requisite to Republican success, particularly in 1946, is the immediate adoption of a declaration of party policy on fundamentals.

The timid and the precedent-minded will suggest that only a national convention has the authority to bind the party as a whole. But this is no time for timidity or for reticence because of precedent. America may shape her course for many years to come long before the convention of 1948. Furthermore, anyone familiar with platform building in conventions will flinch at the thought of more than 1,000 delegates tackling this job. It has been suggested that a council of Republican governors should undertake it. But few governors interest themselves in the formulation of national policy.

Who, then, should assume this responsibility? The men and women who have it—the Republican members of Congress. They are making the record upon which the party must stand three years hence. In the campaign of 1946, they will carry the national issues into nearly all the 435 congressional districts.

SETTING up the machinery to adopt these basic principles presents no complex problem. The Republican leaders of the House and Senate could agree upon a course of action in thirty minutes. They could name a joint committee to draft a concise statement and then submit it to a conference of the entire membership of both bodies. Unanimous agreement may be impossible, but surely 90 per cent of these Republican men and women agree on the fundamentals for which their party stands.

There is no need to take up specific issues in any initial declaration. It could and should be limited to broad political conceptions. The party should describe in general terms the kind of United States it seeks for our people.

In 150 pungent words on March 15, Prime Minister Churchill covered Britain's major issues, and in not more than twice as many the Republicans in Congress could do the same thing with regard to our political problems. Such a declaration would come as manna to party members the country over. It would furnish a rallying ground for the youth of our land. Even more important, it might provide a yardstick by which the members of Congress could measure the merits of proposed legislation.

Such a statement is not the whole answer to our dilemma—but it is a starting point. As time goes on, these fundamentals must be applied to specific legislative measures. Here, too, the party should act as a body. There is no sound reason why Republicans of the House and Senate should not hold joint conferences on important legislative proposals. Results of these conferences should be made public, with a statement as to why the party approves, opposes, or seeks to amend any particular bill. Such statements would command much more publicity, as the voice of the party, than would the average individual comment on the same subject.

This is not to suggest a return to the binding party caucus. It does not seek to shackle the individual who differs with a majority of his party colleagues. Nor does it penalize him, for he has several ways to protect himself before his constituents and in the eyes of the party. Of course, if he wanders from the fold too often, it may become embarrassing, but, after all, the party is entitled to know those who seek office as Republicans because of expediency instead of conviction.

Policy so determined by Republican members of the Congress would in all probability constitute the platform of the national convention. At least it would point the way and abolish the helter-skelter, confused temporizing which has marked the adoption of past platforms. No national convention will let down its members in Congress when they have spoken as a unit. Nor will any candidate for President veer off a course charted by a majority of the party's elected representatives.

And this latter point is important, for hundreds of candidates for Congress have stood on campaign platforms and, to their embarrassment, heard the head of their ticket take a stand diametrically opposed to votes they have cast.

Even from a standpoint of political expediency, it is hard to see any harm coming from such a program. As for the party's duty to the nation, some such action must be taken if the party is to continue as an articulate and responsible political agency.

If the Republican Party leadership will but recognize the party as one dedicated to constructive conservatism and lift it from the realm of political indecision, we shall solidify our membership once again. Then, when the marginal vote decides that the country has gone far enough to the left, it will join with us in setting up a conservative government. And properly so, for that is the way the two-party system is supposed to work.

Possibly our party will win even though it adheres to a negative program based on the other fellow's mistakes. If so, the victory will be neither creditable nor permanent, and the party will have destroyed its usefulness to the nation and forsaken its destiny.

THOSE of us who believe in such a suggested program have no apprehension as to anything general or specific which may be stated about the party's position. We have complete confidence in the Republican members of the Congress as a whole. We know they are men and women who desire to preserve the best in both our system of economics and our form of government. We are assured they would define the policies of the party concerning both internal and international affairs in a manner reflecting a real appreciation of the problems our times present. Having that assurance, we believe that candid statements on national legislation would bolster the morale of the rank and file, lay the groundwork for favorable publicity, and forestall unfair and unwarranted criticism.

But, above all, we are certain that the very task of defining the party's position will convince those responsible for our national program that if our party is to prevail, it must accept the issues as they have been laid down, and conduct an active, honest, and diligent fight against the continued growth of bureaucratic regimentation.

Republican leaders and candidates will find sound advice in the words of Winston Churchill: "The Conservative Party had far better go down telling the truth and acting in accordance with the verities of our position than gain a span of shabbily bought office by easy fickle froth and chatter."

Only when our leaders are ready and willing to accept this gage of battle irrespective of the consequences to individual candidates—will we be worthy to carry the standard as one of the two major parties in American politics.

THE END

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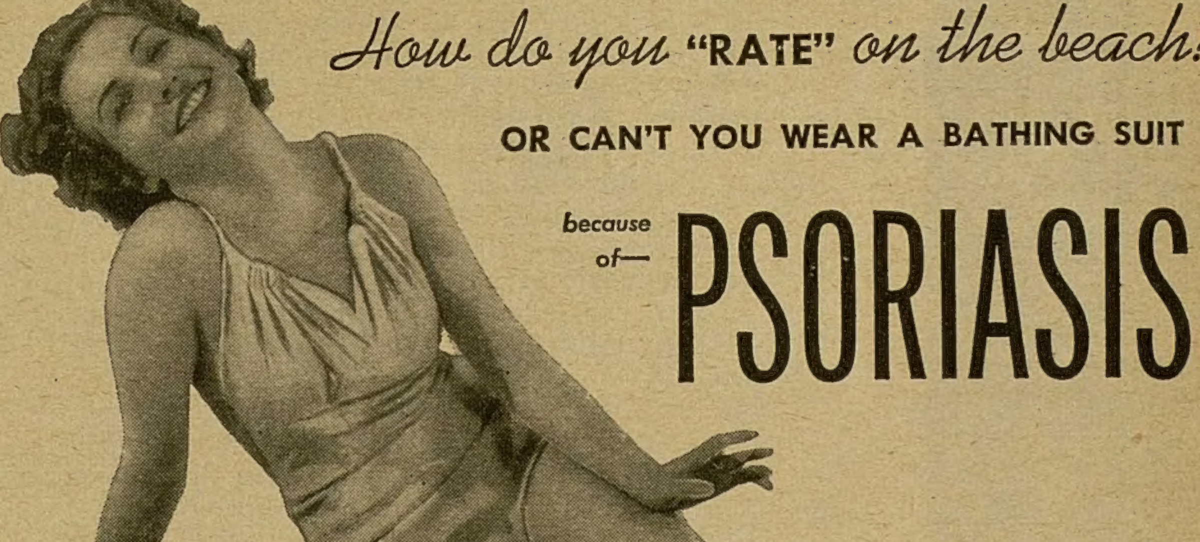

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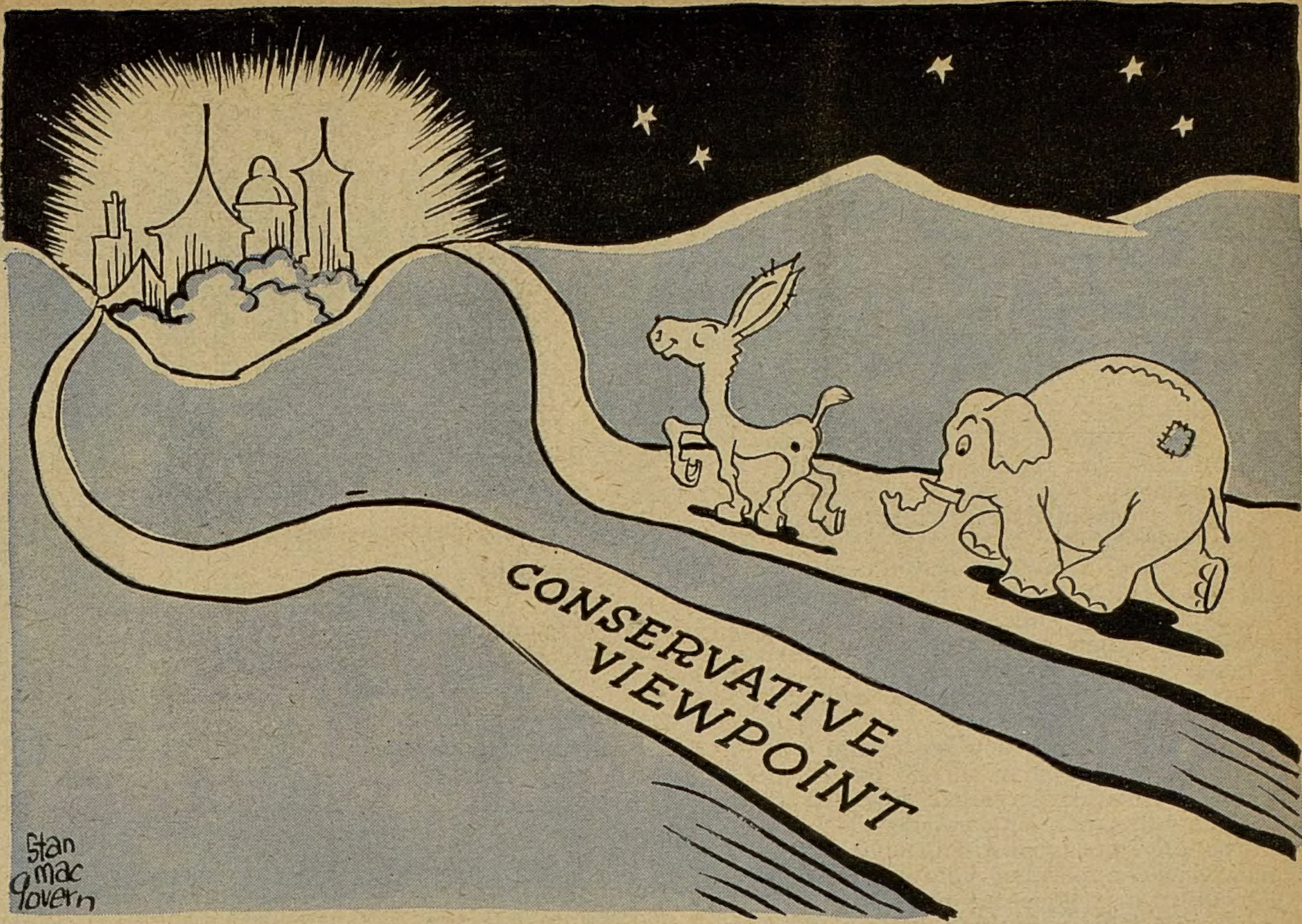

Time to get on the right road.

THE ELEPHANT STIRS HIMSELF

AS is usual in an off year, national politics are pretty much in the doldrums this summer of 1945. Thus it is all the more significant to find the Republican Party going in for severe self-criticism and overhauling its thinking so as to rid itself of the lethargy and defeatism which have burdened it for years.

From various sources come signs that the party, or at least prominent members of it, are beginning to question the validity of the political wares the party has offered the voters in the last three elections. Among the significant developments is the article by John D. M. Hamilton appearing in this issue of Liberty. Mr. Hamilton will be recalled as Alf Landon's campaign manager in 1936 and as chairman of the Republican National Committee until Mr. Willkie was nominated in 1940.

Mr. Hamilton is a sincere, forthright Republican, with no ifs, ands, or buts about it. He has written a piece notable for its dignity and for the evidence of serious political contemplation it contains. Few readers, Democratic or Republican, will find fault with the general tenor of his discussion.

If we are to retain the two-party system in the United States, each of the parties must represent and give voice to a fundamentally different type of political thinking. Mr. Hamilton feels the Republican Party is shirking its duty and ignoring its responsibility to its supporters when it fails to speak out forthrightly for the conservative point of view. He points out what is an obvious truth: There is a conservative approach to solving the country's problems. It is a valid approach and one that many voters want. It does not represent reaction. He believes abandoning principles in order to gain power is a sure way to lose elections, and wants the party to be honest with itself and with its supporters even if for the present it does not attract a majority vote.

Republicans will be glad to see their party getting off its rear end and acquiring the dignity of a viewpoint. They will be glad to see an abandonment of "me, too" campaigning. They will be proud to see their party honestly representing the philosophy of its supporters instead of compromising with principle and dignity in the thirst for office.

A resurgence in Republican ranks is a healthy thing for the country. The Republican Party has a viewpoint and a sound one. Much can be said for the conservative way of accomplishing the results we all want—peace, prosperity, and an increasingly better life.

All citizens will be glad to see the two big parties vie with each other in offering the voters better methods of achieving these recognized national goals. Let us hope that at the time of the next Congressional elections the two contrasting viewpoints will be presented clearly and forcefully to the voters so that they may understand and choose.

Paul Hunter

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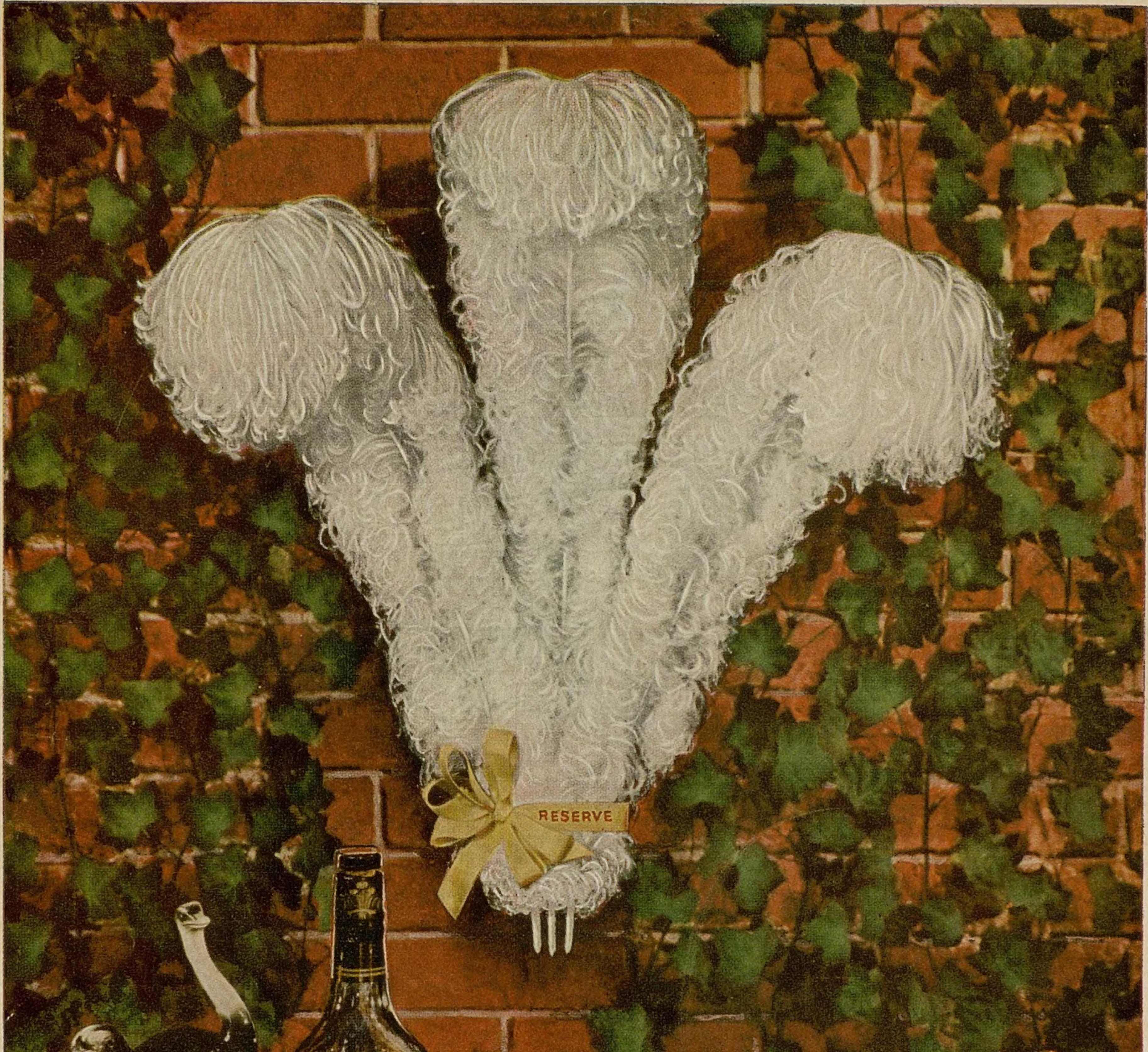
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